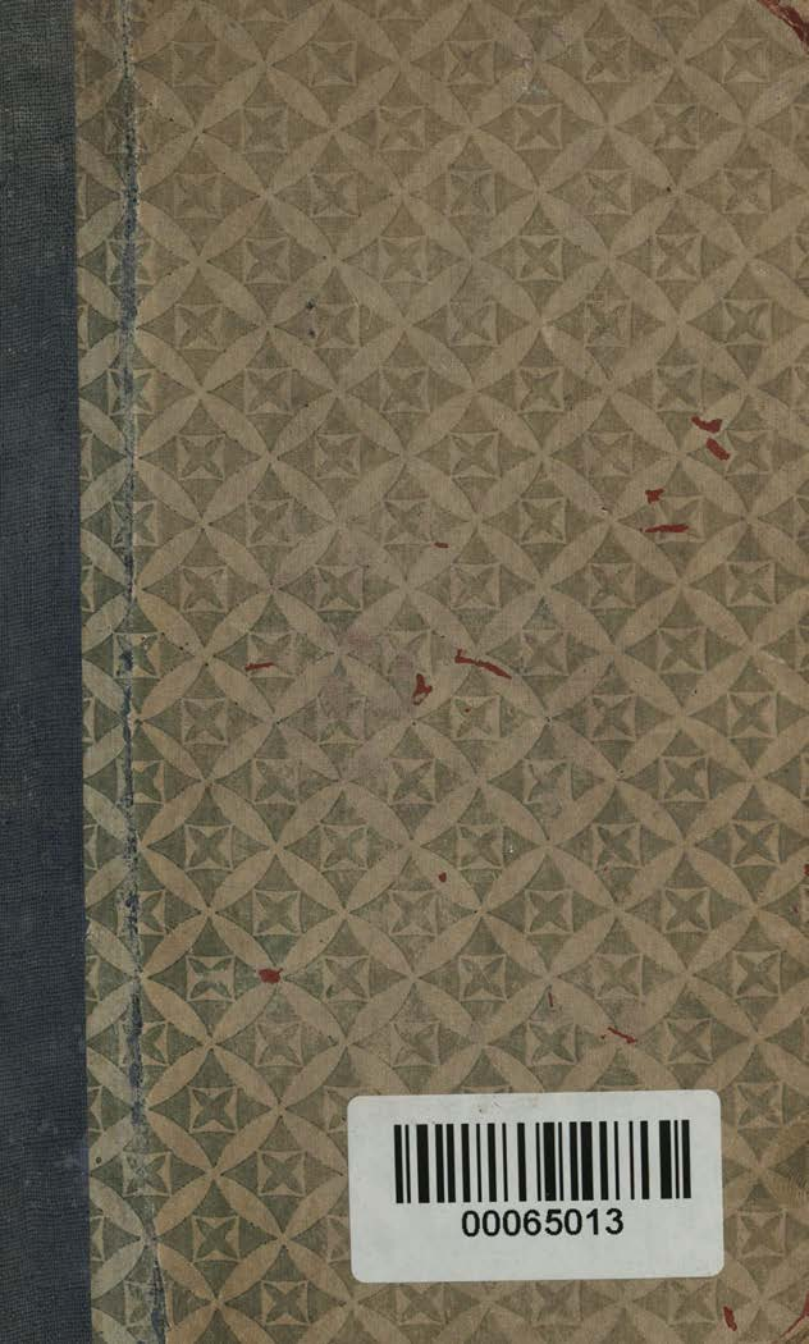
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LANDS OF SCOTT.

Walter Scott, Aged 49, 1820

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

THE

Lands of Scott.

BY

JAMES F. HUNNEWELL.

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EDINBURGH:
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.
BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
1871.

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PREFACE.

SOME reason should, at least, be alleged for preparing another book about travel in Europe; and to show a reason for this one the writer may be pardoned the rather simple statement that he has, as a reader or traveller, found assistance or interest in records made by persons who have visited places he has endeavored to know by sight or by description; and that he has ventured to think he may, similarly, be of some service to others, by collecting scattered items of information that have enabled him to explore certain Old-World places where he has spent many pleasant days, and by adding to these items some account of what he has thus found.

These places are united by associations in which the writer, during earlier life, became strongly interested. Like thousands of persons, he then read, enjoyed, and admired the compositions of Walter Scott; and, like some such readers, he desired to see the objects and places with which those compositions are identified, or that once knew or influenced or inspired that great author. The writer has since been able to see, possibly, more of them than are usually seen by travellers. At various times he has visited — disconnectedly indeed — nearly all the objects and places that he proposes to describe. In order, however, to arrange

and complete a plan for a single tour through a large and somewhat ideal division of earth containing them, he has added to his own account quoted remarks about several places, some of which he has not seen.

Experience shows that travel-books with mistakes may be found, consequently the writer of this one does not flatter himself that he may not be among those who have failed to attain absolute truth, — a characteristic of travellers not always acknowledged by critics and sceptics. One who passes through a strange country, sometimes rapidly, receiving statements from various persons, and liable to disadvantageous positions for observations, is quite likely to develop some of the imperfection attributed to human nature. And yet, however inadequately this book may present its subject, the writer believes that it contains an amount of relevant matter not hitherto gathered within a single volume. In addition to accounts of his own observations, are illustrative extracts from more than fifty works beside those of Scott, — some of the works scarce, and all in some degree serviceable, and forming a library of reference not commonly portable, or indeed accessible.

The writer feels that he may, not improperly, allude to the spelling of several geographical names, — chiefly Scott. He has, in many instances, found the same word spelled three or four ways by as many "authorities." A rule propounded by a certain eminent master of composition appears to have prevailed in these instances; and the writer, yielding to Welleristic example, may possibly be pardoned, in this important particular, he has depended too much on "taste and fancy."

The Lands of Scott, with their variety of scenery and antiquities, their history and romance, [illegible] present attractions enough to reward a long tour, — as annual crowds of travellers on many routes in them demonstrate.

ile some of the places that are visited on these routes be thought so generally familiar that nothing novel or can now be said about them, there are not a few ch such an estimate cannot properly apply; for to every portion of his Lands lead to nearly all the s of Scotland, through much of England, a part of es, the Isle of Man, France, Spain, Belgium, the valley he upper Rhine, Switzerland, and even the far East.

The writer, without attempting a general essay upon so great a subject as that expressed by the name of Sir Walter Scott, but feeling affection and gratitude for the pleasure and the profit he has conferred, proposes that this book shall contain sketches of the long and wonderfully varied series of his works; of the not less remarkable story of his life, and of the places with which both works and life are associated. These sketches are necessarily so numerous that almost constant abridgment of extremely abundant and diversified materials has been found to be required, in order that this book should not become undesirably large.

If in thus following this one (and rather personal) general subject, there appears to be any thing of what has, for want of another name, been called "Boswellism," this quality may explain and assert itself by suggesting an application of the old anecdote relating George II.'s reply to a remark charging General Wolfe with madness, — a reply that may be recalled though not expressed here; and this application may signify that there is, at least, not only no harm in personalities similar to those chiefly occupying these pages, but, also, no harm if they affect more than the writer and his subject. He simply hopes that he may furnish some help to others, enabling them to enjoy many pleasant things that he has enjoyed, and to do so without the trouble of collecting much, and quite scattered, information needed for the tour proposed; that, indeed, he may be of some use to

those who derive pleasure or satisfaction from Old-World stories and scenes, mediæval art, aspects of former life, healthy walks over green fields, or fresh heath breezy hills, and the real romance told by the life of a hearted man, — and that man one of the noblest in g and spirit the world has known.

J. F.

CHARLESTOWN, March, 1871.

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A TOUR

THROUGH THE LANDS OF SCOTT.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

AT first, some may think that in this busy, "practical" age, a tour into the regions of Romance is hardly worthy occupation for those experiencing the benefits and responsibilities of existing civilization. Afterward, some may reflect that rather a large number of persons wish to be amused, and are endowed with imagination, curiosity, and love of the beautiful, and inclination to use these qualities in obtaining pleasure from many objects and places, enriching earth with not a few of her truest charms. At some time, indeed, and in some manner, almost every one feels the fascinations of that World of the Past, animated by beings historical, legendary, or created by poets and romancers,—beings who, though unseen, yet active, will then make their existence felt, haunting some scene associated with a story of country, of familiar neighborhood, or, perhaps, become the home of creatures of mind or of fancy, grown to be among our inseparable friends. Evidence enough there is, even if but little is produced, that never was this feeling stronger or more general than in this generation, however prosaic some may raise it. Never before has there been more careful guard of historic monuments, art-treasures, or memorials of famous dead. Never before has there been such frequent visiting of places hardly known, except for charms with which Genius has on pedestal, or sculptured wall, or shafted win- — every year more numerous — look out on scenery. Few pilgrimages there may be now but the visits of literally a travelling world

continually re-consecrating such poets' shrines as Stratford and Abbotsford. Scores of Scotch inns and travel-routes, hosts of sight-showers scattered almost everywhere, earn subsistence quite real to many families, because this generation feels the fascinations of those beings and creations of that world, that, though of Romance or of the Historic Past, yet speaks to us. With pleasure, and no small instruction, if we choose to receive it, we realize to ourselves this modern conversion of mythology, haunting with some of its innumerable unseen spirits almost every spot of countries longest civilized, or, visibly, appearing to us in statue or in picture. Few of us, indeed, who would not visit, and enjoy the story of, that San Carlo looking majestically over his great and beautiful lake; Martin Luther in his mighty company of witnesses at Worms; sublime Dante at Florence; brilliant Sir Peter Paul beneath the incomparable spire at his own Antwerp; or the nearly endless palace-walls bright with "All the Glories of France;" that richly-colored, stately hemicycle of Delaroche; or those wonderful pictures of the great eras of humanity with which Kaulbach has glorified the vast staircase hall at Berlin; that frescoed Niebelungenlied in Munich; or the "Wizard of the North," sitting among those whom he made to live, looking down on Edinburgh. Few of us who would refuse, even if only in fancy, to follow towards Canterbury Chaucer's "nine-and-twenty in a cumpany of sundrie folk;" few refuse to linger beneath the limes and elms of Stratford churchyard, or among quiet old English haunts of Shakspeare's creations; few who, sometime, could not love those charming, heathery, birch-grown shores where one feels that Ellen Douglas must have been; few not enjoy storied Rhenish hill-sides, that fountain at Vaucluse, those mightier shores where Trojan exiles sought divinely designated homes; or, grandest of all, that vast extent of scenes through which the course of empire marks its way. For few of us, indeed, have not sometime, in some place, experienced — thanks for growing civilization — the feeling expressed by Dr. Johnson in his introduction to description of his visit to "that illustrious island" Iona.

"To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct

us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue." And when first treading the soil of

> That isle that is itself a world
> Where "glory with its dust has blended,
> And Britain keeps her noble dead
> Till earth and seas and skies are rended," —

that isle

> "One half" whose "soil has walked the rest
> In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages" —

how many have felt the same thoughts!

To these many, — to Americans peculiarly, — how especially present are such thoughts among scenes almost everywhere throughout that venerable island, Britain. Notwithstanding any antipathies, any greater or less causes for even exasperation, Americans, by lineage, by education, by disposition sometimes, of all people most allied to Old England, may, and do, among her nearly countless shrines of the World of the Past, affectionately and delightedly feel their fascinations, — and feel thus, perhaps, for the first time profoundly. There, indeed, Americans may feel a certain inherited ownership in places dreamed about during school-life, or thought about during readings in later years, — places in whose history their ancestors, possibly, held interest common with the ancestors of the people now occupying them, — places animated by creations of authors who have been and continue household companions, whose language renders those creations not foreigners, but kinsfolk and near friends. There, indeed, amid the busy occupations of an active, living people, Americans quite likely, to a greater or less degree, first, if ever, become pilgrims of our every-day world among the shrines and the fascinations of the World of the Past.

Washington Irving wrote: "To an American visiting Europe the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world."

Notwithstanding the quite evident fact that times and circumstances have changed greatly since Washington Irving's voyage to Europe, yet conditions he describes continue applicable to travellers after instruction or pleasure. Those who are not as good sailors as he is reported to have been, especially those who persistently reside in a "seven-by-two" berth during a whole Atlantic passage, cannot naturally be expected to believe their voyage "an excellent preparative" to any thing, — certainly to a sentimental journey." Yet it is a departure from accustomed routine of life productive of "a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions," — a departure for which, indeed, the afflicted mentioned are to a degree indemnified by particular development of such a state.

Confusion is apt to beset a traveller who arrives in a land crowded with scenes and objects of interest, and who has not formed some special plan of observation. A mode of avoiding this confusion may be suggested to others, as it was to the writer, by putting researches of the latter systematically together, and forming a tour that, in whole or in part, he hopes others may find as agreeable as he found it. And this is a tour that may be travelled over mentally, if not bodily, while one is reading astonishingly varied and extended pages of romance, around which lingers a spirit enchanting them even more fascinatingly than it enchants the long series of shrines and places ranged throughout the route of this tour, and that this spirit everywhere glorifies.

To begin this tour, one may be supposed mentally or bodily to have reached Old England.

II.

THOSE who search for picturesque and suggestive scenes of that World of the Past and of Romance into which journeying is proposed, may, at first, think they find "Passing Away" expressed upon many — too many — of its monuments and scenes. Notwithstanding frequent "restorations" or preservations, things existing are apt to seem to be retaining few of its real or fancied aspects.

And truly enough, the essential qualities of the life and scenes peculiarly those of Europe of the Past are mostly gone, and partially also the very aspects. During three-quarters of a century just elapsed, strange changes have been wrought; yet readers, especially those of Walter Scott's works, have found that there can yet be present to them a power investing many of the old scenes with expressions of their former life.

And taking Walter Scott — his still living power — to be a guide, it will be found that he can lead through widely extended Old-World lands, — that he has made peculiarly his own, and that he still occupies, — and lead, as no other can, through what no other has so united in an

"Attaching maze, —
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days."

Years ago, but not longer ago than the memories of many now living can reach, when young in public life, Scott wrote, —

"Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain-chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew."

That period to which these lines refer was one of rapid transition, when old Jacobite times and influences in Great Britain were passing away, and, with them, clan-life in Scotland; when, also, the old *régime* in France and its institutions became buried things; when Venice with her thirteen hundred years of life and rule changed before the great innovator; when ancient social usages, and the habitations, the works, the thoughts, and, it seemed, even the very characters of men, were changing. It was just then — at this intensest expression of the passing away of Old Europe — that he appeared to grow up, through this period of transition, into marvellous capacity for picturing the life thus changing, — picturing it so vividly as to make it seem again around us in many a scene, to which he, our proposed guide, can lead (may be said again) as can no other.

III.

Birthplace and Early Life of Scott.

THE geographical route of the tour proposed, being part of the geography of Romance Land, might hardly be considered beginning at any one point on material earth; the route certainly has a convenient quality of being accessible and useful anywhere along its extent. There is, however, a natural beginning to it at the place where the proposed guide, during it, first appeared in bodily form, and that place is Edinburgh; a city otherways rendered a very proper starting-point, not only because every one who travels in Great Britain is supposed to visit it, but because it is a place abounding in objects to arouse, to interest, to inspire those journeying among Old-World scenes. It is a city with few rivals of its own characteristics and remarkable combinations. It is a city of unusually varied picturesqueness and beauty, — a thoroughly storied city surrounded by a thoroughly storied country; a place in which one can now see and feel, as in few others, the Present joined with the Past; and this tour will necessarily lead to quite thorough exploration of it. Description of its rather well-known general natural formation and historical and architectural features may be omitted now, while, in proper custom, preliminary research is being made about our guide, — where and when he came into existence, and how he grew and gained the power that attaches us to him.

It must be confessed that the enthusiasm of a pilgrim to shrines of romance, finds severe test in an excursion to the College Wynd, as existing in the old town of Edinburgh, leading from the Cowgate upward behind the great college edifice. This wynd, or lane, is by no means lovely now; or it was not when the writer saw it, for it was steep, narrow, dirty, and ill-smelling, and the houses along it were ordinary and dingy enough. Yet a hundred years ago it was respectable, — inhabited by professional gentlemen. Through it, then, was the main access to the college, the decorated gateway of which faced directly down it. By the side of this wynd, near the site of that gateway, in a house destroyed with others, to

make room for the present northern front of the college, we find, that, on the 15th of August, 1771, our guide came into this world, to rise, even from a spot now so forbidding, and grow into the wonderful power that he attained; that there and then was born Walter Scott, whose creations and whose influences, expressed in verse and prose, have become (it is pardonable to repeat) inseparably and fascinatingly associated with such extent of scenes and compass of history and of romance, as are thus associated with no other one. Shakespeare or Byron or Southey may have written of more widely scattered places or have created scenes in them; but neither of these — with all his power — or any other one of the masters of literary art, has invested with his own personality and creations more objects, or won to himself a domain more thoroughly his own, than has Walter Scott.

From that narrow wynd came the "Great Magician" to animate those enchanted lands, through which it is proposed that he, "but present still though now unseen," conduct us; and since his name as guide has been already repeated, — indeed since it has once been told, — commendation sufficient of his ability and agreeableness, as such, has also been told.

After briefly recalling, as has been suggested, how and where he grew up, the writer proposes excursions to those scenes in his Lands, successively, associated with the stories of the great poems that he wrote, and then exploration, in more geographical order, of the wide-spread scenes associated with the more numerous prose romances, — his later works; and that all the while there be observation of whatever is found associated with the quite as nobly romantic story formed by his own life.

Walter Scott had early opportunity to see more of the world than appeared in his native wynd. When only eighteen months old, being ill, he was sent to live with his paternal grandfather at Sandy Knowe, a farm-house from which a long reach of the vale of lower Tweed is overlooked. In his fourth year, he was taken by London to Bath, where he lived nearly a year. After this, he was again at Edinburgh and Sandy Knowe. When about eight years old, he was some time at Prestonpans, and was already exploring historical or other scenes that afterwards appeared in his works. Thence he went to a new residence of his father, house No. 25, George's Square, Edinburgh, — in which his father lived many years, — and that continued the "most established place of residence" of this son, until

his marriage in 1797. During the earlier portion, even of this boyhood time, he was becoming acquainted with many old stories, and, during a school-life of three years succeeding, was learning very much of English literature and Border Ballads, and additionally, during the latter portion of this period, — influenced by the beauties of Tweed-dale at Kelso, where he spent several months, — he was experiencing, as he informs us, an awaking of a delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects, which never afterward deserted him. In his fifteenth year he began that knowledge of the affairs of law, and of the active living world, which so much aided in his development, being then apprenticed to his father, a Writer to the Signet. Soon afterward he made his first excursion to the Highlands. During four years, 1789 to 1792, he was studying for the bar, and with great ardor and perseverance, at the University of Edinburgh. Through all his boyhood and youth, he was reading immensely of whatever was adventurous or romantic or poetic in general literature, — Italian, German, French, as well as British. Meanwhile, also, he was both delighting and fashioning his already characterized tastes, by visits, on foot or on horseback, to ruins, to castle-halls, to battle-fields and famous landscapes, — loving most the places invested with historical and legendary associations. Thus he intimately learned the environs of his native, or, as he called it, "his own romantic town."

Growing older, he became familiar with more distant scenes. In "'91," and again in "'92," he went to Northumberland and Flodden Field. In the latter year he for the first time made an excursion to Liddesdale; and, as Mr. Lockhart pleasantly informs us, "during seven successive years Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, with Mr. Shortreed for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had even been seen in the district — the first, indeed, that ever appeared there was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity — even such "a rowth of auld nicknackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles

Scott owed much of the materials of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. "He was *makin' himsell* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."

And thus, insensibly or sensibly, he "made himself."

In 1796 his first book appeared, — a translation from the German of Bürger, — a mere preliminary exercise. In "'97" occurred his romantic introduction to Miss Carpenter at Gilsland, and their acquaintance and marriage, of which more hereafter. His residences during his early married life were at Edinburgh in George Street and in South Castle Street. There is not much that is noticeable in either of these places.

During the summer of 1798 he hired Lasswade Cottage, in which he lived until he removed to Ashestiel in 1804. While his home was at Lasswade, he began his career in authorship and other public life.

IV.

LASSWADE, 1798–1805.

AN excursion to Lasswade and its neighborhood is one of the most delightful of the many that can be made from Edinburgh, including as it may, in a day, a visit to the stately park and palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith, a stroll of three or four miles along the picturesque Esk Vale, and explorations of Hawthornden, — that exquisitely romantic spot where the poet Drummond lived, — and of Roslin Castle and Chapel. This chapel is the well-known elaborated example of Spanish Gothic, unique in Scotland, now "restored" and well kept. The castle, near by and

quite ruinous, stands on a steep point at the end of a wild ravine, and closely over a bend of the dashing Esk. Its most remarkable characteristics are tiers of massive internal vaults, but nearly all its parts are capitally disposed for sketches. Both Castle and Chapel are scenes of Scott's ballad "Rosabelle" in "The Lay."

Local guide-books and time-tables will tell the traveller how to reach these several places; and to publications in those classes the traveller is referred, not only for similar direction during this excursion, but also during most of those that will be hereafter mentioned.

Several years ago the writer found Lasswade village made up mostly of irregular, red-tiled cottages along steep, small streets. The house of Scott, secluded among trees and shrubbery, appeared built of cut stone and covered by a deeply thached roof. Its ground plan appeared shaped like an inverted letter T, and its height but a single story. The entrance was beneath a veranda at the inner angle. On the outer side was a large ivy-mantled chimney-shaft. The windows, also ivy-mantled, opened upon pleasant grounds. Although the house was a private residence, and the writer was a stranger, he was kindly shown the interior. The parlor — the chief room, perhaps twenty feet square — was as comfortable, social, home-like an apartment as one may find; and the whole place was as quietly and rurally beautiful as a young poet would seek or find or enjoy. Here, as already stated, Scott began to live during the summer of 1798; here was the home of most of his earlier married life, and while here he really began his experience in authorship.

The next year, 1799, was an important year in his development. On the 16th of December he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, and this office he held thirty-three years, until his death. Early in this year he published a translation of Goethe's tragedy "Goetz von Berlichingen." He also visited London with his wife, and examined the antiquities of Westminster, and of the Tower and the British Museum. At about this time he was beginning to compose original ballads. The first of his metrical work was partially that in his drama "The House of Aspen," a sort of Teutonic composition (one of the results of his German readings), written this year. More important, however, were his contributions to "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" "Thomas the Rhymer" (a ballad-tale of the Rhymer's Glen near Abbotsford); and "Glenfinlas" (the

scene of which is that tract of wild heath and mountain bearing the same name, near the Trosachs in the Perthshire Highlands); and "The Eve of Saint John," a ballad telling a story of Smaylho'me Tower, an old baronial keep near by his boyhood home, at Sandy Knowe. The scenery of these poems will be more fully described when the "tour" reaches them. In 1802–3 he published the collection of ballads, songs, and legendary poems that became so celebrated under the title already mentioned, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In 1804 he published the metrical romance, "Sir Tristrem." At various times, at about this period, he composed a few short works like the "Fire King." But it was in 1805 that his first great and really characterized composition appeared, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Then his power also began to appear; power that may now be first realized (where it was first associated with Old-World places) during an excursion to the scenery of this Lay, in that region so distinctively rendered by him his own, the Midland Border of Scotland.

V.

Excursion to Scenery of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THIS scenery in the Midland Border of Scotland—a region peculiarly romantic, in which many enjoyable excursions may be made—can be pleasantly reached now by a railway ride occupying less than two hours, from Edinburgh to Selkirk, and from that town by an easy and agreeable walk or drive of four or five miles up Yarrowdale to Newark Castle, to which, some time during the last decade of the seventeenth century, the "Latest Minstrel" is described wandering; where he sang this "Lay" to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who represented its ancient lords. A visit to this castle may also be made during the long tour that will be arranged hereafter, as shown in chapter xxxiii.

Scott had already shown his ability to write captivatingly of the olden time, it is evident, from the manner in which this poem came

to be written. The Countess of Dalkeith, a lady beautiful and lovely as she was noble, in her earnest desire to learn the traditions, the manners, and the history of this large and interesting Border region, — much of which is held by the great family of Buccleuch, of which she was so fair a member, — enjoined upon Scott the composition of a ballad upon one of these traditions, named that of "Gilpin Horner," and the Lay was the result.

Newark Castle, though dismantled, is a capital example of a Scottish baronial residence in a country where both Scotch and English forays were frequent. It is said to have been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by James II. The writer found it a large, square, lofty, simple tower, built of small broken gray stones, — its lower part having flush quoins of similar stone, and its upper part flush quoins of red sandstone. Two of the walls are flat topped and two terminate in gables. At the upper angles are turrets. The once high roof and the parapets are gone, leaving the walls capped with grass sward and small shrubs. The windows are high up and not large. The prevalent color is dark iron-gray, flecked with much dull-russet lichen. The door of the tower, on its north side, is a small square-headed door, the key to which the writer found with a custodian near by; and he offers the charitable hope that others, who obtain it as he did, may be enabled, as he was, also to enjoy undisturbed exploration of this grand old keep, and reading from the "Lay" within it. Its first, or basement, story, that which is first entered, is occupied by a hall dimly lighted through five little, grated, jail-like windows. The floor is of earth now, and rough. The ceiling is a semicircular arch, of flat, smallish, rudely shaped stones, rising in the centre perhaps twenty feet above the floor. In the north-west angle is the chief, and now only, stair, — a neat and entire turnpike built of well-cut red sandstone. This must have been the "lady's stair," there being remains of an ordinary one in the opposite angle. From the main floor, that of the great hall and now grassy turf, the tower is open to the sky. Two or three floors and the roof once above this were apparently of wood. In the western wall is a high chimney and fireplace, and on either side are windows within deeply set arches. One can easily reach the top of the structure, whence is a pleasant view in which one sees the tower, surrounded by broken quadrilateral outworks, standing on a green hill, around nearly three sides of which the pure, brown, shallow Yarrow comes rippling, rustling, or dashing

over a pebbly or stony bed between prettily, not densely, wooded banks. All around are walnut-trees and large red-berried hawthorns. On the opposite side of the river is a park landscape backed by great hills, that were covered with dusky or yellowish-green grass or brown heather when the writer saw them. On other sides are the beautiful and carefully kept grounds of "Sweet Bowhill,"—a seat of the owner of all this region, the Duke of Buccleuch. Philiphaugh, seat of the Murrays, and Foulshiels, home of Mungo Park, the traveller in Africa, are also to be seen. The lands down the river eastward are more cultivated than those westward, where one may yet see stern heights, forested and heathery almost as in feudal times. One may see similar characteristics also along the southern horizon, that is defined by prominent flattened or more acute pyramidal elevations, bearing dark pines, or presenting beautiful colorings of grass and heather tints,—grand examples of the Border Hill.

So it was in this characteristic Border stronghold, when its hall was a scene of hospitality, that the Aged Minstrel sang his "Lay" to the celebrated duchess of that also celebrated Duke of Monmouth, whose history need not be told here. One can recall the lady's form from among the Beauties of that style so favorite with Sir Peter Lely,—a handsome rounded form, a fair face, and abundance of luxuriant curls.

"The Lay" at once transports us in imagination back to stirring and picturesque days of the middle of the sixteenth century, when, as Scott tells us, most of the personages introduced in the poem actually flourished. It at once brings to mind a lively representation of Border life in feudal and knightly times, singing "the custom of Branksome Hall," long the chief seat of the Buccleuch family.

This seat, a castle poetically Branksome, prosaically Bramxholm, is about three miles from Hawick, or a dozen or more southward from Selkirk, in the green pastoral dale of Teviot, where it stands on a little eminence not far from the river. All about it now are well-kept fields, and lawns of turf, and privet and hawthorn hedgerows, and many shade-trees, and an aspect of peacefulness as if the place belonged to Arcadia. The writer found the edifice mainly modern, plain, two-storied, irregularly arranged, and built of rough chip stones (mostly covered with "rough-cast" plaster of a dingy buff color). Nearly the only ancient portion is at one corner, and

that is a moderate-sized four-gabled tower, in castellated style, with simple walls built of small stones, plain quoins, a blocking course, and, beneath the eaves, a corbel table. But Branksome is not such an Old-World place as Newark, and one can almost as readily imagine the action of "The Lay" at the latter,—action introducing one to much of the topography as well as feudal life of this Midland Border.

"The feast was over," the Minstrel sang,
"And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell:"

meditating vengeance for her late husband, Lord Walter Scott of Buccleuch, then lying dead in the castle, slain by certain Kerrs in a street of Edinburgh. Their young son and their daughter Margaret, and many retainers, were mourning over him, while of

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame,"
"Nine-and-twenty squires of name,"
"Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall,"
"Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch;"
"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:"
"Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,"—
"Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall,"—
To "watch against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle."

And the Ladye, skilled in "magic mystery," was sitting in her "secret bower,"

"In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round."
"The Ladye knew it well!"

In a "coming storm"

"It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell."

She heard the two tell the story of Margaret, who was "sorrow laden" with hopeless love for Lord Cranstoun, whose family was at feud with her own; and Margaret

"knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying-bed."

But the Mountain Spirit declared there should be "no kind influence"

"On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quelled and love be free."
"The unearthly voices ceast,"
Yet they "rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbbed high with pride:—
"'Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'"

She went to the hall where her young son was playing among her armed retainers, and

"called to her William of Deloraine—
A stark moss-trooping Scott,"

who occupied lands, giving him his name, that were in Ettrick Forest, adjoining those of Buccleuch. She commanded him to mount his horse and hasten to Melrose Abbey, and enjoined him there to seek "the Monk of St. Mary's aisle;" and she continued,

"'Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:'"—
"'What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better had'st thou ne'er been born.'"

And thus mysteriously bidden, away the man-at-arms galloped by many a spot well known through the Border; past Goldiland and Hawick and Minto Crags and Bowden Moor, until he reached Melrose after midnight, when "'twas silence," and he "sought the convent's lonely wall."

Already Scott had shown his faculty for intense localization,—that portion of his power rendering topography charming and making him peculiarly the Genius of place. And all this portion of the poem is delightfully demonstrative of this power, and others of his works associated with this region will add to this evidence,

as will be found when the long tour proposed leads hereabouts again in chapters xxxiii., xxxiv., and xxxv.

Few monastic remains are so celebrated latterly, and visited by so many persons as those of Melrose, and few are more deserving of such attention. The Abbey Church was one of the most beautiful edifices ever reared in Scotland, rivalling those of the wealthy English monastic institutions. Like very many Scotch, and a few similar English ecclesiastical establishments, it stands in a town; being closely upon a street of Melrose. It belonged to the great Order of Cistercians, the same once owning Fountains, Furness, Tintern, and many other Abbeys in England, glorious even now in their "proud decay;" and it illustrated the Latin lines expressing the style of site chosen by this Order, and by others: —

"Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes;"

for Saint Bernard was the great saint of the Cistercians; and Melrose Abbey, though near a town, is in a valley, close to running waters that the Fathers also loved. The principal approach to it the writer found a common lane lined by little "refreshment" shops. But when once this lane is put behind one, and the grassy enclosure containing the ruin is explored, if the weather is fine, the exquisiteness of Scott's well-known descriptions is realized. The Abbey was founded by sainted King David, in the year 1136, and devastated during the wars and Reformation, in Henry VIII.'s time. Mr. Billings says, that no portion of the present buildings appears to be older than the fifteenth century. The style is a sort of Continental modification of English Perpendicular Pointed. The materials used are compact red and buff sandstones promiscuously placed. On exposed surfaces, age and weather-wear have imparted a rather uniform russet-gray color: faded red is, however, the prevailing tint, except beneath portions of stone-vaulted and ribbed roof remaining, where dampness has spread a mouldy gray.

Little remains of the Abbey except the church, and the walls of that are tolerably entire, except the west front and western portion of the nave, which have almost entirely disappeared. Of course the church was cruciform. It was two hundred and fifty feet by one-hundred and thirty-seven feet, having a triple-aisled, eight-bayed nave, single-aisled transepts, — each with three bays of chapels eastward, — a short choir of two bays, and a single-aisled chancel,

lighted on each of its three outer sides by a long large window. These windows, and a large one in the gable of the south transept, are nobly beautiful examples of perpendicular and geometrical design. There was a central tower, only the western face of which, eighty-four feet high, remains. The north nave aisle was narrow, and had a blank exterior wall, beyond which were the cloisters. The south nave aisle was wider, and had a range of chapels along its entire length towards the south. A brutal attempt to alter the nave into a parish church was made in the early part of the seventeenth century, — an attempt that must always disfigure it. There was no triforium in the church. There was a diversely designed clere-story and magnificent groined roof. The sculptures and decorations were profuse. So durable is the red stone of which most of these are composed, that the delicately foliated capitals and elaborate crockets, canopies, and corbels, where unharmed by violence, are now almost as perfect as when finished, more than four hundred years ago.

But William of Deloraine saw "fair Melrose aright," in complete order; and this description is in detail to assist to better understanding of what he saw. Telling his errand to the aged "Monk of Saint Mary's aisle," he was, by him, ushered through a "steel-clenched postern door," — the archway of which yet remains perfect at the inner angle of the cloisters, — and thus entered the church, all perfect then. The vaulted, intricately ribbed, and richly embossed roof rose high: pillar and wall, screen and altar, were beautiful with delicate, unbroken decoration; and through richly painted glass, glorious with bright forms of angels and saints and holy beings once mortal, came the "dim, religious light."

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined."
"Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

"They sate them down on a marble stone,"
And watched until "the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead."

When

"An iron bar the Warrior took,
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,"

and William of Deloraine opened a tomb thus designated, that of Michael Scott, the learned Knight of Balwearie, deemed in life a skilful magician, and buried there, long before, on a St. Michael's Eve.

Deloraine in terror took the wizard's "Book of Might" from his opened grave, and from his cold, dead hand that held it; and soon, during the early morning, hastened with the magic volume back to the lady who had sent for it.

"The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide,"—

when Margaret,

. . "lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,"
Had "early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviot dale."

With doubt and haste and care, she stole away secretly,

"through the greenwood,"
"To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight."

She found him, and for a few short moments the two lovers were together; meanwhile the baron's horse was held by his Dwarf, "scarce an earthly man."

"Distorted like some dwarfish ape,"
"He was waspish, arch, and litherlie;
But well Lord Cranstoun served he."

Suddenly this creature

"Waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh."

Margaret hurried away: Lord Henry vaulted to the saddle, and soon was encountered by William of Deloraine, then returning from Melrose.

"Few were the words, and stern and high,
That mark'd the foeman's feudal hate."
"Their very coursers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe;"

and quickly

"The meeting of these champions proved
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud."

They fought, and decisively indeed; for Deloraine was unhorsed, and Cranstoun, leaving his elfin page to attend the wounded man

to Branksome, hurried away for life. He knew the vengeance of those times.

The Dwarf soon found "the Mighty Book."

> "Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
> Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:
> He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
> Until the secret he had found."

With difficulty he opened the book. From it he read a spell, that

> "Could make a ladye seem a knight,"
> "And youth seem age, and age seem youth."

But

> "He had not read another spell,
> When on his cheek a buffet fell,
> So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain:"

a strange blow that

> "was not given by man alive."

Then he performed his master's bidding, and took William of Deloraine to Branksome, where

> "He flung the warrior on the ground."
>
> "As he repass'd the outer court,
> He spied the fair young child at sport;"

and, with characteristic malice, decoyed him away to a wild forest. There both were found by a Lancashire yeoman, who took the son of Lord Buccleuch to Lord Dacre of the English Marches. Meanwhile, the Dwarf, transforming himself by the spell he had read from the Magic Book, assumed the boy's place at Branksome, where

> "It may be hardly thought or said,
> The mischief that the urchin made."

That night, the whole Border-land was aroused by beacon-fires, spreading alarm of a foray from England; and during its anxious hours the castle was prepared for defence. Spiritedly the Minstrel sings to us of the widely extending commotion; and how

> "Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side;
> Comes wading through the flood,"
> With "tidings of the English foe;"

telling the Ladye

> "Belted Will Howard is marching here,
> And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
> And all the German hackbut-men,
> Who have long lain at Askerten:
> They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
> And burned my little lonely tower."

Then "weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen —
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid."

The mustering of the Scottish Border forces is exciting enough, described in verses intensely local, picturesque, and interesting as the act itself. While allies and retainers came in, the Ladye endeavored to introduce her supposed son to them; but he conducted himself so that

"Wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame."

Forthwith she sent Watt Tinlinn with him to "Rangleburn's lonely side," — a valley a few miles distant, even now as bare and deserted and forlorn a retreat as one can fancy existing in the south of Scotland. But while the couple were crossing a stream, the imp, too cunning for the trooper, escaped, and Watt drove back alone to Branksome. The English forayers soon invested the castle.

Then, —

"Rides forth the hoary Seneschal."
"In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand;"

and he demanded in the name of his Ladye, why they came thus.

In reply to him, the invaders called the Ladye to the outer wall, whence she saw her real son a prisoner, and heard a claim for William of Deloraine, accused of excessive burnings and plunderings and "March treason." If he was not surrendered, the besiegers threatened to burn the castle and to carry the boy captive to King Edward at London. Nevertheless, the Ladye refused, and with great firmness, when a horseman galloping from the English rear informed the lords, —

That "foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught."
That "Douglas holds his weapon-schaw
Already on dark Ruberslaw:"
That "on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good."

Evidently, Scottish forces were about cutting the forayers off from communication with England. A parley ensued; and ulti-

mately it was arranged that William of Deloraine should fight Lord Musgrave in single combat, and that if the former prevailed, young Buccleuch should be free; in any event, that the English should have free passage homeward. And thus a truce was concluded.

"Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers."

And onward and around came forces led by many a "chief of fame," — Douglas and Home and Swinton and Hepburn. Looking from the old walls of Newark, one can, in fancy, summon up this array (as also other stirring scenes). The terms of the truce were announced, and at once the two parties met each other peacefully; for

"'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day."

Indeed, a general festivity ensued, broken only by a few sounds of preparation for the lists in which the single combat was to be decided on the morrow. The fair Margaret of course was immensely courted by many a gallant man, but she escaped each one.

"Despite the Dame's reproving eye,"
"With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay.
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.
She gazed upon the inner court,"
"Till stalking slow, —
The jingling spurs announced his tread, —
A stately warrior pass'd below."
"She started;"
"While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love, —
Lord Henry's at her feet."

Margaret and her true knight were left together. Afterwards, the single combat was fought. One should know how the Minstrel sings the whole story of it, — and that story is too long for this sketch. Its closing scene is a holy Friar bending over the vanquished English champion, pouring "ghostly comfort on his heart;" but

"Unheard he prays; — the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more."
"As if exhausted by the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp," —
"When a half-naked ghastly man"
"downward from the castle ran:"

It was William of Deloraine who had been supposed miraculously cured of his wounds;

"And" who had "the battle fought and won!"
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!"

He led the rescued boy to his mother, —

"Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet."

But there was much expostulation that she would forego the family feud. And, at last,

"She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still, —
'Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me;
Their influence, kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome tower,
For pride is quelled and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she."

And thus their mutual love was plighted on the field.

The Ladye learned soon how the Dwarf had meddled with the Magic Book, and had communicated one of its most potent spells to his master, enabling him to do the part he had done. She determined to renounce attempts at practice of secret magic arts, — she had been so foiled in this affair, — and to replace the Book in Michael's grave.

Almost every one knows the magnificent and patriotic address to Scotland with which the Minstrel introduces the sixth and last Canto of "The Lay," — an address that those of any country may repeat and feel, and especially Americans returning from abroad. For

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd!"

And while one gazes from the walls of Newark upon the vale of Yarrow, — that vale charmed by wonderful exquisiteness of song, or upon many another Scottish scene, — how inspiring that apostrophe by the Minstrel! —

> "O Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood!"

And how one feels and loves those tender words of the aged bard that one finds following lines doing one's heart good to read from the monument to Scott, erected, "IN PROVD AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE," at Selkirk, by those who knew him well:

> "By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
> Though none should guide my feeble way;
> Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
> Although it chill my withered cheek."

These introductions to Cantos contain some of the poet's best passages, as the reading world is aware.

But, to finish the Minstrel's story, we may imagine the old hall at Newark — now so broken — as it was when stately and entire, and when the story of "The Lay" ended in it, and there "was spread a gorgeous festival." Where one now hears only the musical rustle of the river or the breeze among the leaves, were then all the pleasant sounds of wedding ceremonies, and banquet, and feudal hospitality. Minstrels sang delightfully; all indeed "went merry as a marriage-bell." Three beautiful ballads were sung, the best among them the one "that mourns the lovely Rosabelle," — a romantic ballad associated with Roslin Castle and Chapel already described, — a ballad that should be read by all; certainly by visitors to those very picturesque Old-World places.

Suddenly the guests at the Newark festivities perceived that "a wondrous shade involved them all."

> "It was not eddying mist or fog,
> Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
> Of no eclipse had sages told;
> And yet, as it came on apace,
> Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
> Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold —
> A secret horror check'd the feast,
> And chill'd the soul of every guest.
> Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
> She knew some evil on the blast;

The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, 'Found! found! found!'

Then sudden through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame."
Then "on the elvish page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall and at Carlisle withal;
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!"

Dreadful words and sights had startled each guest. Deloraine saw

"right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it mattered not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott."

All heard the wonderful tale of the book, and knew then how the dead had been disturbed, how unhallowed and unlawful search into forbidden knowledge had been avenged. And forthwith,

"Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,
Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle;
Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,"
"That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite."
And the "noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid."

"With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did" each a "pilgrim go,"
"To the high altar's hallow'd side."

And while we look upon the arches and the walls of that consecrated Abbey, solemn and beautiful even now in its desolation, we can summon up the last impressive scene of the Border Minstrel's Lay, admiring its stateliness and joining heartily in the spirit of its devotion, as finally expressed, while imagining how,

"slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourish'd fair,
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd;
With holy cross he sign'd them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song, —
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

And thus closes impressively this poem of Old-World life, in a scene full of suggestions of the noblest aspect of that life; thus, with the majestic service of the ancient Church, glorious with its demonstrative faith and with harmonies of its exalted praise; thus, expressing the poet's very heart, closes this "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

And while the measure and the meaning of that grand rendering of Thomas of Celano's sublime hymn linger in our hearts, expressed by the final words of this first great composition by the Great Magician, these words suggest to us how their Latin originals were final words of that greater composition of his own life. And as he has made them seem yet resounding glorifyingly through the mouldering Abbey, telling of its noble past, so also he has made them render beautiful his own passing away; but of that ever telling of life through a far nobler future, in which there shall not only be no decay, but infinite development into the completeness of all beauty.

Mr. Lockhart informs us that "in the first week of January, 1805, 'The Lay' was published, and its success at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life." During the next year, accordingly, he published several "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," and had even begun "Waverley, or 'tis Fifty Years since;" a work laid aside to be completed nearly ten years afterwards. In February, 1808, appeared his next great poem, "Marmion," illustrating much of the East Border of Scotland, as "The Lay" illustrates the Middle Border, and also the vicinity of Edinburgh, and the coasts of East Lothian and Northumberland.

VI.

"MARMION, — A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD;" ITS INCIDENTS AND SCENERY.

SCOTT began this poem in November, 1806, and composed it while editing John Dryden's voluminous works. It was published on the 23d of February, 1808, "in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half." The two thousand copies forming this edition were all disposed of in less than a month. During the poet's life nearly fifty thousand copies were sold.

"The poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513." Its

incidents are perhaps the most stirring of any combined in one of Scott's poetical works. Its scenery is more scattered than that of "The Lay," but the chief portions may be visited during a summer day actively spent near Belford, Northumberland, or Berwick-on-Tweed.

The first scene is a sunset view of Norham Castle on the Tweed, — a view minutely drawn and brilliantly colored, reviving the former grandeur of that once important and famous English stronghold; an example of such as characteristic of the English Border, as is Newark of the Scottish Border. It is easily reached from Melrose, by rail, as well as from Berwick, and by carriage-road from Belford. Almost any approach to Norham town is pretty, and the town itself is interesting as a representative sort of place. It is simply, almost meanly, built upon one long street, with small houses and queer little inns and shops, and has a market-cross midway, the church at one end, and the castle at the other. This church is a venerable, round-arched edifice, quite romantically situated in its green and shaded burial-yard beside the river Tweed. A small extent of field separates the town from the castle-site. One ascends a little, and then, after passing under the mouldering "gloomy portal-arch" yet remaining, enters the spacious area of the court-yard. Embanked and embrasured walls, combining mediæval and more modern styles of defensive architecture, surround it. Near the centre is the chief feature of the ruin, the grand and massive keep, dating from the twelfth century, and still seventy feet high, though shattered enough now, one of its sides and a portion of another being sadly dilapidated. It appears as if double, the western half being the newer. On the south-west side rises a fragment of a bell-turret. The style is English castellated Gothic, simple yet imposing. The material, sandstone, once well hewn and faced, now scaled and furrowed, bleached and worn, has grown a reddish ashy-gray. The keep cannot now be easily ascended (the stair having been removed), nor does it present entire apartments. Perhaps the most complete of these is the vaulted basement. The writer was not, however, induced to explore its recesses; for he found them converted into a particularly offensive cow-house.

But a glowing sunset, such as it was his good fortune to behold glorifying the old keep and the pleasant landscape around it, revivifies Norham with the light of romance; and, under such an effect, one may wander delighted over its "castled steep," beneath its

ruins, or its thickly growing beeches and alders, or its precipitous rocky banks of dark and light veined strata, that, mostly pale ashen-gray, rise closely above the placid river. One sees northward rural or forest-mantled grounds, and southward, over town and castle-hill, as far as the long but not prominent forms of the Cheviots in the blue distance.

Then may be well imagined how this "Tale of Flodden Field" begins by showing Lord Marmion, a powerful noble and soldier, ushered at twilight into the castle, with presenting of arms by the guard, and by sound of trumpet and "salvo-shot," and minstrels' greeting: —

"'Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!'"

"They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
— 'Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!'"

"Then stepp'd, to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place —
They feasted full and high."

The Heron invited Lord Marmion to remain with him awhile at Norham; but, with the invitation, he jestingly added words about a certain "gentle page" whom he had seen with Marmion when they last met, at Raby Castle.

"Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
'That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne.'"

And the story eventually explains his lordship's ire and the strange character of the page, and how the page was "sick in Lindisfarne."

Lord Marmion, in turn, inquired about Lady Heron, then absent; asking, with covert irony, if she had "gone on some pious pilgrimage," for he knew that "fame whispered light tales of Heron's dame." The husband, however, did not "mark the taunt;" replying that Norham was too grim a place for her, and that she was at the Court of Queen Margaret of Scotland. Upon which Marmion, instead of accepting Sir Hugh's invitation, continued: —

"'Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.'"
.... "in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why, through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war."

Guides of the desirable sort did not appear abundant. It was, however, arranged that Marmion should be accompanied by a palmer just arrived at the castle. Accordingly, "with early dawn Lord Marmion rose," and before long departed with his train, amid flourishes of trumpets and salvos of cannon.

The breeze that swept away this artillery smoke was at the same time blowing freshly along the Northumbrian coast, bearing onward a bark, upon the deck of which sat the "Abbess of St. Hilda," "with five fair nuns," bound "from high Whitby's cloister'd pile" "to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle." Their progress is graphically and picturesquely sketched in Scott's peculiarly delightful topographic poetry: —

"The vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good Saint who own'd the cell;

Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay."

"As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls."

"In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand."

The many romantic places described in these lines are all well worth attention, and may be visited while the traveller is also visiting scenes sketched in chapter xxxvii. Space admits here only brief account of the Abbey of the Holy Island, Lindisfarne, now a ruin, that is agreeably accessible from the town of Belford, and connectedly with an excursion to Flodden Field, — a place so conspicuous among the scenes of "Marmion." The traveller, going from Belford by a shaded roadway, and thence across open country in sight of the sea, reaches a very wide extent of soft sand (if the tide is low); and this must be passed in a carriage or the saddle for the sake of comfort, and a guide must be taken for safety. This route is impracticable when the tide is rising or at any height. Then, very possibly, a couple of barefooted women will drag a boat, on a sort of two-wheeled truck, down to the water's edge; and a ferryman,

hoisting a dark reddish-brown sail, will soon transport the traveller to the curious, secluded Holy Island. It is eight or nine miles in circuit; its northern part is rather low; its southern point rises very steeply and conically, presenting a sharp spur north eastward toward its little town, or port. This elevation, or peak, is crowned by the small but celebrated and picturesque "Castle of the Holy Island," — well represented by Finden's engraving. Other scenery on the island is not remarkable, but the panoramic view from it is of no little interest. Eastward rolls the broad, wild, storied German Ocean; south-eastward stretch the low shores of this out-of-the-way spot, with rows of fishing-boats, ended by the old castle. Beyond that lie the low, rocky Farn Isles, — scenes of many dreadful wrecks, and of Grace Darling's heroism. Thence around westward to north, extend wastes of sand towards towering, embattled Bamborough, and then the Northumbrian fields. Looking on these, one cannot marvel that the pagan Northmen should manifest such predilections for them as they did. Farther north, the view ranges along this pleasant land till it terminates in the high shores towards Berwick, and in the broad and sometimes broken masses of the Kyloe Hills. The most interesting object on the island is that most associated with this poem, the ruined Lindisfarne Abbey. As usual in similar remains, the church is now the principal portion spared. It is small, — only a hundred and thirty-eight feet long, — but very venerable, built at various early dates by persons now scarcely known. The style is chiefly decorated Norman. The material is soft red sandstone. The choir, part of what may have been the transepts, and the left aisle of the nave are tolerably preserved. A single, massive, richly ornamented rib, diagonally spanning the intersecting arms of the edifice, is left, alone, to show the former style and arrangement of the roof. The underground passages once existing are filled or broken now, so that one cannot stand, indignant, where was enacted the next scene of the Tale: —

"Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell."

"But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few

Were those, who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go."

"There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay."

There also was an "Ancient Man,"

"Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,"
"The Saint of Lindisfarne."

"Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;"
"Obscured her charms, but could not hide."
"She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A Monk undid the silken band
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the Church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled."

Anachronistic though nice antiquarianism may rate the introduction of nuns at the place represented, and at the time, — that of Henry VIII., — this whole scene is such as not unfrequently was enacted when the ancient church was most powerful. And this scene is characteristic of this Tale, as the closing scene of "The Lay" is of that poem. For "The Tale" shows the darker phases of monastic life, during about the same period as that of which "The Lay" shows some of the lighter. Those who know the strange nooks and retreats of the olden time yet existing in Europe, — such as the dungeons of the Neues Schloss at Baden-Baden, the prisons of the Rathhaus in Nuremberg or of Venice, or even the cells of Chillon, or the Folterkammer of Hohen Salzburg, — can conjure up this scene.

"'Tis an old tale, and often told."

Constance confessed, —

"I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride."
"He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more. —
'Tis an old tale, and often told."

Constance had loved and trusted a villain, had broken her vow as nun and followed him, had been deserted, and now must suffer the punishment appointed for apostates such as she. The "sightless Abbot" spoke her doom in those words of the Roman priests, professedly a benediction, yet so awfully suggestive in their use, — "Vade in Pace," —

"'Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!'"

And Constance felt the real significance of this awful benediction in its doom that caused her to be immured, — placed in a small niche in a wall that was built up around her.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!" —

she exclaimed, while they buried her, —

"If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again."

But from that "place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery."

Meanwhile,

"The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain-path the Palmer show'd
By glen and streamlet winded still."

Towards evening they reached and tarried at the inn of Gifford, a village a few miles from Haddington, and about twenty from Edinburgh. Scottish inns, or hostelries, of the sort at the time of the Tale, do not now flourish; and happily for the traveller that they

do not, so indifferent were they. The company at Gifford, we are told, gathered promiscuously around a great blazing fire, and spent the evening in a manner jovial and merry to most of them, however. A song was sung by one Fitz Eustace, and a tale was told by the host, both of which were of a sort disquieting to Marmion, as a stanza of the song is sufficient to show: —

"Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying" —

words that haunted Marmion with fearful truth ever after. Then, and often again, a nun's death-peal seemed to ring in his ear.

"Well might he falter! — By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because, in wild despair,
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge."
"His conscience slept — he deem'd her well."

But remorse began to torment him,

"And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd."

The Host's Tale was about Sir Hugo, of the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, founder of a "Goblin-Hall" there, who could fight pagans or beings of another world. It was a tale of "Elfin Chivalry," the scene of which, near by, Marmion, later at night, rode out to view. But,

"In other pace than forth he yode,
Return'd Lord Marmion."

His Squire, Fitz Eustace, perceived that there had been some strange occurrence. The "Tale" tells it. Early on the next morning Marmion and his company, greatly to the general relief, left the hostel. On the road they met a brilliant party led by "Sir

David Lindesay of the Mount, Lord Lion King-at-arms;" and, after exchange of very handsome civilities, the two parties, English and Scotch, went to Crichton Castle.

"For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne,"

and the poet's description of it is charmingly graphic and picturesque. It will be found in a delightful rural country about a dozen miles south-east of Edinburgh. It is a vast hollow square built in various styles, and now a ruin rudely magnificent, decayed, and dishonored.

There the parties of the "Tale" rested during two days, Marmion being

"With every rite that honor claims,
Attended as the King's own guest;—
Such the command of Royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land."

Lord Lindesay, in endeavoring to entertain this noble guest after fashion of the time and "Tale," told this guest a story,—one that again and yet more disquieted him. Nevertheless, Marmion at length left Crichton, and journeyed on for "Scotland's camp," which he discovered from Blackford Hill, covering "the Borough-moor below,"—a common-moor that then extended from the southern walls of Edinburgh to the bottom of Braid Hills, a distance of over two miles. Some of Scott's noblest lines described that prospect.

"Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,"—
And still upon the spot he stay'd,
"For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,

And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thundercloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold."
It is the "Empress of the North"
Upon "her hilly throne,"
With "palace's imperial bowers,"
And "castle, proof to hostile powers,"
And "stately halls and holy towers."

Those who know Edinburgh only from words and engravings can admire this magnificent description: those who have had the good fortune to witness the grand effects of light and color in which the great landscape painter of literature has shown this view, and who have enjoyed them from Blackford Hill, or Arthur's Seat, or Salisbury Crags, will feel its graphic beauty. It is quoted by John Ruskin, not only as a fine description, but also as an example of Scott's mode of representing scenery by color rather than by the less vivid characteristics of form and dimension.

Gazing awhile, charmed by the sight, Lord Marmion and his train moved onward; his lordship skilfully glancing through every line and squadron of the Scottish army as he passed it on his way to Holyrood Palace, and an animated and varied and imposing array he beheld. When he reached the city, Lord Lindesay took him to a fitting lodging, whence, after vespers, both went to the King's Court.

"Old Holyrood rung merrily,
That night, with wassail, mirth, and glee:
King James, within her princely bower,
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power."

The palace was a scene of splendid festivity. The apartments in it are so changed now from what they were in those times, that one does not so readily imagine their aspect on this night as one does

during later and more historic events that Scott has represented in them. The gay and romantic monarch (James IV.) graciously received Lord Marmion; and, before long, the latter was entertaining himself quite gallantly among the lords and ladies, — especially the ladies, for whose society he had an excessive passion. Now it so was that —

> "O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
> Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:"
> "And thus," admitting "English fair
> His inmost counsels still to share,"
> "he madly plann'd
> The ruin of himself and land!"

While

> "His own Queen Margaret," "in Lithgow's bower,
> All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour."

Both King and Ambassador, indeed, were bewitched by the wily lady's performances, especially by a song that she sang in a most captivating manner. It is a ballad-song known to almost every one: —

> "Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!"

Who does not know of the gallant exploit of this Lord, —

> "So daring in love, and so dauntless in war"?

The West Border, where this exploit was performed, is a romantic country; and few more interesting drives of the sort can be found than one over the coach-road, traversing it from Hawick to Carlisle, — a road more picturesque than even the pleasant railway now used for public traffic. In its varied series of scenes, this road takes one up Teviot-dale, between hedge-rows and among beautiful fields and hills, past the peel of Goldieland, and Branksome, and then through less cultivated regions, until after the elevated moss-source of Frostlee-burn is passed, and the usual landscape of the headwaters of border streams, — narrow valleys confined between large, rounded, bare and grassy hills, whose slopes are varied only by patches of whin or ferns, and by few landmarks or bounds. Then one descends through Langholm to a road delightful as reasonably imaginable. The Esk, broad and shallow, flows pleasantly among flat mossy rocks, often large, all overhung (as is unusual in Scotland) by magnificent trees, while the road closely beside it is lined and shaded by these, and by hedges and mossy walls. The open country is of rich rural beauty, and in it are Netherby Hall and Cannobie Lee, where Lord Lochinvar flourished.

The monarch was very flatteringly admiring the lovely syren, and her song of the dashing lover's exploits in that romantic region, when he perceived that she was exchanging glances with Lord Marmion.

"Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old."

"Monarchs ill can rivals brook,"
"Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd."

Short ceremony the monarch had then. He declared his hostility to England, and bade Marmion retire to Tantallon Castle, seat of "the Douglas bold;" and soon the ambassador of King Henry left the Court, while the

"Minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—'Blue Bonnets o'er the Border,'"

that old Scottish war-song.

Lord Douglas accompanied the ambassador thus summarily sent to his castle,—one of the most important in Scotland, and even now one of its chief baronial antiquities. A railway ride of about an hour, or twenty-two miles, to North Berwick, and thence a walk or drive of three miles, take one from Edinburgh to Tantallon,—an imposing evidence, indeed, of the power of its former Lords, the famous Douglases. Its ground form is a large irregular hexagon; its features (says Billings) "are in a great measure a mixture of round and square towers, not distinct, but running into each other." In Scott's "Provincial Antiquities" and in Billings's "Baronial Antiquities of Scotland," excellent descriptions and engraved views of this place can be found. But the best of all descriptions is that in this "Tale of Flodden Field," showing "Tantallon vast" as it was at the time of the story, with its walls and towers

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, and entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square:
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.

Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm."

The seaward views from this spot are grand, often wildly so. Directly opposite, two miles from shore, rises pale and sheer, four hundred feet out of the waves, the wonderful Bass Rock, a mile in circuit, and accessible only at a single point even in calm weather. One gazing at this, the chief feature of the view, gains a vivid idea of the castle's former reputation for immense strength, from that old proverb stating two acts once deemed equally possible: "Ding doon Tantallon! mak a brig to the Bass!" ("Knock down Tantallon! make a bridge to the Bass!") But Cromwell's cannon did partially knock down this grand stronghold, as they did many another. The greater amount of destruction appears, however, to have been permitted under the ownership of certain Dalrymples of North Berwick. One does not here feel the evidence of avenging justice, as one can feel it among some ruins. This is rather a monument of the insubstantiality of human greatness and the force of human passions, and also of disregard of national historic monuments.

At about the time of Marmion's arrival here, a prize, "the first-fruits of the war," so abruptly declared at Holyrood, had been taken by a cruiser from Dunbar. It was the galley of the Abbess of Saint Hilda, with "a bevy of the maids of Heaven," and it had been carried into Edinburgh. Royal command had been given that "under Marmion's care" the maids should be escorted back, by way of Tantallon, "again to English land."

"Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under heaven
By these defenceless maids."

Naturally, the Abbess, thinking of this escort, and of Constance Beverley, was greatly perturbed. She confessed to the "holy Palmer" how

"De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;"

how Marmion, in jealousy, had accused De Wilton of secret treason, and had practised foully to prove it; how

Clare, "rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,

To give our house her livings fair
And die a vestal vot'ress there;"

how Constance had aided towards the degradation of De Wilton, —

That o'er her lover she might gain,
"As privy to his honor's stain,
Illimitable power;"

and finally how proofs of all this plot were found upon Constance. These proofs, written, the Abbess conjured the Palmer to bear to King Henry's great minister, Cardinal Wolsey.

The Abbess, with Clare, however, became guests, by royal order, at Tantallon. Clare was wont to walk upon the battlements,

"And muse upon her sorrows there."

And thus, on a certain evening, it occurred, that she unexpectedly met De Wilton, who told his recent history; how, disgraced and shunned, he had assumed the habit of a Palmer, and visited many lands; how report had spread that he had died in pilgrimage, but how he had at length come to Scotland, in what manner the reader knows. And Clare had found him, after the style of young knights, guarding his armor, given him by Lord Douglas, to whom he had told his story and the foul wrong done him, and who was that very evening to re-create him knight. The next day, he said that, —

"again a belted knight,"

he was to go to the camp of Lord Surrey of England.

That same evening

"Clare the spurs bound on his heels,"
And "Douglas struck him with his blade:
'Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight."

At this same period various reports and exaggerations reached the castle and Lord Marmion, representing that King James had taken sundry strong English border-holds, — reports so exciting his Lordship that he determined to break off his official tarrying in the North, and, early on the morrow, to depart for the seat of war. Accordingly, on the next day,

"He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide."

Precautions for the journey were arranged, and Marmion, having Clare and others in his company, was about to start, when, attempting to bid adieu to Lord Douglas, he opened a celebrated and stirring scene quite worth recalling at Tantallon or elsewhere. Said Marmion to the mighty Scotchman:

"'Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.'
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—'This to me!' he said,
'An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!'—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—'And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.'—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume."

The first thought of the insulted and exasperated Douglas was instant pursuit; but, as a moment's reflection suggested the office of Marmion, he allowed the ambassador's departure.

Consequently Marmion, with his party, journeyed on during the day, southward. At length he noticed that the Palmer, who had been of the party, was missing. Gradually he learned how this Palmer, really De Wilton, had fared at Tantallon, and how departed thence. Regrets for omission to despatch his rival were of small avail. Nor was Marmion soothed by reflections on Lady Clare, of whom there is not a little told in the poem that is not in this sketch, and that caused him to feel the truth, —

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"—
"Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march."

This convent was near Coldstream (where that famous regiment, the Guards, named from it, was raised by General Monk at the Restoration), and nearly opposite Cornhill Station. Scarcely any thing now remains of the building.

"Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge."

He saw that this power, led by King James, must soon begin the famous battle of Flodden Field, so disastrous to the king and to Scotland. He at once assembled his party, including Clare.

"Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately:"
"The southern bank they gain,"
And "halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command."
"Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
Oh, think of Marmion in thy prayer!"—
he said.
"You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—

But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again.'"

Heedless of her despairing look, or the discontent of each squire, he dashed away to Lord Surrey.

Flodden Field is about three miles from Cornhill, a station only about six miles from Norham, so that this closing scene of the "Tale" can easily be visited during an excursion to the opening scene, and, as before noticed, connectedly with an excursion to Holy Island. Scott's poetic description of the battle is so spirited and so graphic that it should be read entire, and there is not space here for the whole description. Furthermore, there are few passages in his works more generally known than this.

The battle-ground "is now under cultivation," says the guide; "but the battle positions on it can still be traced. Flodden Hill, on which the Scottish army was posted, is an outskirt of the Cheviots, descending with a slope of about half a mile to the Till." This stream the English crossed, from Millfield plain opposite, through its "deep, picturesque ravine, faced with shelving, broken, grotesque rocks, and tangled and shaggy with wood,"—a ravine retaining "nearly the same features and the same objects as on the day of the battle." The Scotch neglected opposing the passage, and thus lost great advantage of position. The Till is a "deep, dark, and sullen stream;" its difference from the rapid Tweed, into which it flows, is shown in the old rhyme:—

"Tweed said to Till,—
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed,—
'Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I run slaw,
Yet, where ye droun ae man,
I droun twa.'"

This ravine, of such strategic importance at the time of the famous battle, is additionally interesting since such natural features are now often lost to old battle-fields, and since other features of this one are changed.

The stirring verses of the Great Magician renew, to one who reads them at Flodden, or elsewhere, the desperate conflict, and portray its varying fortunes. There are few who do not know the ending. Near an ancient stone-cross—since ruinous and meanly surrounded—lay Marmion wounded, and almost forsaken, except by Clare.

"Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man."

And she, with a monk, attended him. Well might the poet say:

"O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

"As she stoop'd his brow to lave —
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'"

And then he learned the tragedy at Lindisfarne, but too late for redress. Dying, he exclaimed, —

"'I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! — this dizzy trance —
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'"

Then he sank fainting, hearing no consolations offered him, but, instead, a lady's voice ever singing, —

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"

Until,

"The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And — Stanley! was the cry; —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory! —
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

Fitz Eustace buried his Lord in Litchfield Cathedral, whose triple spires and fair west front and general venerable beauty now delight us; though many of its treasures of sculpture, like Marmion's tomb, were destroyed by the fanatics of the great Civil War. And

lastly of this Tale, we learn that De Wilton, by his bravery, "won his rank and lands again;" and, after a ceremonial honored by the highest of the land,

> "For many a day,
> That it was held enough to say,
> In blessing to a wedded pair,
> 'Love they like Wilton and like Clare!'"

VII.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE,"

SCOTT'S most celebrated and beautiful poem, — considered as a whole, — and his next poetic composition after "Marmion," was published in May, 1810. Its scene, he informs us, "is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto." The period of this action is towards the middle of the sixteenth century.

As stated in a former chapter, Scott visited this Highland region during the summer of 1809, when he verified recollections of it originating from excursions made repeatedly during years before, and when he learned more of its characteristics, — as, for instance, he galloped from Loch Vennachar to Stirling, in order to prove to himself that a prominent person in the poem could accomplish the same journey within a certain represented time. His first visit to the lake scenery associated with The Lady was made, before 1790, under escort of an armed guard, when he was sent to enforce execution of a legal instrument on certain Maclarens, and is described by him in "Rob Roy," and by Mr. Lockhart, in chapter v. of "The Life."

The scenery of no other composition by Scott is visited by so many travellers, and there are few poems associated with scenery so attractive as is this. Indeed, there are none of his works more vividly localized; and, furthermore, there is scarcely, in this language, a poem, of like variety of scene, that equals "The Lady of the Lake," in this localization.

To visit its opening and chief and most known scenes, one goes

from Edinburgh or Glasgow, or almost anywhere else, by rail, to Callander, and thence, by road, nine miles, to "the Trosachs," passing near many places introduced to a reader of the earlier portions of the poem, and reaching one of the most "story-book" of comfortable inns, — one built by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, closely among the very shrines of Romance-land. This inn is called the Trosachs Hotel, and mercifully replaces a little house called the *Ardcheanochrochan.* It is a place from which one can most easily visit, not only Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, and other places haunted by the "Lady," but also "Glenfinlas," — scene of the ballad of that name, by Scott, — the Pass of Leni, and other scenes of the "Legend of Montrose," and the Clachan of Aberfoyle and Loch Ard, famous in "Rob Roy." Additional account of this region will be given in chapters xxiv. and xxi. relating to the two great novels just named.

Almost every traveller, as of course, visits "the Trosachs," even if no other part of the Scotch Highlands. Indeed, some persons who have visited them speak as if they had "seen the localities of Scott's works," and, after dashing through Abbotsford, and, possibly, Dryburgh, as if they had left small portion of his "Enchanted Lands" unexplored. This Trosachs neighborhood, if no other part of these Lands, should be seen and *felt*, yet it is small part, indeed, of the wide domain Scott's genius has won him. A Scotch guide-book (that ought to teach better) asserts that people would have sought this neighborhood very much as now, even if Scott had never written about it. People, however, did not visit it until he did write about it; then, immediately, crowds resorted to it, and have since, continually. Any landsman could go to America after Columbus showed the way.

This "Lady of the Lake" begins with "The Chase" of a "Knight of Snowdoun" and his companions, who, at sunrise, started a stag "in lone Glenartney's hazel shade" (a few miles from Callander, towards Comrie), whence this chase swept past "the heaths of Uam-Var" (a lofty mountain in sight northward), and thence, downward and westward, through Cambus-more, and over Bochastle Heath, and twice across "the flooded Teith," along the bank of which lies the traveller's road from Callander to the Trosachs. Of the hunters, —

> "Few were the stragglers, following far,
> That reach'd the Lake of Vennachar,"

near the calm waters, the open shores, and the broken, naked braes of which one next goes. Then one passes Lanrick-mead, a rather swamp-like field beside the lake, — scene of later and more important action, the mustering of "Clan-Alpine's warriors true." Then "Duncraggan's Huts" appear, — low, thatched, and mossy, just high enough for use as human habitations, and graphically described later in the poem. Not far onward is the Brigg of Turk, — that the writer found a single, old, rough stone arch, retopped with modern masonry. At this bridge, when "The Chase" had reached thus far, —

"The headmost horseman rode alone,"

Beyond it, however, he dashed, — past Loch Achray, — so exquisitely sung of in the minstrel's lay of the "Battle of Beal' an Duine," — into the recesses of the Trosachs, perhaps the most intricate and charmingly picturesque defile in Scotland, as one may find, by exploring it properly, not simply by riding through it in the omnibus, or walking over the carriage road. And there, —

"stumbling in the rugged dell,"
The hunter's "horse exhausted fell."
And "the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more."

The poet's description of this romantic pass is very truthful and beautiful, showing it as it is beneath —

"The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

The features of the landscape, and of the lake views, next described, are not of great size. The pass is not as large or as grand as that at the White Hills, or Franconia, or Catskill, in America, and, of course, cannot be compared with Swiss passes. In America, the lake would be looked upon as a small thing, even compared with Winnipiseogee, or Horicon. But yet there is a fascination, a romance, investing these celebrated Scotch scenes, making one forget any deficiency in mere size. One can see their charms all at once, and love them, as one cannot that which is too large, too extended, to be thus embraced. Like most of the Scotch Highlands, the Trosachs should be seen during the latter part of summer, when the heather is covered with its purple flowers. This heather is the coronation robe of Scottish scenery, as is the autumnal foliage of the Northern American. The mountains around the

Trosachs rise loftily and closely, presenting true Scottish features of the more beautiful cast. They are much varied by knolls and crags; and although not acute and abrupt, like many Swiss mountains, they are seldom lumpish or ungraceful in outline. Nearly bare of trees, except on their lower portions, they yet have softly toned green tints to their very summits. The foregrounds of views here, as in America, owe their chief beauty to the forests. This Trosachs valley — about a mile long, leading from comparatively open country past Loch Achray, and thence between high mountains to the shores of Loch Katrine — was, before the present road was built, rendered an intricate pass, indeed, by curious terraced piles of gray rock, tufted with the richest heather, that rise confusedly through it. One of these, "Rhoderick Dhu's Watch-tower," looking quite down upon the lake, is both precipitous and lofty. All around these piles and banks and mountain bases, light and graceful birches wave among dark-green, thickly growing oaks. The old path of "The Chase" appears to have been somewhat north of the present carriage road. There is difficulty in tracing it now. It came down a narrow, sloping glen, where the Knight of Snowdoun lost his "gallant gray." He was obliged to climb one of the rocky crags on the lake-shore, in order to discover a way out of this "Troschen," — bristled territory, as it is in English: and none can tell better than Scott what he saw thence; for any ordinary mortal, attempting to rewrite Scott's description, will soon find Scott's superior abilities, and his truth and picturesqueness and power.

One may now look from some crag, as did the Knight of the Chase, and realize how

> "gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnish'd sheet of living go'd,
> Loch Katrine low beneath him roll'd,
> In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek, and bay;
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light;
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land.
> High on the south, huge Benvenue
> Down on the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world;
> A wildering forest feather'd o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar;

While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

"From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger raptured and amazed.
And 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray.'"

And thinking awhile thus, as this scene caused him to think, one may fancy, even now, that

"hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found."

To call, perhaps, some straggler of the hunting-party, the Knight sounded his bugle.

"But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay."
"The boat had touch'd" the "silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake."

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!"

The poet tells more about this very interesting young lady, whom the traveller, quite possibly with longings that cannot be uttered or realized, can but imagine issuing from the little shaded bay. She called to know whose was the blast, when

> "'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
> Advancing from the hazel shade."

Naturally alarmed, she withdrew to a safe distance; and then

> "She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
> Not his the form, nor his the eye,
> That youthful maidens wont to fly.
> On his bold visage middle age
> Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
> Yet had not quench'd the open truth
> And fiery vehemence of youth;
> Forward and frolic glee was there,
> The will to do, the soul to dare,
> The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
> Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
> His limbs were cast in manly mould,
> For hardy sports or contest bold;
> And though in peaceful garb array'd,
> And weaponless, except his blade,
> His stately mien as well implied
> A high-born heart, a martial pride,
> As if a Baron's crest he wore."
> "He told of his benighted road;"

and the fair lady, assured either by his good looks or words, consented to take him

> "To yon lone isle," her "desert home."

It is a little island, but very famous in Romance-land as "Ellen's Isle;" for Ellen, as almost everybody knows, was the name of the Lady of the Lake. The Knight, allowed a seat in her boat, soon rowed to it.

A delightful excursion may be made during fair weather now, by taking a boat at the landing in the narrow inlet near the isle, and being rowed to it and to other spots, — notwithstanding that the semi-Gaelic boatmen, though they speak the verses of Scott, after the style of the Tasso-rehearsing Venetian gondoliers, may not be indisputably romantic in their general characteristics; and even may cause travellers to feel that, though Highland caterans of the reaving days are gone, their descendants, by ostensibly peaceful demands upon the purse and temper, effect nearly the same results as those achieved by their original prowess.

Times are changed, but the old spirit seems to live. These are, however, of the experiences the traveller must endure philosophically, and use here as suggestive of the former dwellers in this land, whom the Knight of Snowdoun did not wish to meet, and who, it is said, gave their not purely glorious title — cateran, or freebooter — to the Loch itself.

A boat from the inlet — an exquisite sylvan bay — crosses a more open portion of the lake, and thus approaches the isle. This is rather high and irregularly pyramidal. It is mostly composed of dark-gray rocks, mottled with pale and gray lichens, peeping out here and there amid trees that mantle them, — chiefly light, graceful birches, intermingled with red-berried mountain ashes and a few dark-green, spiry pines. The landing is beneath an aged oak; and, as did the Lady and the Knight, the traveller now ascends

"A clambering, unsuspected road,"

by rude steps, to the small irregular summit of the island. A more poetic, romantic retreat could hardly be imagined: it is unique. It is completely hidden, not only by the trees, but also by an undergrowth of beautiful and abundant ferns and the loveliest of heather. The boatmen, queerly talking Sir Walter's poetry, point out the places mentioned in the poem, as if the most completely authenticated historical sites, and the visitor feels as if they tell facts rather than fictions, — and indeed these are as reliable as some matters current for facts. Looking a little diagonally, across from the island landing-place, one sees, at a moderate height and immediately above the water, a bare bit of cliff, of the prevailing gray rock, draped exquisitely with purple heather, and overhung by tremulous birches. This is the "airy point" on which the Knight blew his bugle. Directly below it is pointed out the inlet, not far from the island, whence Ellen's "skiff shot to the bay." Farther east is shown the narrow glen where the "gallant gray" was lost; and, yet farther, other places made celebrated by the poem.

On the island-summit, the Lady ushered the Knight into

"a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device."

Lord or Lady Willoughby D'Eresby erected here a rustic bower in imitation of it. This bower was accidentally burned several years ago, and had not been replaced when the writer visited its site. To the Knight, thus ushered in,

"The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court."

She welcomed her guest with Highland hospitality:

"Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er."

He gave his name, though unasked, —

"'The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil.'"

Telling how he came to be at the isle, he endeavored to learn who these evidently high-born ladies were, dwelling thus secluded; but they only said,

"'Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast.'"

Cheered by good fare and music, and especially by such society, Fitz-James remained on the island. At night he slept in the hall, upon a bed of heather. There he dreamed variedly and delightfully, when

"At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seem'd to walk, and speak of love.
She listen'd with a blush and sigh."

But a certain sad "change came o'er the spirit of" the "dream," so that

"He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.
The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse, —
Wild were the heart whose passions' sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm."

But the Knight was then, as during all his visit, haunted by thoughts of a certain exiled noble family, the Douglas. At length, however, after prayers, he again retired to rest, and slept till "morning dawned on Benvenue."

Early he departed, hearing the harp and song of the aged Minstrel of the Isle, "the white-hair'd Allan-Bane." Reaching "the main land side," he cast backward "a lingering look," and beheld Ellen sitting beside the minstrel

> "Upon a rock with lichens wild."
> "While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
> It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
> But when he turn'd him to the glade,
> One courteous parting sign she made;
> And after, oft the Knight would say,
> That not when prize of festal day
> Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
> Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
> So highly did his bosom swell
> As at that simple, mute farewell."

One can but recall all these delightful experiences of the Knight, since ramblers in wild places are not often rewarded as he was; and even on this isle, one is not now so liable to encounter such a Beauty, that one can fail recall these visions of the charming Ellen. The Knight went his way, with a trusty guide; the minstrel sang heroically at his mistress's bidding, and then talked with her on great affairs that concerned her. After a while, quite a different sort of scene ensued. A distant pibroch was heard, and

> "Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
> Four darkening specks upon the tide,
> That, slow enlarging on the view,
> Four mann'd and masted barges grew;
> And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
> Steer'd full upon the lonely isle,"

bearing Sir Roderick Vich Alpine, beneath his pine-tree banner, and with him a large company of his clansmen singing the famous boat-song, beginning,

> "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances
> Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine
> Long may the tree, on his banner that glances,
> Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
> Heaven send it happy dew,
> Earth lend it sap anew,
> Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
> While every Highland glen
> Sends our shout back agen,
> 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

The mistress of the isle, "Lady Margaret," with her attendants, welcomed the Highland lord when he approached; and she bade the reluctant Ellen "to greet" him "ere he landed." Just then, however, the young lady heard a "signal blast," in response to which she went in her boat to the bay where the Knight met her. There she was embraced by Lord Douglas, her father; and there, also she was met (but less demonstratively) by Malcolm Græme, a very gallant young man, with whom, privately, she was decidedly in love. The three went to the Isle, and met Sir Roderick, already there. He was a powerful and not very docile man, loving Ellen inconveniently, and favored by her mother. Of course he was not delighted at sight of the Græme, but he concealed his feelings. Soon, in rather a public and blunt manner, he asked the hand of the Lady of the Lake. He gave some reasons of policy, important in his estimation, why he should have it; showing how, to the yet mighty though exiled Douglas, leagued with him, would "friends and allies flock anew," and a great deal would be gained, by war, for the Highlanders over their hereditary enemies, — the King's subjects in the Lowlands, and the "tyrant of the Scottish throne," himself. Ellen knew there was danger to her father, if she refused, and thought

> "To buy his safety with her hand."
> The "Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
> Where death seem'd combating with life."
> "'Roderick, enough! enough!' he cried;
> 'My daughter cannot be thy bride.'"
> "'O seek the grace you well may find,
> Without a cause to mine combined.'"

On the Chieftain's "darken'd brow,"

> "wounded pride
> With ire and disappointment vied;"
> "But, unrequited Love! thy dart
> Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart."

Tears, even, fell from his eyes that "mocked at tears before;" and then, at last, "fierce jealousy" burst forth. He understood all. Instantly he was quarrelling with Malcolm. The father separated them, exclaiming,

> "What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,
> His daughter's hand is doom'd the spoil
> Of such dishonorable broil!"

Parted thus, Malcolm prepared to leave; Roderick remained, — using towards him insulting language, portion of the former's answer to which we may well remember while at Loch Katrine:

> "The spot an angel deign'd to grace
> Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place."

Malcolm departed, saying to the family that he would meet them again, and differently than he would meet the Chieftain. He bade the aged minstrel farewell, and soon swam to the mainland shore.

The Third Canto is entitled "The Gathering." It begins with a beautiful picture of the morning of the third day of the continuous action of the poem; and Scott has presented us with few more exquisitely serene and peaceful scenes more truly natural and animated. But no repose of the material world influenced the Highland chief.

> "No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
> Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast."

He determined that traditional and dreadful rites should be performed; and that then the "Cross of Fire" — the Highland summons to arms — should flash through the lands of Clan-Alpine. These rites were enacted with the awing accessories of superstition; and Roderick despatched a henchman, Malise, with the "dread sign" of instant call to war, bidding him speed and summon all who owned the Chieftain's allegiance:

> "'The muster-place be Lanrick-mead —
> Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!'"

Deadliest curses and imprecations were pronounced upon any one who failed to duly heed this sign. And with it, away the swift messenger dashed, — "each son of Alpine" rushing to arms as the alarm reached him. Along Loch Achray the fiery summons passed. At Duncraggan's huts, they encountered the funeral of an aged Duncan; but, for the sign of war, his son Angus must leave his bier. Then

> "Benledi saw the Cross of Fire;
> It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
> O'er dale and hill the summons flew,"

until they reached the Chapel of Saint Bride, "where Teith's young waters roll;" where "Norman, heir of Armandave," was being married to "Tombea's Mary." But he must leave his bride, take the cross, and hurry it on.

"In haste he sped,"
"Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith."

And thus onward flew the "dread sign," past the Braes of Balquidder, and

"Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name."

The scenery through which this once customary, rousing, and dread alarm coursed is of the most interesting in the Highlands. It extends through the Trosachs, and along Lochs Achray and Vennachar, and up the Pass of Leni, — grand in features of lake and mountain, — and thus into the heart of the hill country. The tourist will find it well worth exploring from the Trosachs Inn or Callander.

Meanwhile Roderick Dhu, reconnoitring the lands of the enemy against whom this muster was made, had

"Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath
To view the frontiers of Menteith,"

a wide overlook of which — the Lowlands, in fact — is to be had from the hills ranging eastward from Benvenue, between Achray and Aberfoyle. Meanwhile, also, Douglas had retired from the Isle to Coir-nan-Uriskin, or the Goblin's Cave, — a deep cleft, or corry, in that side of Benvenue nearly fronting the Isle.

"It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet."

Evening found the Chieftain thinking more of his love for Ellen than for his assembled clan, though that very morning he

"had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar;"
"But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove —
By firm resolve to conquer love!"

Wandering on the lake shore, he heard the minstrelsy of Allan-Bane, while "Ellen, or an angel, sang" a beautiful vesper hymn to the Holy Virgin.

Early next day Malise appeared to Roderick, announcing the important tidings, that Royal forces were preparing to invade the glens. The women and those unfit for arms, with all the boats of

the region, had already (by the Chieftain's care) been collected at the isle, for security. Under Roderick's auspices, Brian, a wild sort of irregular priest, after superstitious rites, prophesied

> "Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
> That party conquers in the strife."

Of course, he was thanked by Roderick for so complimentary and propitious an augury. Meanwhile Ellen (who was near the cave) was solicitously talking with her confidant, the aged harper. She was apprehensive for the safety of her father and of Malcolm Græme. To soothe her,

> "The Minstrel tried his simple art,
> But distant far was Ellen's heart."

He sang to her that sparkling ballad, "Alice Brand," beginning

> "Merry it is in the good greenwood,
> When the mavis and merle are singing;
> When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
> And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Just at the ending of the song, appeared, most unexpectedly, the Knight of Snowdoun. He came to lead her, as his own,

> "From frantic scenes of feud and war"

even "to Stirling gate." Ellen did not long hesitate. She told her story, — that with her "'twere infamy to wed," her father being "outlawed and exiled;" and that, in short, she loved another.

> "Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,
> But not with hope fled sympathy."

He offered to assist her; but she declined, saying,

> "Safer for both we go apart."

She knew the complications about entangling her and her friends. Fitz-James, with kind, parting words, put on Ellen's finger a ring that he said had been given him by the Scottish monarch, with a promise that by it he could "boldly claim" of Majesty whatever favor he would name. Then he quickly departed, with an attendant guide, going along the way of the stream that "joins Loch Katrine to Achray."

His guide, Murdoch of Alpine, a treacherous rascal, got him ensnared in the wilds of the Trosachs, where he came upon Blanche, of Devan-side (a romantic ravine and vale eastward of Stirling). She was

"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick foray'd Devan-side."

She was even then imagining herself occupied in the bridal festivities; and she sang a song that, with other intimations, caused Fitz-James to demand of his guide, whom he had already distrusted,

"'Disclose thy treachery, or die!'"

Murdoch for reply endeavored to shoot the Knight; but his shaft glanced, and pierced Blanche instead. He fled, pursued by the Knight, who soon bent over him "with falcon eye," and

"grimly smiled to see him die."

Then the Knight returned to

"Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.
She sate beneath the birchen-tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee."

Fatally wounded, she, however, told her sad story, and warned him of ambuscades and dangers besetting his way. He determined to avenge her wrongs on Roderick Dhu, who had done them.

"A lock from Blanche's tresses fair,
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,"

vowing to imbrue it

"In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!"

But shouts and signals, that he heard not long afterward, made him realize that he must extricate himself from "this Highland hornet's nest." And forthwith he began an attempt at escape.

"The shades of eve came slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright.
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe."
"Through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
A watch-fire close before him burn'd."

The scenes that ensue are some of the most dramatic and characteristic in the poem. The Knight, although he boldly declared him-

self an enemy to Roderick "and all his band," was received with Highland hospitality by a mountaineer encamped beside the fire, who assured him,

> "rest thee here till dawn of day;
> Myself will guide thee on thy way,
> O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
> Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
> As far as Coilantogle's ford;
> From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

And thus, through the night, these men rested. Early in the morning they went on to the ford at the outlet of Loch Vennachar, at its eastern end, about two and a half miles from Callander. Of course, they talked on the way thither. Thus, at length, the Knight came to declare, in his indignation against the destroyers of Blanche, —

> "'Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
> In peace; but when I come agen,
> I come with banner, brand, and bow,
> As leader seeks his mortal foe.
> For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
> Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
> As I, until before me stand
> This rebel Chieftain and his band.'"

Then the mountaineer created that startling realization of the Knight's desire, — shown in Scott's most vivid verse.

> "'Have, then, thy wish!' — He whistled shrill,
> And he was answer'd from the hill;
> Wild as the scream of the curlew,
> From crag to crag the signal flew.
> Instant, through copse and heath, arose
> Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
> On right, on left, above, below,
> Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
> From shingles gray their lances start,
> The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
> The rushes and the willow-wand
> Are bristling into axe and brand,
> And every tuft of broom gives life
> To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
> That whistle garrison'd the glen
> At once with full five hundred men."
> "The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
> Along Benledi's living side,
> Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
> Full on Fitz-James. — 'How say'st thou now?
> These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
> And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!'"

There are not a few spots, easily reached by walking from the Trosachs Inn, where one can readily conjure up this scene just sketched, pronounced by one reviewer the *chef d œuvre* "of the great author," "a scene of more vigor, nature, and animation, than any other in all his poetry." And other persons give it even higher praise. One, rambling through the glens and over the hillsides of this wild, romantic, and secluded region, can but realize the power of Walter Scott. In such places he is most enjoyed. Those ancient portions of towns to which his works refer are often so changed from what they were in the times of which he wrote that romance seems to have almost left them; but, as here, among the hills, the rocks and the mists, the heather and the forest, the spells of the Great Magician still hold their own grounds enchanted. One can survey these tracts now, wild and lonely, as in Roderick's time. Simple-featured they may be, yet charmingly picturesque, from lightest tree-top to the dark iron-gray rocks, mottled with their paler gray lichens. And there is a sweep and even vastness of extent in these Highland landscapes of solitary country, unlike any thing else in Britain, or even broad Europe or America. It is no strong stretch of imagination to feel as if another whistle might wake again chieftain and clansmen from behind the thickets of little graceful birches scattered along the stream courses, or from the shelter of the rocks, or profuse tufted heather or patches of whin, or the many hollows and crannies in the rough hill-sides. One can find all these features on the road from the Trosachs across the heights to Aberfoyle,—a wild, breezy, invigorating region for a walk during a bright summer day.

Roderick Dhu, whatever his failings, had little of the meanness and treachery of a certain sort of "Southern chivalry." He took no advantage of his enemy. He waved back his almost magically risen clan.

> "It seem'd as if their mother Earth
> Had swallow'd up her warlike birth."

Satisfied apparently with the impression of his power that he had given, he conducted Fitz-James to the ford. They passed upon the heath of Bochastle,

> "the mouldering lines,
> Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
> Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd."

Then they stopped at the ford, Roderick saying,

"'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'"

Each had

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;"

and each fought boldly, desperately, until the Chief lay almost dying before the Knight, who dipped the braid of hair in his blood.

"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid,"

her avenger could but say. Then came four squires of the Knight. Two of them, by his direction, attended the wounded man, and placed him upon the palfrey "destined for a fairer freight;" while, with the other two, Fitz-James dashed away to meet early engagements at Stirling. Their course is shown, in another passage of Scott's capital topographic poetry, until

"the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down."

Ascending to the upper or castellated portion of the town, — for Stirling, like Edinburgh, has at its end a height crowned by a castle dominant over all around it, — the Knight spied a stout gray woodsman also ascending.

"'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!'"

he exclaimed,

"'The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe.
The King must stand upon his guard.'"

Stirling, in which the further action of the poem is represented, is an interesting city, visited by many travellers, and one that should be visited by all. It is accessible by rail in an hour or two from either Edinburgh or Glasgow. As remarked, it resembles

Edinburgh in arrangement. Its ground form is rather wedge-shaped. The point is the castle-hill. The broad side is covered by wider or narrower streets, having houses not averaging modern. The end is in abrupt banks or precipices on three sides of the ancient fortress. This fortress is one of the four to be kept always in repair and garrisoned according to the terms of the "Union" of Scotland with England. The other three are Blackness, on the Firth of Forth; Dumbarton, on the Clyde; and Edinburgh. So that, although antiquated and indeed almost useless as a stronghold now, Stirling Castle will continue to present a military aspect. No one obtaining view of the wide panoramic landscape occasionally visible from it can reasonably regret effort to that effect. This landscape is one of the very noblest in Britain. It is one of the glories of Scotland, ranging, as it does, over the broad, rich plains of Stirling, Fife, and Perth shires; the mountains of the Lake districts; the Braes of Doune; and the Ochil Hills; and for miles along the windings of the Forth towards "Auld Reekie;" and over many celebrated spots, including the field of Bannockburn. This last, as it seemed when pointed out to the writer, appears to be a not very large, oblong, cultivated area, with trees at three angles. It is the chief closing scene in "The Lord of the Isles" (chapter xiii.). The castle buildings are, possibly, more picturesque than the group forming Edinburgh Castle, and of a sombre, dark-gray color, thus harmonizing with much of the rock on which they stand. Most of these buildings are of stone. Some are "rough cast," including the oldest portions, that are on the side of the principal terrace, and also the ancient parliamentary buildings. The great entrance is at the upper side of a parade-ground or open space; and through a deep, heavy archway, flanked by a tower on either side, and, before these, by old walls protected in front by modern defensive works. Within, one is shown James V.'s quadrangular palace, — a curiously decorated structure, having along each side, upon consoles, a row of statues more fantastic than classic. Perhaps the chief artificial "sight" is the "Douglas Room," — a modern "restoration," brilliant with fresh wood, and stone carving, and bright gilding, coloring, and varnishing. It has diaper-panelled wainscoting, and a curious stone arch opening to the "Star Chamber," — an uncommonly odd, small room, with a noticeably elaborated wood cornice, and a door opening to a narrow, short, straight stair, leading to a secret room of James V.

Thence by another stair, also private, that King was wont to sally out on adventures, as the "gudeman of Ballangeich" (of which more hereafter). In this Star Chamber, we are told, James II. stabbed an Earl of Douglas, whose body was then thrown from the one little window of the private room into the garden below it. The visitor is also shown an armory, "John Knox's pulpit," a hat of Cromwell, and other miscellanies, besides the "lion's den," where tropical animals of the leonine sort were once kept; only Scotch lions are to be seen there now.

As the story of the poem continues, it shows us the venerable royal town in its gayest holiday aspect. The King himself (enthusiastically welcomed by the people) attended sports of archery and wrestling and coursing there, when suddenly the Douglas appeared, — "the Douglas, doom'd of old." There was immediate uproar. The sports were broken off; but the yet powerful lord appeased the people, allayed the tumult, and then departed to the Castle.

> "Ill with King James's mood that day,
> Suited gay feast and minstrel lay."

There were talks of "civil jar, of rumor'd feuds and mountain war." By evening reports ominous of evil began to spread

> "Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore."

Indeed,

> "The evening sunk in sorrow down."

The sixth and last Canto and day of action open in the Castle Guard-room, where the variously assorted royal men-at-arms

> "held debate of bloody fray,
> Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray,"

and where they, furthermore, were singing and drinking, when "old Bertram," a Flemish soldier of Ghent, arrived with "a maid and minstrel." The two were being rudely received by the martial worthies, when Bertram, who had been in the fight, informed that, after it, these had sought the royal line; and that they were at Stirling, by the Earl of Mar's direction. They were none other than Allan-Bane and Ellen. The Captain of the men coming soon, Ellen had opportunity for sending to the King the ring she had received, —

> "Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

Ellen was fitly conducted away by the Captain; while one "John of Brent," in answer to Allan's request to see his master, conducted

him to a cell; where he found, not the Douglas, but Roderick Dhu, lying sorely wounded. The Chieftain spoke with him of the fight, and of each Douglas, and bade him sing

"That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory."

And then he added,

"Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might."

Accordingly, the aged Bard sang the Lay, "Battle of Beal' an Duine;" or a minstrel's story of the conflict between royal forces and Clan-Alpine summoned, as told, by the fiery cross. The introduction to this metrical battle-piece is a capital example of Scott's picturing by words. It is also a passage intensely characteristic of him, — perhaps no one of about its length is equally so. His strong love of natural beauty, and exquisite perception of it, especially as shown in his native land; his sympathies for Highland lord and clan; his enthusiasm for the pomp and spirit of feudal war; his individuality as a representative man of his age, shown by Ruskin, in "exactly expressing that degree of feeling with which most men in this century can sympathize," — all are exhibited in this introduction.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dead,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

— I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!"

This lay shows how the battle swept through the Trosachs and along the shores of Katrine; how Highland women defended the isle successfully; and how the conflict was stayed when a herald forbade it, with announcement that its issues were decided, —

"Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."

But as the last notes of the Bard ceased, a nearer change came. The Chieftain's face grew sharp, his hands clenched, his teeth set:

"Thus motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!"

And not long thereafter, old Allan-Bane was singing lament for the dead. Meanwhile Ellen, "in lordly bower apart," heard other singing from a turret near by, — the "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman." It was a "heart-sick lay." We can easily fancy who sang it. As it ceased, a light

"footstep struck her ear,
"And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near."

She welcomed him; and he, now in his turn, became her guide, — not to any wild retreat, but to the King, who, that morning, in the Presence Chamber, held court; and he promised to aid her suit with Majesty for her father, whom she supposed to be then a prisoner in the Castle.

The Knight conducted her to the very centre of a brilliant company of courtiers, on whose splendors she hardly could gaze; and yet she gazed, though fearfully, —

"For him she sought, who own'd this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate.
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring.
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!"

The apartment in which this delightful surprise occurred must, like other scenes in this canto, be imagined rather in the busy chambers of the mind, than in "Stirling's bowers," so changed are they from the times of this King, — James V. Yet one can there — or almost anywhere else — recall with uncommon pleasure the ending of this last scene of this charming poem.

Ellen, who had kneeled at the monarch's feet, to ask her father's life, and had been raised by the King, learned that "yester even, his prince and he" had "much forgiven;" and that he was thenceforth owned

"The friend and bulwark of" the "Throne."

The reinstated Douglas and his daughter met.

"The monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power."

Then of Ellen the monarch asked what she sought to claim by the ring she held — pledge of his faith. We know her heart, as did the King, when,

"to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu."

She learned his end, as the King asserted, —

"'My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?'"

Ellen, blushing, gave the ring to her father, as if desiring him to speak, when King James closed the scene, exclaiming, —

'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course. —
Malcolm, come forth!' — And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name. —
Fetters and warder for the Græme!' —

His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

Thus ends this poem, and the poet sings, —

"Harp of the North, farewell," — "Enchantress, fare thee well!"

— a poem not of the sublimest order of high art perhaps, but a chivalrous poem, telling of chivalrous character in many ranks, from the Highland clansman to the generous, magnanimous, manly King — the poet's self as much as James V.; — a poem that is one of the most delightful in literature, than which there is none more exquisitely picturesque, none haunting more fascinatingly the fair scenes of nature in which its action is chiefly laid, — a poem genial and noble in spirit as was its author, genial as the sunlight and the summer breeze on the heathery banks and quiet waters of Katrine; whose enchanted region, long as it endures, will be fondly associated with memories of Sir Walter Scott, and his fairest creation, — "The Lady of the Lake."

VIII.

"THE VISION OF DON RODERICK."

DURING 1811, the next year after the appearance of "The Lady of the Lake," Scott, then forty years old, among various minor works, published "The Vision of Don Roderick," one of the less important of his poems. It has less story, less localization, less exhibition of character, than is usual in his works. And yet, its Spenserian verse gives it a grander style of its own, and distinguishes it from most of his other poetry.

The general scene of this poem is near the ancient city Toledo, in Spain, and there shows that vision of Don Roderick the Goth, in which "his nation's future fate a Spanish King" beheld, through periods when Arabs controlled the country; or when, in turn, it controlled almost the world, and, after various changes, passed the crisis when the famous British Peninsular Army victoriously expelled the invaders directed by Napoleon. Indeed, the poem

chiefly recalls those famous campaigns contemporaneous with its composition, and especially does it in its motive, — for it was written to benefit a fund in aid of Portuguese sufferers by the war. There is thus a deal of peculiar credit belonging to this work.

Railways now render so much of Old Spain so comfortably accessible, that many travellers are likely to visit Toledo, placed nearly at the exact geographical centre of the country, and to such an extent abounding in relics of many past ages as to equal, or almost surpass, any other Peninsular city, as a scene for a vision showing the long, eventful course of Spanish history.

Scarcely any thing, other than actual view, can more vividly show the general aspect of Toledo than do the opening lines of this poem. Well might the "Monthly Review," when quoting them, assert, that "scarcely any poet, of any age or country, has excelled Mr. Scott in bringing before our sight the very scene he is describing, — in giving a reality of existence to every object on which he dwells." The poet never saw this city, but how graphic does the traveller there find these opening lines! —

> "Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,
> And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
> Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
> As from a trembling lake of silver white."
> "All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
> All save the heavy swell o Tejo's ceaseless flow."

Out of the wide, bare, mountain country, and above the curving river, high on its steep and rocky hills we see the ancient city rise, — its dwellings and lesser works crowned by its mighty square Alcazar, towering, pinnacled Cathedral, Arabic turrets or portals, and Christian spires; while the clear air, brightening all, brings softly to our ears sounds of quiet life, toned by frequent and varied notes of seemingly numberless consecrated bells.

The numerous wonders of Toledo are adequately described by two or three excellent English guide-books, and by these travellers can be well directed to its Arabic houses, baths, and arches; to its marvellous San Juan de los Reyes, — the "Henry VII. chapel" of Spain; to all its picturesqueness and antiquities; and, chiefest of all, to its sublimely superb Cathedral, that, unravaged, and retaining accumulated treasures of centuries, realizes, as does scarcely another, the richest, stateliest art of the Middle Ages and of the Pointed Style. The sumptuous portals, the five vast aisles, the grand cloisters, the lavishly decorated chapels — espe-

cially the astonishing Capilla Mayor — of this church show, as scarcely elsewhere is shown, the religious pomp of the times of their origin, and of the period when Spain, with "wealth of Ormus" and "of Ind," ruled half the world. Truly there is enough beside "Don Roderick" to take travellers to Toledo, and pleasantly they may there read or remember Scott's verses, and the Vision of the Gothic King.

IX.

SCOTT'S LIFE, — 1804–1812.

DURING the period 1804 to 1812, Scott was rapidly shaping his name and fame and personal story, — all the while occupied with literary, professional, social, or public affairs. In the year 1804 he removed from Lasswade Cottage to Ashestiel House, a more commodious and pleasant residence upon the Tweed, about half a dozen miles above Selkirk, and the same distance below Innerleithen. Ashestiel has long been strictly private. It is described in chapter xxxi., when the traveller is led to its neighborhood in search of Saint Ronan's Well. Until May, 1812, when Scott removed to Abbotsford, he held and occupied Ashestiel under lease, and there wrote the larger portion of the great poems already sketched upon these pages, and edited "Dryden" (18 vols., 8vo), and the "Somers" (13 vols., 4to) and "Sadler's" Papers (3 vols., 4to).

In 1805 he visited Cumberland, and in 1809, for the first time, the seat of his friend, J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., — Rokeby Park, Yorkshire, — a charming estate, destined soon to become associated with one of his chief poems. In 1809, he, with his wife and daughter, made an excursion to the Highlands, and to the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake" (partly written during that year). He made his first visit to the Hebrides in 1810. In 1811, he purchased his first acquired portion of the Abbotsford estate. He did not, however, remove thither until May in the next year; and then, not to his grand "romance in stone and lime" now existing there, but to an humble home, that he described as "the smallest of possible cottages." The "romance" is minutely described in chapter xxxiv. Early in the autumn of 1812, he again visited his friend

Mr. Morritt, at Rokeby Park. At that charming place he remained about a week, viewing its many beauties. Result of the two visits became apparent after Christmas, of the same year, when his next great poem appeared, named from the picturesque region in which most of its action is represented — "Rokeby."

X.

VISIT TO THE SCENERY OF "ROKEBY."

THIS poem, in six Cantos, though meditated during a year or two, was practically commenced at Abbotsford on the 15th day of September, 1812, and was finished on the last day of the following December. Its scene, the poet informs us, "is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that vicinity. The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto. The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen," "as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative." The poet also informs us that for success in this composition he depended more upon presentation of character than of material objects. The scenery amid which its action is represented to have occurred is delightful, yet it is visited by comparatively few travellers. It is all within one not extensive neighborhood. Some description of that is proposed here without as extended a sketch of the story of the poem as are the sketches already given of three others. Mr. Lockhart concisely expressed a thought that many readers may find true, when he wrote that he "never understood or appreciated half the charm of this poem until" he "had become familiar with its scenery," — shown in this composition with "admirable, perhaps unique, fidelity." Scott himself, notwithstanding any subordination of natural objects to presentation of character in "Rokeby," felt great interest in the "local habitation" of this creation, and made careful researches and personal examinations in

regard to its characteristics and various antiquities. As early as July 8, 1809, he wrote to George Ellis, describing Rokeby Park, that he had just then visited, as "one of the most enviable places" he had "ever seen, as it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our northern scenery. The Greta and Tees, two most beautiful and rapid rivers, join their currents in the demesne. The banks of the Tees resemble, from the height of the rocks, the glen of Roslin, so much and justly admired."

Mr. Morritt's *Memorandum* pleasantly informs us respecting Scott's "conscientious fidelity" in local descriptions, and his mode of harmonizing natural objects and legends, and his own creations. When the poet was at Rokeby Hall (about a week) in 1812, Mr. Morritt recorded that then he "could not help being singularly struck with the lights which this visit threw on" the characteristics of Scott's "compositions. The morning after he arrived, he said: 'You have often given me materials for romance; now I want a good robber's cave, and an old church of the right sort.' We rode out, and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignal and the ruined Abbey of Eggleston. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round, and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, 'that in Nature herself, no two scenes were exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favorite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry,' in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. 'Besides which,' he said, 'local names and peculiarities make a fictitious story look so much better in the face.' In fact, from his boyish habits, he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect with it some local legend; and when I was forced sometimes to confess with the Knife-grinder, 'Story!

God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!' he would laugh and say, 'Then let us make one; nothing so easy as to make a tradition.'"

Only a few years ago one could have travelled pleasantly, by four-horse mail-coach, from the town of Darlington, on the great north road, to the old village of Barnard Castle, close to the border of Yorkshire, and where the action of "Rokeby" begins. Now, a traveller by public carriage must take to the rail, and pass the same country, seeing less of its many attractions.

As the poet informs us, by note, "Barnard Castle, saith old Leland, 'standeth stately upon Tees.'" Its remains yet extend over more than six acres of ground, upon a bank or point rising steeply nearly a hundred feet above the river, and commanding a wide and magnificent view over the forests and hills of Tees-dale. The ground-plan of the castle resembles a horseshoe in form, having a straight side westward, extending back from the river, bisecting Baliol's, or the Great, Tower, and meeting "Brackenbury's Tower" at the inland corner. The former tower is circular, and has walls eleven feet thick and about fifty feet high. Its basement room has a peculiar arched ceiling, with a rise of only eighteen inches. There is a great stretch of outworks, oblong in extent. The whole structure is much as it was in Scott's time, except that the entrance towers (as the writer was told) have been removed to make room for the stable of a neighboring inn, or something equally important. In usual manner, this old feudal castle stands closely by its town, here a straggling village. The castle, though possibly not worthily kept, will be found uncommonly grand, picturesque, and interesting, and well worth a visit. In it the story of this poem opens, — at night.

> "The moon is in her summer glow,
> But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
> And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
> Varies the tincture of her shroud,
> On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream."

This night becomes fitfully stormy, while Oswald Wycliffe, a dark, stern, wicked man, is awaiting the coming of Bertram Risingham, a bolder and more wicked man, — a retired buccaneer. This latter person at length appears, and announces tidings of the recent battle of Long Marston Moor, near York, in which the cause of His Majesty, King Charles I., suffered so much. An angry inquiry by Wycliffe develops the action of the story.

"'Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?
Philip of Mortham, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight?'"—

And fierce Bertram's reply tells more of Oswald.

"'What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?
What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,
If this good hand have done its work?
Or what though Fairfax and his best
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,
If Philip Mortham with them lie,
Lending his life-blood to the dye?'"

We learn, however, that Mortham died in the battle,—and, we are to infer from Bertram's talk with Oswald, by murderous and mercenary premeditation between these two rascals. Their present business at Barnard Castle was a division of Mortham's wealth; for, as Bertram said,—

"'When last we reason'd of this deed,
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,
Or by what rule, or when, or where,
The wealth of Mortham we should share.'"

He proposed that Wycliffe, a "vassal sworn to England's throne," should by right of heritage take the landed estates of the dead man,—a kinsman; while he assumed

"Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark;
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,
Chalice and plate from churches borne,
And gems from shrieking beauty torn."

Like many a crafty villain, Wycliffe was a coward, and really afraid to venture alone with his accomplice to Mortham Castle (not far distant), to reluctantly give up this available portion of the plunder. Accordingly, as he put it,—

"'Wilfred on Bertram should attend,
His *son* should journey with his *friend*.'"

Bertram perceived the reason, but merely contemptuously answered,

"'Wilfred or thou—'tis one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.'"

We are told that

> "Nought of his sire's ungenerous part
> Polluted Wilfred's gentle heart."

He had no pleasure in war or turmoil: his was in the beauties of literature, and of scenery such as abounds in the North Country. He was a lover of

> "Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
> To love her was an easy hest,"—
> "To woo her was a harder task."

In course of the Great Civil War,

> "The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,
> To aid the valiant northern Earls,
> Who drew the sword for royal Charles;"—
> "Philip of Mortham raised his band,
> And march'd at Fairfax's command."

Wycliffe, "less prompt to brave the bloody field," as we find him, was meanwhile garrisoning Barnard Castle, also for the Commons. Wilfred, now roused by his father, was duly despatched with Bertram, and bidden to permit Bertram to have his way "in every point," because he was under commission to secure the deceased Mortham's

> "treasures, bought by spoil and blood,
> For the State's use and public good!"

From Barnard Castle, the traveller can make a pleasant excursion of a day's length, or less, either by riding or walking, to Rokeby Park, and other scenes of this poem, to which its action next conducts. The traveller may either return to the place left, or go forward about fourteen miles over the broad hill-sides of the North Riding, and along the valleys of sundry "Becks," and on the so-called Roman road, "High Street," or "Watling Street," and over Kirkby Hill, and past Ravensworth village and castle, to Richmond. There will be found one of the grandest "Keeps" in Britain; and there railway communication may be again reached.

Mortham Tower, to which Bertram and Wilfred went, the writer found well kept, although used as a farmhouse. It is about three miles from Barnard Castle, and stands remote from public roads, upon a broad, grassy hill, and within the grounds of Rokeby. It is an interesting example of a minor and later mediæval fortified place, being far less extensive than either Barnard or Richmond. It is simply a square enclosure, having buildings upon three sides. At one angle is the square keep, battlemented, and bearing a little

turret on a corbel, at each angle. This keep contains three rooms, one above the other. From the top is an agreeable park-view and prospect of the valleys of the Greta and the Tees, — streams uniting a few hundred yards below the tower. The approach to Mortham is, usually, by delightfully picturesque paths beside these; and among the trees and cliffs of Rokeby Park. Such approach was that of Wilfred and Bertram, capitally described in the vii. viii. and ix. and subsequent parts of the Second Canto. This scenery retains much of the aspect it presented in their time, as also does the hiding-place of Mortham's treasure, described in the poem, — a place the two confederates were not long in reaching.

> "South of the gate an arrow-flight,
> Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
> As if a canopy to spread
> O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
> For their huge boughs in arches bent
> Above a massive monument,
> Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
> With many a scutcheon and device:"
> There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,
> Bertram stood pondering by the tomb."

The writer found it an oblong, gray, mossy tomb, of the usual Gothic form and style, standing between two very large, spreading English elms, with low branches. The two treasure-seekers, while "pondering" near it, were unexpectedly interrupted by Wycliffe and a martial young man, Redmond, who sought to arrest Bertram, knowing him to be the murderer of Mortham. Bertram escaping was sought for by Redmond, and by others coming up; while Wycliffe, desiring to keep concealed his portion of the ruffianly business, was in despair lest this should be discovered, and he should be ruined. Redmond sought the murderer through the neighboring Brignal Wood and the Glen of Greta, in which latter, among broken rocks, Bertram had concealed himself. This glen is a wild, romantic portion of Rokeby Park, where the stream has worn its way through stratified ledges of limestone, and for hundreds of yards dashes over angular masses or broad shelves or broken stony fragments, darkly shaded by dense, overhanging trees, and the narrow ravine's precipitous walls. These rise, course on course, perhaps fifty feet in height, on the one side, and, here and there, ninety feet on the other side, all thicketed with shrubbery. While thereabouts, Bertram was roused by the advent of an ac-

quaintance, Guy Denzil, who, for marauding deeds, had been expelled "Rokeby's band." This newly arrived worthy announced, that, near by, lurked a band of confederates, — renegade Cavaliers and Roundheads, — whose principle of action seemed to have been indiscriminate robbery, and that this band needed a leader. Bertram thinking,

> "'What lack I, vengeance to command,
> But of stanch comrades such a band?'"

at once accepted an offer of command, and forthwith was conducted across the stream, and up beneath one of the cliffs, to a concealed cavern, where he found the confederates carousing. The cave shown now as "Bertram's Cave" is a little place for the boisterous revelry of a robber gang; but it may have experienced the earthly vicissitude of change, and have become, at present, a mere grotto or rustic arbor. The real robbers' cave of the poem, as already intimated, was, however, one of the many extensive disused slate or flagstone quarries existing in the neighborhood, and quite available for purposes described in the story. Guy Denzil, there discussing various schemes for plunder, and the subject of Mortham's wealth, suggested: —

> "'Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,
> We rate her ransom at her dower."

To which Bertram responded: —

> "'Tis well! — there's vengeance in the thought
> Matilda is by Wilfred sought;
> And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said,
> Pays lover's homage to the maid.
> Bertram she scorn'd — if met by chance,
> She turn'd from me her shuddering glance,
> Like a nice dame, that will not brook
> On what she hates and loathes to look;
> She told to Mortham she could ne'er
> Behold me without secret fear,
> Foreboding evil; — she may rue
> To find her prophecy fall true! —
> The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
> Few followers in his halls remain;
> If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
> We are enow to storm the hold;
> Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
> And leave the castle all in flame.'"

Denzil approved this plan, adding, that he knew exactly each passage of the old house, and a postern door, then quite neglected,

through which, by means of an admitted confederate, they might gain possession of the building.

Not even a fragment of this old house, or castle, now exists (to the writer's knowledge). One may, however, find upon its site the hall known to Scott; as shown at the writer's visit, a simple, home-like, modern, two-storied, square edifice, with a wing on each side, — the whole plastered with a yellowish composition. Around this hall stretch a wide lawn and park.

The poem introduces us, at the former residence, to the heroine, Matilda. She has been thought portrayed from the lost first love of the poet. In the fifth part of the Fourth Canto is a long and charming description of her, — once merry, ever beautiful, though then sad: —

> "In Marston field her father ta'en,
> Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,
> While every ill her soul foretold,
> From Oswald's thirst of power and gold."

During the sketching of Scott's stories and of their plots, in this book, an unfolding here of all this tale of Rokeby may, however, be omitted. A reader of the poem, when among the picturesque scenes in which its action is represented, will find enough from it to wake their solitudes, and revive the fortunes of its contrasted, active characters. Only one of these scenes remains to be pointed out to the traveller, or described to the reader who does not visit Rokeby Park. This one scene is that in which the catastrophe of the tale occurrred, — such an exposition of villany and fanaticism, with merited doom, as the poet was justly disposed to make. The scene is one of those fair, mouldering, monastic ruins so frequently seen in England, and so mournfully picturesque, — Egliston Abbey. It is not a very large but a tolerably complete edifice, in the pointed style, situated a couple of miles from Rokeby, towards Barnard Castle, in one of those beautiful positions that (as these pages more than once describe) the monks knew so well how to select.

Below it, through a deep, romantically beautiful little valley, embowered by luxuriant foliage, dashes and foams the river Tees over broken, tessellated-like rocks. A charming vista of rich and peaceful vale scenery, genuinely English, is thus presented. At one end, Rokeby Hall looks down; while in the opposite direction, on a grassy hill, just where a little dell — Thorsgill — unites with the river-vale, rise these ruins, venerably gray. Much of the religious

house is, or lately was, habitable. The church was dedicated to Saint Mary and Saint John the Baptist. Its choir and transept walls are tolerably entire. Within them were once tombs of families long resident in the neighboring country, — Rokeby, Bowes, Fitz-Hugh, and others. The nave (if the writer remembers correctly) is converted into a farmhouse.

After this exploration of the natural and artificial scenes of this poem, as they may now be found in quiet beauty, and after this introduction to the story of the poem, it may be sufficient to remark here, that "Rokeby" will quite satisfy any reasonable person, both with a reading and a visit to the region with which it is associated; and any such person may well concur with an opinion of a reviewer who was a contemporary with its publication: its narrative is spirited, nervous, and concise; its fable is interesting, and its delineations of character and development of plot are masterly.

And this sketch may properly be finished with quotation of the concluding lines of the poem, lines that console one for vicissitudes of its fair heroine, Maud, about which one may read, and lines that tell the result of the story: —

> "Time and Tide had thus their sway.
> Yielding, like an April day
> Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
> Years of joy for hours of sorrow!"

XI.

"THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN," AND THE VALLEY OF SAINT JOHN, NEAR KESWICK.

THIS, chronologically Scott's next poem, was published during the ensuing year, 1813. Though one of his minor poetic works, it is of no small interest; indeed, with the writer, it is an especial favorite, and this interest is increased by acquaintance with the scenery wherein its action is represented, — some of the grandest, as also of the most picturesque, in England.

"This poem is," says the "Quarterly Review," "purely a tale of Chivalry; a tale of Britain's Isle and Arthur's days, when midnight

fairies danced the maze. The author never gives us a glance of ordinary life or of ordinary personages. From the splendid court of Arthur, we are conveyed to the halls of enchantment, and, of course, are introduced to a system of manners, perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote from those of this 'vulgar world.'"

In the style of Scott's great poems, this has introductions, less successful and agreeable, however, than those gracing the "Lay," "The Lady," and "Marmion." "The Bridal" is susceptible of exquisite allegorical rendering, though perhaps not intended by Scott to bear it. Certainly this poem leads most charmingly into an air-castled dreamland, that, however unreal, can teach quite as much as, and please a great deal more than, not a little of our mere matter-of-fact world.

The story of "The Bridal" is associated with the vicinity of Carlisle, an ancient English Border city, that, with this vicinity, deserves more examination than travellers are accustomed to bestow upon either. Some descriptions of both, additional to any in this chapter, will be found in those relating to "Redgauntlet" (xix.), "Guy Mannering" (xx.), and "Rob. Roy" (xxi.). The portion of country chiefly associated with this composition is that part of the "Lake District" near Keswick, about forty miles (by indirect road) southwestward from Carlisle, that includes Ulleswater, the Valley of Saint John, and Helvellyn, — over whose "brow sublime" is a magnificent promenade.

> "Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
> That may match with the Baron of Triermain?"

Thus begins the poem, and the poet answers: —

> "She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
> Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
> Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
> Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood —
> Lovely as the sun's first ray,
> When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
> Constant and true as the widow'd dove;
> Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
> Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
> Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
> Humble as maiden that loves in vain;
> Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
> Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
> Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;

Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain."

This Sir Roland de Vaux was lord of Triermain Castle, the scanty remains of which may be found about fifteen miles east of Carlisle. There, when this story began, Sir Roland, sleeping after a foray against the Scots, dreamed of music,—

"So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint;"

and he dreamed then, also, of a maid with "heavenly brow" and "angel air,"—like this one who has just been portrayed.

"If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side.
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride,"

vowed the Baron. Immediately he sent his page Henry, — trustiest of all his train, — riding fleetly as could be,

"to Lyulph's tower,"

there to greet a "sage of power"

"sprung from Druid sires,
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise;
Gifted like his gifted race,"
Who "the characters" could "trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime."

For

"He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring."

In characteristic topographic verse, poetic and accurate, Scott shows the Page's course from Triermain to this Lyulph's Tower, situated more than a score of miles distant, and on rising ground above Ulleswater Lake.

Wrote the poet of this Page: —

"he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
Dashed o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
Left Mayburgh's mound and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake beneath him lay."

Those who ride through Cumberland can easily recognize these localities; and the pleasant power of the Magician, through his story, invests with some romantic interest even the spots glanced at by this rapid messenger.

He duly reached the wise old man's cell, and learned that

"That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one."

And then he learned her wonderful history. This:—

"King Arthur had ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er:
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,"—
"Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie."

There he discovered a mighty Castle, around which he rode three times, "nor living thing he spied" while doing thus. He was about sounding his bugle,

Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its 'larum rung,
The Castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan,"

the drawbridge fell, and the gloomy entrance was open to him.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
That lour'd along the walls,
And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,

Nor heathen knight was there;
But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Show'd by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair."

These beautiful creatures at once accosted and assailed the King. Soon they took from him his armor, and began to lavish various delightful attentions upon him: —

"A bride upon her wedding day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay."

They conducted him through the stately apartments of the Castle, until in one, —

"Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the Castle's Queen!"

Her fascinating look was a lovely yet deadly snare. Heedless of any ill, however, the King joined her at a banquet to which he was bidden, sitting closely by her, and receiving all the delights of her society, — and many and exquisite these were. But of the sequel, as the poem says, why

"trace from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!

"Another day, another day,
And yet another glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower."
"Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
He thinks not of the Table Round."

The charms of this lady, Guendolen, were too potent, for she was of more than "mortal line," —

"Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deem'd to preside
O'er lover's wiles and beauty's pride."

This supernatural Beauty used all her inherited or acquired art and power to enthrall the King. Yet, in time, she had to perceive

that her influence over him was departing, until, when "three summer months had scantly flown," duty prevailed over lawless love, and the King bade her adieu. The poet has pictured the parting vividly in Canto II. vi., vii. After the King had left Guendolen and her castle, he was surprised when she, "attired like huntress of the wood," and ever fascinating, waylaid him, and asked that they should part "like lover and like friend," and that they should mutually pledge amity in the contents of a golden cup that she presented to him, — a cup, not of the "juice the sluggish vines of earth produce," she said, but such as the Genii love. Happily the King did not quite taste the draught, for it was a burning liquor "intense as liquid fire from hell." A drop of it upon the neck of his horse caused the animal to rear in agony, and to dash frantically away, overturning thus the cup, and scattering a shower of "fiery dew," "that burn'd and blighted where it fell!" After a while, the monarch, looking back toward the "fatal castle," saw only where it stood, —

> "A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
> Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
> Musing on this strange hap the while,
> The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
> And cares, that cumber royal sway,
> Wore memory of the past away.
>
> "Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
> Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head,"
> "And wide were through the world renown'd
> The glories of his Table Round,"

when

> "At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
> And in fair Eamont's vale were met
> The flower of Chivalry."

Where the crumbling, disjointed, russet-brown ruins of Penrith Castle now look down over the legendary "Round Table," in a square, bare, green field, not far away, a grand tourney was held by the great King and his Knights, — the most gallant of Christendom. When the feast and music were gayest, strangely enough, appeared

> "A maiden, on a palfrey white,
> Heading a band of damsels bright."

Her dress, — that of a huntress, — her bearing, her countenance, were so like those of the Queen of the Castle of Saint John, that,

> "The King, as from his seat he sprung,
> Almost cried, 'Guendolen!'

But 'twas a face more frank and mild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haughty grace,
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's you might ken."

She was the daughter of Arthur and of Guendolen, come, in her "departed mother's name," to claim her father's protection, vowed before her birth, that she should have "a fitting spouse," — one, who of "the bravest knights alive," should in the lists prove best; for the King had vowed that such an one

"Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride."

Forthwith,

"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize."

The poem itself should show how the lists were prepared; how the great contest began, and continued, and grew desperate; and how this daughter of the King, holding the warder, by drop of which the strife would be stayed, — this Gyneth of such strange origin, — permitted and persisted that murderous slaughter should be brought on, until

"the sky was overcast.
Then howled at once a whirlwind's blast,
And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawns in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf, — tremendous birth! —
The form of Merlin rose.

"Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
And sternly raised his hand: —
'Madmen!' he said, 'your strife forbear!
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
The doom thy fates demand!
Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
Yet, because thy mother's art
Warp'd thine unsuspicious heart,
And for love of Arthur's race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone,
In the Valley of Saint John,

And this weird shall overtake thee:—
Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died.'"

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive."

And thus she gently sinks in sleep.

"The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seem'd she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,"
That "the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight."

Thus the Sage of Lyulph's Tower told the Page the tale of the fair being whom his Lord of Triermain beheld in vision. Closing the tale, the Sage said:—

"Still she bears her weird alone,
In the Valley of Saint John;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion's dream."
"Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken;

for,

"Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers."
"Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few returned no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Well nigh lost is Gyneth's lot;
Sound her sleep is as the tomb,
Till waken'd by the trump of doom."

The Third and last Canto describes that exploit of the bold Baron, giving title to the poem, and opens with another capital passage of Scott's topographic and descriptive poetry.

"Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plundered flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the Valley of Saint John."

Those who travel much in the "Lake District" can readily trace the course of the chivalrous Baron from his castle on the "English Border," across the lowly hilled country southward, to the romantic Valley. This opens between the road from Keswick to Ambleside, and that from Keswick towards Penrith, three or four miles from the first-named place. Looking northward, down its whole length, one sees a vista of bare, broken, rocky, or grassy heights, opening wider and wider, forming, at the upper or southern end, a deep and narrow pass, and, towards the lower end, a pleasant vale of pastures and grain-fields. Forming the opposite horizon and terminating the view, rise the long, rifted side of Saddleback, and the more pyramidal mass of Skiddaw. Close to one, at the right, rise "the Castle Rocks," forming a bold, gray bluff, half way up the wild, stony slope of the mountainous valley-side. They are a sort of ridge-shape, extending lengthways with the valley, and ascending with a rude sweep, till they terminate precipitously on either side and at the northern end. Some shrubbery grows around their bases; but the upper portions are bare, — grassy, where not of dark, sombre, gray rock. In a short time, one may scramble to the top, perhaps three hundred or four hundred feet above the road that extends through the valley. The writer had the good fortune to see the landscape presented from the summit, lighted by the radiance of a brilliant sunset. It may thus have borrowed unusual

charms; yet it must always — of course in tolerable weather — be attractive. One looking north may see eastward the lofty ridge of High Fells, crested by the Great Dodd and Watson's Dodd; and westward, knolly hills, among them Castlerigg Fell and High Seat. Through the bottom of the vale ripples a pretty stream, — the Saint John's Beck, — sometimes rock-bound, sometimes shaded by shrubs and trees, — the latter along nearly its whole course, — and thus leading the sight on to the grand northern mountains, Skiddaw and Saddleback, relieved, aside, by a gleaming reach of Bassenthwaite Water. From over the knolly hills westward, — the elevated ridge forming the eastern border of Derwent-water and Borrowdale, — the gorgeous sunset rays slant across upon the opposite High Fells. Southward, one sees down another nobly beautiful vista. There lies Thirlmere, bordered west by rocky, forested hills, and east (and joined continuously to the High Fells range) by the long, bare, vast ridge of "mighty Helvellyn," all rocky or grassy, and seemingly bearing scarcely a shrub upon its "broad brow:" scarcely any thing other than a few stream-gorges, bare, stony, and gray, varies its surfaces. Of course, a view of Helvellyn recalls the well-known verses of Wordsworth and of Scott. The scene of the death of the adventurer to which these refer is, however, on an opposite side of the mountain, — Striding Edge, the writer's route of ascent to the summit, and as wild and steep a climbing-place as can be found in England.

If one approaches these "Castle Rocks" from the north, — up the Valley of Saint John, as did the Baron of Triermain, — one may see them rising in frowning greatness, yet beautifully fringed with little shrubs and birch sprays, and perhaps with small flowering plants. From the road, narrow, and often closely bordered by trees, at many various turns, one gains as many various and picturesque views of the vale and the curious rock-pile. At a little distance it strangely resembles a hoary, massive, extensive castle, buttressed and turreted; and with ruined battlements and sides. Such was its appearance, for a long time, while the Baron of Triermain watched around it, until at last,

> "when, through hills of azure borne,
> The moon renew'd her silver horn,
> Just at the time her waning ray
> Had faded in the dawning day,
> A summer mist arose;

Adown the vale the vapors float,
And cloudy undulations moat
That tufted mound of mystic note,
As round its base they close."

"The breeze came softly down the brook,
And sighing as it blew,
The veil of silver mist it shook,
And to De Vaux's eager look"
"Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
And Gothic battlements between
Their gloomy length unroll'd."
"But ere the mound he could attain,
The rocks their shapeless form regain."

The warlike Baron, foiled in an attempt to enter this seemingly fiend-haunted castle, and not slightly angered also, hurled his battle-axe at a projecting rock, when, whether by force or by breaking of some spell, a portion of the crag crashed down,

"An, lo! the ruin had laid bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair."

De Vaux at once ascended this, "and soon a platform won,"

"Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
The Castle of Saint John!"
"Embattled high and proudly tower'd,
Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd
The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years, and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The scutcheon'd emblems which it bore
Had suffered no decay:
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
Unfelt had pass'd away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore: —

INSCRIPTION.

"'Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric plann'd:

Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! to cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er — and turn again.'"

But not thus the bold warrior determined.

"Mock these words of awe,"

he said, and forthwith, at the utterance, with jar and crash the gateway opened, and he entered the "Castle's outer court."

"There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall,
And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme,
That Gothic art, in wildest dream
Of fancy, could devise."

But there was a moat intervening, that must be crossed before he could enter this main edifice. Neither "bridge nor boat" was there, so determinedly he put aside his armor, and soon swam "the clear, profound, and silent fosse," and entered an enchanted hall, built, like a gallery leading from it, of "snow-white marble." Beside the gallery stood "four maids whom Afric bore." Each led a Lybian tiger by a hair-like thread. All, motionless as statues, beset his way; the maids singing warningly, threateningly, —

"'Rash Adventurer, bear thee back!
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak,
Daughters of the burning day!'"

And also, in like strain, much more. But Sir Roland did not heed them, — or Fear. Drawing his "trusty sword," he

"Caught down a banner from the wall,
And enter'd thus the fearful hall."

Victoriously as boldly, he encountered the then aroused and raging savage guard, passed it, and pressed onward. And then he heard behind him the maidens wildly and joyfully singing, —

"'Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

Warrior! thou whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.'"

Still pressing onward, he encountered another ordeal, when next he entered "a lofty dome" —

"That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd."

Again, four maidens addressed him, both singly and in chorus.

"'See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child.
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!'"
"'Warrior, seize the splendid store!'"

"Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright:
'Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.'" —
"gently parting from their hold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold."

The morning had then grown oppressively hot, and De Vaux, weary, faint, and thirsty, hearing the plashing waters of a fountain, sought and found it, and was refreshing himself, when still other maidens approached him, — the fairest and most fascinating of all whom he had yet seen in the Castle, — with

"that sly pause of witching powers,
That seems to say, 'To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us how.'
Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In Nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odours graced,
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye,
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty show'd all too much —
Too much — yet promised more."

Sir Roland resisted the charms of the "Maids," although they tempted him very seductively; and kindly "broke their magic circle through." Pressing onward, he

> "heard behind their lovely lay: —
> 'Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
> Go, where the feelings of the heart
> With the warm pulse in concord move;
> Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!'"

His course next lay "through darksome ways," amid "foul vapours," "mine-fires," clouds of "poisoned air," and "deep pits, and lakes of waters dun."

> "So perilous his state seem'd now
> He wish'd him under arbor bough
> With Asia's willing maid.
> When, joyful sound! at distance near
> A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear;
> And as it ceased, a lofty lay
> Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way."
>
> "'Lag not now, though rough the way,
> Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
> Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
> Monarch's power and conqueror's glory!'"

The song ceased, and he still advanced, until, at length, he entered

> "A lofty hall, with trophies dress'd,"

and met yet four other maidens, "whose crimson vest was bound with golden zone."

> "Of Europe seemed the damsels all;
> The first a nymph of lively Gaul,"
> "The next a maid of Spain,"
> "Her shy and bashful comrade told
> For daughter of Almaine."
> "The fourth a space behind them stood,"
> "Of merry England she, in dress
> Like ancient British Druidess."
>
> "At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
> These foremost maidens three,
> And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
> Liegedom and seignorie,
> O'er many a region wide and fair,
> Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
> But homage would he none: "—
> Because "far rather, would he be
> A free-born knight of England free,
> Than sit on Despot's throne,"

He was passing onward, when the fourth Maiden, playing a harp, sang his song of triumph: —

"'Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Towers and Banner'd Keep,
Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

"'Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell,
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad,
Bourne ye for your homeward road!

"'It is His, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

"'Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and Turret steep!
Tremble, Keep, and totter, Tower!
This is Gyneth's waking hour.'"

While the harp-player sang this song, the adventurous Knight reached a truly lovely bower, marvellously beautifully lighted, and there

"He saw King Arthur's child!
Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
From her brow had pass'd away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
For, as she slept, she smiled:
It seem'd that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

"That form of maiden loveliness,
'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
Of Lyulph's tale the truth."
"And the warder of command
Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow."

Trembling with joy he gazed,

"Doubtful how he should destroy
Long enduring spell;
Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell. —
'St. George! St. Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!'

"Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals.
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp —
But the warder leaves his grasp;
Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
Burst the Castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks, —
Melt the magic halls away;
— But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
Opening to the day;
And round the Champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from LOVE and FAME!"

And thus, nobly and joyfully, ended "The Bridal of Triermain."

XII.

SCOTT IN 1814.

THE year 1814 was a memorable year in the life of Scott. Already the successes of a splendid rival poet, Byron, had caused him to think of other styles of works than those in verse, and had thus partially induced the composition of perhaps the most renowned novel ever published, — "Waverley," which appeared July 7th of this year. The topography of this novel, together with that of the brilliant series named from it, will be described after sketches of the last two considerable poems produced by Scott, — "The Lord of the Isles," begun at Abbotsford, in the autumn, and finished at Edinburgh, December 16 (and published January 18, 1815); and "Harold the Dauntless" (published

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in 1817). Other, and less imaginative literary works, were, as usual, all the while being prepared and made public by him. Eminent among these is his "Life and Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.," in 19 vols. 8vo; one of the remarkable monuments of his editorial labors.

On the 29th of July, 1814, Scott sailed from Leith on board the yacht of the Commissioners of the Northern Lights (the beacons, and not the Boreal Aurora). In this vessel he made a voyage to Orkney, Shetland, the Hebrides, and a part of the Irish Coast, —a voyage lasting about six weeks, and second only in celebrity of its sort to that of Dr. Johnson to the Western Islands. A portion of Scott's observations then made appeared seven years afterward in "The Pirate" (chapter xxv.), a portion in his characteristically graphic and beautiful descriptions in the "Lord of the Isles." Visits to places associated with this latter work — in order of composition his next poem — will lead among coast, island, lake, and field scenery of extraordinary interest, that will be sketched in the following chapter.

Lockhart (in chapter xxxiv. of "The Life") impressively tells the story of Scott's literary achievements during 1814, — almost the whole of the "Life of Swift," "Waverley," the "Lord of the Isles," two essays (on Chivalry and the Drama) to the "Encyclopædia Supplement," an annotated "limited" reprint of "The Letting of Hvmors Blood In The Head-Vaine," etc., by S. Rowlands, 1611 (small 4to, now scarce), and the "inimitable '*Memorie of the Somervilles*,'" "with introduction and notes; one of the most curious pieces of family history ever produced to the world, on which he labored with more than usual zeal and diligence, from his warm affection for the noble representative of its author." Besides performing much professional duty, he maintained an extraordinarily large private correspondence, and "superintended from day to day, except during his Hebridean voyage, the still perplexed concerns of the Ballantynes (the publishers), with a watchful assiduity that might have done credit to the most diligent of tradesmen." And after a year thus occupied, Scott went to Abbotsford at Christmas, "to refresh the machine," as he wrote; and the "refreshment" was the composition, within about *six weeks*, of that long and delightful novel, "Guy Mannering," with its complicated plot!

XIII.

"THE LORD OF THE ISLES."

A PORTION of this work, as has been remarked, was written at Abbotsford, in 1814; we are informed in the presence of Scott's family; and a portion, indeed, "in that of casual visitors, also; the original cottage which he then occupied not affording him any means of retirement. Neither conversation nor music seemed to disturb him." Quite correctly, he said: "I could hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace." The former hero is the hero of this poem, — a work containing noble passages, yet, as a whole, rivalled by his more dazzling earlier poems. Its scene "lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity."

The poem begins spiritedly:—

> "'Wake, Maid of Lorn!' the Minstrels sung.
> Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,
> And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
> Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
> As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
> The diapason of the Deep."

Artornish, like most of the other scenes of this poem, is upon the western shore of Scotland, and can be readily and agreeably reached by travellers during summer. Along no other equal portion of the coasts of the British Isles (or those of eastern America) can so interesting sea-scenery be found — in good weather, that occasionally exists, even in Scotland. Travellers along this western shore, almost without exception, sometime find themselves at Oban, — the focal point to and from which routes thereabouts radiate. It is a notable station for steamers. From it, two or three

times each week, by excellent vessels there is the readiest access either to Staffa and Iona, or to the Sounds of Mull and Sleat, and the Isle of Skye or the Hebrides.

The course towards all these places first crosses Loch Linnhe, and successively passes, to the north, a white light-house marking the southern end of Lismore Island, — a low, rocky point; and, farther on, to the southward, on green and not highly rising ground of Mull, Duart Castle, small and gray, and quite a pretty object in the landscape. The Sound of Mull is then entered. Its breadth is favorable to picturesqueness of effect, — wide enough to give that of space, and not too wide to separate the shores so far as to dwarf the features of either. For many miles onward lies, to the southward or westward, the large, irregular island, Mull, perhaps generally more varied, more bold, and more pleasing in its hill forms and aspects than the opposite coasts, — those of Morvern, the mainland, that are kept on the right during the whole voyage to Skye. Yet these latter coasts present an interesting variety of surfaces; at times, very long, extensive, gradual slopes attaining an elevated central point. These slopes are mostly bare and grassy, and relieved here and there, on the lower portions only, by dark, fresh, green trees. Not far westward, and prominent upon the northern shore, may be seen Artornish Castle, situated on a low, basaltic promontory, extending rather a long distance into the Sound from steep hill-slopes that, not far back and away from it, are broken by high cliffs rising from much steeper slopes of *débris*. The Castle is dark-gray, and very ruinous. It is small now, consisting chiefly of a broken tower, around which appear slighter traces of outworks. Few travellers other than those with a wealth of leisure stop in this vicinity. The country is wild, lonely, weird-looking, and undoubtedly could interest those who fancy such a region. Not a few stories are associated with it; indeed, a portion of it was pronounced by Professor Wilson "an abyss of poetry."

Inconsiderable as Artornish may seem now, at the time of the action of the poem it was an important place. Not only chief seat of the Lords of the Isles, it was a meeting-place of their feudal parliaments, and was the scene of a league with Edward I. of England against the crown of Scotland. These celebrated Lords, of Scandinavian descent, held sway through all this region from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries; and indeed, in the Clan Macdonald, they were represented among the old Highland powers until these were

finally broken up. On this clan, Bruce conferred the post of honor in battle, — "the right." As has been told, it was during this period of greatness that this story opens; when minstrels are bidding Edith, the proud and beautiful maid of Lorn, to rise on the auspicious morning when she should

> "Impledge her spousal faith to wed
> The heir of mighty Somerled!
> Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
> The fair, the valiant, and the young,
> *Lord of the Isles*, whose lofty name
> A thousand bards have given to fame."
> "Yet, empress of this joyful day,
> Edith is sad while all are gay."

The young lady did not appear desirous of forming this seemingly quite eligible alliance. Nevertheless, Lord Ronald, with a stately fleet and brilliant company arrived at the castle, borne thither "by the willing breeze." Almost simultaneously, but coming in an opposite direction, a small, lonely, sea-beaten bark, with difficulty made its way also to the castle. Possibly Sir Walter's descriptions of this castle exhibit poetic license: they certainly make it a large and imposing edifice compared with what it is now. Yet one can imagine it in its pride what he has imagined it, and imagine scenes that he has represented in it: at first, how from the comparatively insignificant vessel, little heeded by the Island Lord, "two bold brethren leapt to land;" how the younger, a knight, bore a maiden "half lifeless up the rock," and, through the portcullis arch, to the castle guard-room; how this younger veiled in a plaid the maiden whom he bore — his sister — to hide her from the "vulgar crowd" of gazing vassals and servants; and how they were at length duly ushered to the Baron's hall,

> "Where feasted fair and free,
> That Island Prince in nuptial tide,
> With Edith there, his lovely bride,
> And her bold brother by her side,
> And many a chief, the flower and pride
> Of Western land and sea."
>
> "With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
> With all that olden time deem'd gay"
> They "feasted high."

Notwithstanding this festivity, Edith was sorely disquieted, and Ronald was flushed with

> "Emotions such as draw their birth
> From deeper source than festal mirth,"

and many of the company were suspicious, and not amicably observant of the strangers. Among those observant must have been one of the guests, De Argentine, an English knight come to assist in compacting the league of his country with the western barons who opposed the cause of the Scottish crown. And it was a stormy scene when the company that had suspected, unmistakably identified one of these strangers, and, when Lord Lorn, the "confederate" leader sternly cried: "'Tis he himself!"—the Bruce!

"Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,—
"Barcaldine's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
And clench'd is Dermid's hand of death.
Their muttered threats of vengeance swell
Into a wild and warlike yell;
Onward they press with weapons high,
The affrighted females shriek and fly
And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
Had darken'd ere its noon of day,—
But every chief of birth and fame,
That from the Isles of Ocean came,
At Ronald's side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Neil, wild Bara's ancient thane,
Duart, of bold Clan-Gillian's strain,
Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,
Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
With ready weapons rose at once,
More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,
Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
And many a lord of ocean's isle.
Wild was the scene!"

The war of words that thus arose forms too long a story for this chapter, and is best read entire. It ended with bestowal of blessing upon the discovered Bruce, pronounced by an abbot or "monk" "summon'd to unite" the betrothed, who, turning a curse into benediction, exclaimed,

"I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"
"Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame!"

And then the company, in general silence, withdrew; but another quite as impassioned though less tumultuous scene ensued. Lord Lorn discovered that Edith, his sister, had fled, — some said to the nunnery at Iona to escape a possible betrothal, that she dreaded, with the English knight. Lorn instantly ordered pursuit by sea.

"And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd;
For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil."

Later that night there was quite a different scene in the bed-chamber of the Bruce, when Ronald rather stealthily appeared there with "Dunvegan's chief," and both kneeled to the monarch.

"They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd,
Ere banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues."

King Robert was advised by them "to bide his time," and not to risk himself where he then was. So it was arranged, that, with Ronald, he should depart,

"Secret and safe . . . to lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye."

"With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale," and thus we are conducted next to the "romantic shore" of that remote and wildest of islands, — Skye.

The route now is nearly that of the two nobles. It leads northwestward, through the continually agreeable scenery of the Sound of Mull, past many picturesque hills and shores and bays. Among these is Tobermory; "The Well of our Lady St. Mary," delightfully situated, and presenting, all around, great grassy slopes and richly wooded banks, brightened by pretty cascades. Several miles onward, to the right, rises the grand Point of Ardnamurchan, flanked south by the deep inland reach of Loch Sunart, and backed by the lofty, varied, acutely topped Ardnamurchan Mountains, with their huge, bare, lonely, and impressive Scottish Highland features. The chief elevation reminds one of Ben Venue. During the rounding of this Point, the traveller is exposed to the full swell of the broad Atlantic, whose vast expanse ripples or swells or rolls, far as the eye can see westward. Thence the course stretches away

about north-east, and one may look back over the dim, long, ridgy forms of the islands Coll and Tyree; and to the left upon the nearer yet lesser form of Muck. Then next, in the latter direction, may be seen a long, sloping, vast wall of basaltic-appearing rock rising in black relief against the sky, — the prominent feature of the island Eig. Coming abreast of this, one finds that it assumes a curious and grandly picturesque appearance. Its flank form presents a perpendicular cliff, on every side, — "a lofty, pillar-like" mass "of pitch-stone porphyry," known as the Scuir of Eig, its terraced summit 1340 feet above sea-level. All along, beyond or behind it, are imposing views of the high mountains of Rum, another grand island, whose pointed crests well vary the more ridgy outlines of Eig. The varying effects of atmosphere and light prevailing hereabouts, will very possibly afford the traveller some pleasing or startling or sublime aspect of the view. Looking oppositely, one sees a long extent of wild mainland, rough and rocky enough, especially at Arasaig, where the steamers usually call; a remarkable little port abounding in reefs, ledges, and points of sunken or low or craggy, dark, really wicked-looking rocks. Hardly a house is anywhere to be seen. Such little cottages as there are, stone-built, and thatched with grass-grown heather, seem only part of the rugged fields.

By degrees the vast, dim, Coolin Hills on Skye loom up and grow on the sight. The Bruce probably headed directly towards them, and landed at the inward end of Loch Scavaigh at their base. The traveller, by the steamer route, usually goes on past the point of Sleat (the southern end of Skye, lying to the left), and through the Sound of Sleat and Loch Alsh to Broadford. Much of the landscape eastward along these waters is gloomily sublime and more attractive than are the coasts of Skye confronting it. There is a wonderful strangeness and grandeur about all this scenery, by clouded, or clear, full moonlight, by which the writer was fortunate enough to see it.

One of the chief excursions on Skye is from Broadford, where there is, or was, quite a tolerable inn, to the "Spar Cave" on Loch Slapin, and thence to the landing-place of Bruce, and finally to the Sligachan Inn. This excursion makes a hard day's work, but a very interesting one, involving, beside about four miles' boating, nearly twenty miles' walking over a wet, rough country, and among the wildest of scenery. It, indeed, gives a choice of about the only

three ways that can be said to give access to the landing-place of Bruce. The traveller can come by sea, and land upon a bit of low coast at the head of Scavaigh Bay,—the easiest route, at times; or by the hill pass, called Hart-o-Corry, or Hartie Corrie, at the time of the writer's visit the nearest way from an inn; or by the shore around the Point of Strathaird, the most picturesque. This last was the writer's route. It leads from the curious Spar Cave of Strathaird, through the regions celebrated in this poem, to—long descent from the sublime—the Sligachan Inn, at the northern end of the uncommonly wild, boggy, streaming glen from which that cheerful refuge takes its name. Experience enables the writer to assure travellers that this route can present nature, from the depths of a remarkable cavern to the lonely crests of mountains, together with every variety of cool moisture, from a Scotch mist on the Corrie to a rather deep ford, or the deeper depths of the mosses in Sligachan. After leaving the "Spar Cave," there is a long walk while doubling the seemingly interminable contortions of the coast lines of Strathaird, and then appears a lonely farm-house, Camasunary, the only house for a long distance that the writer remembers. It marks the southern end of Glen Sligachan. The route, however, leads indirectly into this fascinating valley. Introductorily, a cold stream must be waded, and then there must be a walk or scramble along a rude way for a "bittock" (perhaps two miles here) to Coruisk. A portion of this way is quite a "*mauvais pas*," leading across the steep, smooth, broad face of a high mountain side, rising wall-like from the surging, cold, green depths of the ocean loch, Scavaigh, into which a single slip might plunge one. Travellers, however, seldom indulge in this eccentricity: certainly none of the writer's party attempted it. Beyond this pass, and lower, is, or was, a small platform from which may be gained a very effective view of that wilderness of waters and of land where meet the Bay of Scavaigh, Loch Coruisk, and the Coolin Hills. Truly, one may almost feel, like Ronald,—

> "These are the savage wilds that lie
> North of Strathnardill and Dunskye;
> No human foot comes here."

And truly may the traveller there now, exclaim as did Bruce when he landed:—

> "Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
> I've traversed many a mountain strand,

Abroad, and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

These are not exaggerating words. The stern desolation of the scenery is wonderful: —

— "Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here, — above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side."

There is not here that richness of grandeur evident along the western Italian coasts, but in close combinations of mountain heights with sea expanse, this view of Skye has few European rivals, — certainly it is unique in the British Isles, — and in sublime wildness it is hardly surpassed anywhere. One who looks inland, along the reach of Coruisk, — perhaps a mile and a half, — sees the huge, steep Coolin Hills, barren, desolate, and dark, — wild, bold forms of metallic-looking hypersthene, relieved in color and texture only by small patches of moss or of grass, and in shape by rifted

ravines, — rising abruptly from the surging green sea, or from the cold, still, steel-gray lake; and rearing, over three thousand feet, into the humid air, summits of Aiguille sharpness often fitfully veiled with driving mists or sullen storm-clouds.

Eastward is the Hartie Corrie pass, a rugged hill of the moorland Scotch sort, perhaps a thousand feet high. Directly below one is the outlet of the fresh-water loch into the salt-sea bay, — a small, shallow, dashing stream, winding over a stony bed, perhaps two hundred and fifty yards long, and descending not many feet. More to the left, or westward, extends the bay, into which the never quiet — the often stormy — ocean-swell rolls impressively. Out of it, not far seaward, rise the island rocks of Soa.

One has now the satisfaction that this whole scene is substantially unaltered since the Bruce, more than five centuries ago, according to this story, surveyed it; and the creations of the poet seem at once to spring to life and action in it.

The traveller who now looks over this wilderness, — as did the Bruce and Lord Ronald and their sole attendant, one "poor page," — can imagine them descrying five men approaching them; men in the service of Lord Lorn; imagine how as

> "Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh; —
> Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye,
> Men were they all of evil mien,
> Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen,"
> "Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
> Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
> For arms, the caitiffs bore in hand
> A club, an axe, a rusty brand."

They pretended to be castaways, and offered to share with the noble party a deer at a hut they occupied; saying, at the same time, that the appearance of an English vessel had caused that of their proposed guests to depart. Neither this information nor the invitation was welcome, for the men were evidently churls. Yet their hospitality, such as it was, was accepted, — in a guarded manner and necessarily thus, it appeared. Alternately King and Lord kept watch through the night, by a fire in the hut. Then the page took his turn. But sleep overcame his care, — a sleep from which he was only awakened when

> "A ruffian's dagger finds his heart! —
> Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
> Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies!"

"Not so awoke the King! His hand
Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
And venged young Allan well!"
—"Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,"—

and another, and another, while the Bruce stood over a prostrated assassin, whose life (as the poem shows) Fate soon cut short; and thus,

"in blood and broil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doil,"

the pet pirate of Lord Lorn. The reasons why this emissary was thus at Skye need brief explanation: enough that his mission ended as all treason should end.

"In majesty of expression," nobly opens the Fourth Canto of the poem, with stanzas such as one loves to rehearse amid these solitary scenes, or elsewhere.

"Stranger! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky."

"Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar."

"Through such wild scenes the champion pass'd,
When bold halloo and bugle-blast
Upon the breeze came loud and fast.
'There,' said the Bruce, 'rung Edward's horn!'"

And as he spoke, precipitately onward came Edward Bruce, shouting news:

"'What make ye here,
Warring upon the mountain deer,
When Scotland wants her King?

A bark from Lennox cross'd our track,
With her in speed I hurried back,
These joyful news to bring—
The Stuart stirs in Teviot dale,
The Douglas wakes his native vale;
The storm-toss'd fleet hath won its way
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,
And Lennox, with a gallant band,
Waits but thy coming and command
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.'"

Evidently the days of King Robert's exile were numbered; his abided time was almost come; Edward of England lay dead on the northern marches of his kingdom; the opportunity to strike for Scotland was at hand.

Short consultation ensued before the Bruce and his companions set sail from the Isle, bound directly to Arran, where their dispersed friends in arms were assembling. On their way, many loyal island chiefs were to be summoned to that rendezvous. And thus, departing more joyfully than they came, they left behind "Coriskin dark and Coolin high."

"Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!"

The Clans of Sleat, and Strath, and Canna gathered at the royal signal, and the hunters of Ronin, and the warriors about "Scoor-eigg,"—all to do their bidden part.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay,
That guard famed Staffa round."

It is a bright day's sail, worth the sailing, over that sparkling sea, before a fresh, fair wind! Its course leads along a portion of an excursion route now travelled from Oban (different from that to Skye); during which visits are made to the ancient and very interesting ecclesiastical ruins on Iona,—an Island nobly noticed by Dr. Johnson in words among those that introduce these pages,—and then to the well-known Fingal's Cave, on Staffa. The poet's description of that wonderful basaltic nave of "Nature's Minster"

is one of his best. As a reviewer remarked, it is "conceived in a mighty mind, and is expressed in a strain of poetry, clear, simple, and sublime;" poetry that can now be associated with a noble composition in music, — Mendelssohn's "Die Hebriden." The majestic harmonies, and roll, and resonance, and heartfelt praise of this great master's notes, giving second only to reality the tremendous music of the Atlantic surges, as, ebbing and flowing in murmurs or in thunder roll, they sound forth the diapason of their voices, are well married to the poet's verses, and well express to us in tones the anthem Scott has written so truly; when, after telling how in this story's time,

> — "Unknown" the Cavern's "columns rose, —
> Where dark and undisturb'd repose
> The cormorant had found,
> And the shy seal had quiet home,"

he sings the everlasting expressiveness of

> "that wondrous dome,
> Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
> By skill of earthly architect,
> Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
> A Minster to her Maker's praise!
> Not for a meaner use ascend
> Her columns, or her arches bend;
> Nor of a theme less solemn tells
> That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
> And still, between each awful pause,
> From the high vault an answer draws,
> In varied tone prolong'd and high,
> That mocks the organ's melody.
> Nor doth its entrance front in vain
> To old Iona's holy fane,
> That Nature's voice might seem to say,
> 'Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
> Thy humble powers that stately shrine
> Task'd high and hard, — but witness mine!'"
> "'Which, when the ruins of thy pile
> Cumber the desolated isle,
> Firm and immutable shall stand,
> 'Gainst winds, and waves, and spoiler's hand.'"

The last four lines quoted do not always appear in printed copies of the poem, but are taken from manuscript.

A calm sea is quite as necessary for success as for comfort on a voyage to Staffa. In quiet weather the island may be explored without much difficulty. It has an irregular oval area about a mile and a half in circumference, and rises in very broken surface to an

elevation of nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Its basaltic rock abounds in caves. Fingal's Cave, the largest, is described as having no history until as recently as 1772, when Sir Joseph Banks was almost accidentally directed to it, and made it known to civilization. It is approached on shore, and penetrated on foot, over smooth and slippery black rocks. During favorable conditions of weather and tide, boats are rowed directly into it. The entrance is formed, like the cave itself, of lofty columnar masses of basalt, rising from a mosaic-like flooring (both above and below water), and supporting a sort of Tudor arch, formed, like the flooring, of broken, many-angled blocks. The dimensions of the cave are variously given. The entire length beneath the arch is over two hundred feet; the width at the entrance is from thirty-three to forty-two feet, decreasing to about twenty feet at the inner end; and the height from mean-tide level is about sixty feet. The water is about twenty-five feet deep, and extraordinarily clear. A comparison of the size of the cave with that of a mediæval cathedral may be made by recalling the dimensions of one well known; Westminster Abbey, the central part of the nave of which is one hundred and sixty-six feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and one hundred and three feet high. The entire interior length of the Abbey is five hundred and five feet. Or the size may be comparatively shown by an American interior, — the great aisle of Trinity Church, New York, which is longer, and at one end larger, than the cave. The height of both cave and church is about the same. Other comparison is unnecessary, perhaps, — stars differ from each other in glory.

As before remarked, the tourist will probably visit Iona during an excursion to Staffa. The two islands are not far apart; and this sketch may notice the former, although the poet says of his hero's party, —

> "They paused not at Columba's isle,
> Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile
> With long and measured toll."

This "illustrious" "luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion," as the great Doctor nobly wrote, has small territory, occupied now by poor fisher-people, and by shattered ruins of edifices, especially imposing on a spot so remote. Instead of hearing bell-peal or chanted hymn, and see-

ing venerable architecture, kept with pious care: we may now make our way through importuning poverty to the desecrated, desolate precincts of a cathedral, an abbey, a monastery, and a burial-ground, with one large, curious, suggestive, carved cross of hoary, gray stone. There is less to occupy studious attention among these relics, than at the larger remains found upon the mainland. Mr. Billings's excellent "Antiquities," as also Mr. Graham's work on Iona itself, or Dr. W. L. Alexander's tract, will give accurate ideas of them. The edifices are not large; their interest, indeed, is that of association rather than of size or of art-work. They are, also, rather fragmentary — evidences against iconoclastic fanaticism (though now well kept), like most relics of mediæval art in Scotland. Past these, when in honorable completeness, the Bruce and his friends sailed onward, and

> Past "Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
> Still rings to Corrievrèken's roar,
> And lonely Colonsay."

Not caring, on their way to Arran, to encounter "the southern foeman's watchful fléet," in rounding the long stretch of the Mull of Cantyre, they sailed up West Loch Tarbet (some distance north), and dragged their vessel across the narrow isthmus separating its head from the waters of Loch Fine. Upon these they relaunched the vessel and bore southward.

> "The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
> Ben-Ghoil, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'
> Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
> And bade Loch Ranza smile.
> Thither their destined course they drew."

And there they landed, safe, — on Arran.

This large, wild, mountainous island can be easily reached by steamer from Glasgow, or by rail to Ardrossan and thence by steamer. A good walker needs two or three fair days for a moderate exploration of it. The traveller who follows the action of this story, will be led first to the landing-place of Bruce at Loch Ranza, on the northern end of the island. At the little convent of St. Bride, near by (but now disappeared), Bruce met his sister Isabel, and there

> "The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
> Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
> Resounded with the din of war."

From this refuge the story leads the traveller — as it led Bruce with many welcomed armed friends — across the rugged spurs of "The mountain of the wind," commonly called Goatfield or Goatfell, and through wild Glen Sannox (as the aged Father Augustus of the poem went), to Brodick Bay, about mid-distance along the eastern coast. There the royal adherents after awhile assembled, and thence, with the King, they departed in a very dramatic style, as the poem soon shows.

Brodick Castle was a stronghold before the days of Bruce. The existing structure is modernized, yet stately; built in grand old baronial style "with steep, crow-stepped gables, battlemented roofs, flanking turrets, and a lofty, central tower." It is a residence of the Dukes of Hamilton, — proprietors of nearly all Arran. The Bruce was guided at night from the island by a beacon-signal that led him to his "father's hall," — Turnberry Castle, — south south-eastward on the mainland, the coast of Carrick. He took with him but a "score and ten" barges, and "thrice three-score chosen men."

> "With such small force did Bruce at last
> The die for death or empire cast!"

The appearance of this signal towards which the little armada set forth on its important voyage is a splendid passage in the poem: —

> "On that ruddy beacon-light
> Each steersman kept the helm aright."

> "As less and less the distance grows,
> High and more high the beacon rose;
> The light, that seemed a twinkling star,
> Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
> Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
> Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
> Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
> In blood-red light her islets swim;
> Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
> Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave.
> The deer to distant covert drew,
> The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
> Like some tall castle given to flame,
> O'er half the land the lustre came."

> "Wide o'er the sky the splendor glows,
> As that portentous meteor rose;
> Helm, axe, and falchion glittered bright,
> And in the red and dusky light
> His comrade's face each warrior saw,
> Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe."

"'Hush!' said the Bruce, 'we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out — upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band.'"

"Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?
It ne'er was known, — yet gray-hair'd eld
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light;"
a "beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent."

So ancient and prevalent was the belief in the supernatural character of this signal, that for centuries the fire was firmly thought to appear on anniversaries of the moment when the Bruce first saw it from the battlements of Brodick Castle, and that "beyond the remembrance of man" the place where it appeared has been called "the Bogle's Brae."

The castle of Turnberry, to which it guided, stands upon a headland, or point, of the same name, rather out of ordinary tourist cruising-grounds, several miles south of Ayr. This point "is a rock projecting into the sea, the top of it about eighteen feet above high-water mark. Upon this rock was built the Castle," now a ruin rising forty or fifty feet above the sea. The castle "was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up." Even its ruined walls are now imposing. The Castle Park formerly extended over a broad plain around. The traveller may here pleasantly read Scott's story of the coming of the Bruce, and of those eventful scenes that followed. The writer hardly needs to state that the King was led by an accidental fire: whatever it was, it incidentally did not a little towards deciding his destinies. Sufficient on these pages is the poet's exclamation: —

"The Bruce hath won his father's hall!
'Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
Welcome to mirth and joy!
The first, the last, is welcome here.'"

"'Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through;
Arouse old friends, and gather new;

Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedswair Path,
To the wild confines of Cape Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland fing,
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!'"

While reading this, and more, the traveller may pleasantly further read how the inspiriting summons coursed over the wide land; and may also read the stories of Isabel and of Edith; for, after the unceremonious exposition of young ladies' private affairs already instituted upon these pages, a full disclosure of those pertaining to these two may be spared, — quite separate as the love-plot of this poem is from its epic or public plot of action. The latter chiefly brings "The Lord of the Isles" to its close, and with much magnificence of Scott's own peculiar descriptiveness. The scene shifts from Turnberry to the famous field of Bannockburn, near Stirling, and already mentioned in description of the view from the Castle there (chapter vii.). The poet's verses chronicle the memorable battle. They are not so extensively known or read as those that tell of Flodden Field in "Marmion," — a battle far less satisfactory to Scotchmen. We all, of course, know the general history of the great conflict; but we may not experience very much profit and pleasure by exploration of this famous field itself, apart from the interest that we can but very justly and desirably feel, while we tread ground whereon a nation's history has been determined. It has, like most battle-grounds, particularly those of times long gone by, lost traces of the action and those features suggesting the details or determinative of the issues of the struggle. However, the distance from Stirling to Bannockburn is short, and the traveller cannot well regret a visit to it. And those who read or who recall there Scott's poetic chronicle of its stirring acquisition of glory, and of King Robert the Bruce's and of Scotland's triumph, may agreeably have in mind the conclusion of this poem, and trace the progress of the battle over scenes around, and picture the ending that was there of the maiden life of Edith of Lorn, and how joyously fared gallant Ronald, "The Lord of the Isles."

The admirable work on Iona by the Duke of Argyle, that has appeared since this chapter was written, should be mentioned here, as perhaps the most prominent work relating to that island.

XIV.

1815.—"THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."

DURING this year, Scott went by sea to London with his wife and daughter. He was received with much attention; for he was already famous,—at a time when famous men abounded. He was presented to the Prince Regent, with whom he was, and continued to be, decidedly a favorite. Soon afterward he made a tour to the continent, during which he visited Bergen-op-Zoom, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, and Paris.

The decisive victory of June 17th and 18th could but have great effect upon Scott as it did on all Europe. The immediate manifestation of effect upon him was his poem entitled "The Field of Waterloo," dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington. The advertisement of this, one of his minor and less celebrated, and perhaps attractive, works, informs that: "It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily during a short tour on the Continent, when the Author's labors were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription." Whatever critics think or say concerning the work as poetry, its author's generosity gives it charms compensating for demerits that may have been attributed to it. The profits of the first edition formed Scott's contribution to this "subscription,"—a fund "for the relief of widows and children of the soldiers slain in the battle;" and thus he, as poet, a second time, was by no means among the smaller donors to a patriotic provision. Persons who visit that now most visited of European battle-fields, Waterloo, and thus, usually, many places in its vicinity,—grand, old, picturesque, and storied Flemish cities,—and who thus see many objects associated with some of the most stirring incidents of modern or late middle-age history, may rather regret that the genius of the great poet of place and romantic picturesqueness did not give us some composition from the abundant and intensely interesting materials that are everywhere presented. But he was, with all his power, a mortal man; and his labors could but be finite. We had best be quiet, and thankful for the immensity

of richness and enjoyment he has actually provided for us, and be abundantly satisfied since the brilliant pages of Prescott and of Motley present to us so much of these materials with the truth of history invested with the fascinations of romance. Each to his own work; and each of these three authors has been nobly true to his own.

During this same year Scott was introduced to many distinguished men; among these, to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and to the Duke of Wellington. The Duke's kind attention then, and afterwards, Scott often said he considered "the highest distinction of his life." And he further said, that he "had seen and conversed with all classes of society, from the palace to the cottage, and including every conceivable shade of science and ignorance; but that he had never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of one man, — the Duke of Wellington."

XV.

"HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS."

THIS poem, the last of the greater poems by Scott, was published in January, 1817, although it had been begun years previously. It appeared almost simultaneously with some of his renowned romances, that, by their more brilliant fame have tended to obscure it. In bookseller's phrase it met with "considerable success," yet it has never been considered, as a whole, equal to the "Bridal." The first of its six Cantos begins, by at once introducing the subject: —

"List to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!"

"Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him was wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again."

He flourished before the reign of William I., and was one of those fierce pagan sea-rovers, the scourge and terror of long extents of European coasts, during many generations.

> "He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
> That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
> He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
> And disembark'd with his Danish power."

In this respect, he acted as the sea-kings were wont; and, as frequently occurred, his hostility was appeased, his forbearance bought,

> "And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
> Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad isle."

After years of peace, he gradually became old and feeble, until, on the principle pithily set forth in the old lines, —

> "When the Devil was sick
> The Devil a monk would be,"

he endeavored to make reconciliation with the church he had often robbed, and to atone for his sins, when, at last, he would lose nothing temporally by repentance. The result was one not infrequently produced by tardy contrition and priestly influence, especially during the Middle Ages.

"Saint Cuthbert's Bishop" induced the Count to make a change of faith, and the Count changed it in such a manner, that,

> "Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
> To be held by the church by bridle and spear;
> Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
> To better his will, and to soften his heart."

In "the high church of Durham,"

> "He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
> With patience unwonted at rites divine;
> He abjured the gods of heathen race."

But the Count had a son, "Young Harold," with "strength of frame and" "fury of mood," who deemed that he had something to say and to decide in the bestowal of the paternal estate. And he undutifully addressed his father in this wise: —

> "'What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
> With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,
> Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?
> Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
> Royal Eric's fearless son,
> Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
> Who won his bride by the axe and sword!'"

But this, and more similar talk, aroused the aged man's native spirit: —

"Ireful waxed old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:
'Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.'
'Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the Church has a recompense made.'"

The son, however, was little appeased by such a strain. Disdainful and angry, vowing ruth and ruin, flinging down a cross, — symbol of his own disinheriting he seems to have deemed it, — he left the paternal presence, for ever, he declared.

"Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son."

While there was feasting in Witikind's hall, this son wandered, "accursed by the Church, and expell'd by his sire." But, "heeding full little of ban or of curse," he robbed the Prior of Jorvaux of his purse, and an abbot of his robe, and a bishop of a gay palfrey, and set forth afresh, accompanied by "flaxen-hair'd Gunnar," who had been brought up in his train, and who now persisted in accompanying him as his page. Years passed away, and with them, prelate and count, and the latter,

"All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven."

Of his son it is said: —

"'Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold;
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name.'."
So the Chapter pronounced "their doom:
That the Church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert resume."

"'Tis merry in greenwood, — thus runs the old lay, —
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild bird's song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower."

Thus begins the Second Canto, introducing the heroine of the poem: —

"Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of greenwood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,
Who lived by bow and quiver."
"Jutta of Rookhope" was "the Outlaw's dame,"
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd."

"Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair;"
"naught of fraud or ire or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—
A simple maiden she;
The spells in dimpled smile that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery."

And, "array'd in kirtle green," this very pretty girl, braiding "with flowers her locks of jet," was one morning sitting by a forest fountain, singing a bright and pleasant song, when a mailed knight, whose accent was stern, appeared; and, unbarring his helmet visor, and laying his gauntleted hand upon her "shrinking shoulder," bluntly accosted her:—

"'Damsel,' he said, 'be wise and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern:
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone,—a mate I seek;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No lordly dame for me;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.'"

His proposals became very definite and personal, and thus also his attentions, particularly when he attempted to kiss the pretty Metelill, who, at that juncture, contrived to escape him and to dash home. There, though she did not tell her adventure, her observant and formidable parents prepared for any emergencies, and quite wisely; for soon the house-door flew open, and the knight — Harold the Dauntless — strode in. To the parents he repeated his offer, but with no more success; whereupon, he ominously departed. The unfortunate girl, for being innocently the cause of disturbance made and portended, was summarily sent to bed, while her severe parents savagely scolded each other. Succeeding this domestic scene was an unlawful magic and pagan incantation by the old witch Jutta, who thus invoked the evil spirit Zernebock to ruin Harold. This summoned spirit bade her her "arts of malice whet," and to "involve him with the Church in strife." The dame, incensed

at the little apparent aid given her, and at what she thought the slight influences mentioned, positively reviled the spirit, saying: —

"'Herye! to the land of fog and waste,
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity!'"

She was almost correct in believing that she could contrive more mischief than he.'

The next Canto, the Third, abounding in allusion to gods and men of the wild North, chiefly shows how Harold did begin to become involved in strife with the Church; and also, curiously, with his page Gunnar, who sang him a cunning song, the burden of which was the desirableness of a Danish maid for a Danish knight, like him. With such effect was the singing, that he confessed, —

"'Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes and hair of golden sheen.'"

He, however, could not help asking what objections were possible to the fair Metelill. The page, replying, insinuated that a suitor should provide "lands and a dwelling for his bride," and quoted words of Jutta to this intent, coupled with allusions that made Harold start up and vow: —

"'The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight?'"

And thus, as the poet adds, —

"Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's hall."

Accordingly the action of the story leads to Durham Cathedral, the chief (if not the only) "local habitation" of this creation of the poet, who addresses it in these noble lines: —

"Gray towers of Durham!"
"Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot."

"Full many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'ercanopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,

And blending with the shade — a matchless proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold."

Those who go through the northern counties can experience much satisfaction during a visit, even of a few hours only, to this ancient Episcopal city, Durham. The cathedral church there, like every other, has its own peculiar characteristics and features of interest. It is a grand and venerable edifice, — one of the noblest, indeed, in the three kingdoms, — dating back so nearly to the time of this story, and so suggestive and illustrative of that time that it can properly be visited, or described, as the chief scene of Harold's exploits.

Few similar structures present a more imposing appearance in design and site. The latter is a platform on the crest of an almost precipitous bank that rises upwards of eighty feet directly above the River Wear. Northward, across a broad, open area, and also upon the height, is the yellowish-sandstone, turreted, and battlemented castle, — now a university, — a large and picturesque pile, with a stately court-yard.

On the most elevated ground, and dominant over all things, — like the faith it symbolizes, — rises the cathedral, Norman in style, mighty, massive, lofty, and nobly beautiful, with triple towers, and curiously enriched west front. Its once brown-yellow walls are gray from centuries of exposure, except, as on the central tower, where refacings show fresher tints. Much of the architecture is austerely simple. The windows are small, and round-arched. The doorways, richly pillared and moulded, are decaying. Trees growing along the rocky bank, above the placid, pleasant river, give grace and relieving color to the strong, the almost sublime, forms around them. The "Galilee Porch," at the west front, is an appropriate entrance-vestibule to the varied interiors of the edifice, of which it is, perhaps, the chief peculiarity. Although one of the archæological and art treasures of the kingdom, it hardly escaped destruction by the stupid insensibility of the real Dark Age of architectural art, the last century. This Galilee, measuring nearly eighty feet from north to south, and about fifty feet from west to east, has five aisles, divided by four rows, having three each, of slender clustered or coupled pillars, ranging eastward, and bearing round arches decorated with very sharp tooth mouldings. The roof is simple. The walls are of rudely faced stones. From the windows are delightful views. This unusual apartment, the Lady

Chapel practically, was built especially as a place of worship for women, who were not admitted into the main church, on account of a violent antipathy for the sex felt by its patron saint, the reputed Anthony-like-tempted Cuthbert.

From this porch, the visitor ascends a few steps, and enters the nave of the church, — awed at once by its ponderous, its sublime Norman grandeur, — rising high and in the repose of almost cyclopean greatness and strength. There is scarcely another such impressive example of the style; for this surpasses even the majesty of Ely and of Peterborough. This nave presents three aisles, divided by ranges of enormous pillars, twenty-three feet in girth, alternately circular or clustered, carved with zigzag flutings or narrow spirals, and bearing heavy round arches carved in zigzags. Triforium and clere-story and vaulting are of harmonious design. The interior, at the time of the writer's visit, was washed a yellowish no-color, — a testimony against the ages of desecration. There is, or lately was, little stained glass, — a decoration much needed. The central tower is evidently of later work; it has a lofty groined roof. The choir, entirely open from the nave, has thus a grand effect. The altar screen is in very elegant pointed style; each of its parts springs as high as it well can. Across the east end of the church is an unusual oblong division, resembling one at Peterborough, but much larger and higher, and having a good but not so fine a roof. The style is pointed, and rather late. The common name of this division, in the customary place of the Lady Chapel, is the Chapel of the Nine Altars, — the number that once were in it. In it was the shrine of Saint Cuthbert, formerly one of the richest in Britain. All these evidences of ancient piety are now dismantled or destroyed; and the place has a bare, forlorn appearance. The monuments in the cathedral are not remarkable: Henry VIII. or other iconoclast despoiled them. South of the great church are the pleasant cloisters. Their stone arch-screens have simple stone traceries: their roofs, of oak, are flat, and divided rectangularly by large mouldings, and lately show effects of age and dampness. From the cloisters the so-called crypt is entered, — a large, dry apartment, in fair order, and neither dark nor otherwise quite like a crypt; for it is not built beneath the church; that being, like the wise man's house, founded on a rock. The Chapter House — or the little of it remaining — opens also from the cloisters. It is, or lately was, in an unsatisfactory condition. It was origi-

nally a noble, round-arched, Norman apartment, oblong, and with an apsidal upper end, built about the year 1136. In the last century, nearly all of it was barbarously demolished by nominal Christians, who appear to have been less thoroughly converted than was Count Witikind, or even his amiable son.

This cathedral of Durham, like nearly every other in Europe, has latterly received extensive repairs and "restorations." The dates of its original erection, however, as has been before stated, are so early, and the existing amount of ancient work and effect is so great, that the action of "Harold" can well be imagined within it. It was begun in 1093, by Bishop William de Carilepho. In about thirty years the walls were nearly completed. The internal vaulted roofs were not, however, entirely finished, it is said, until the latter part of the thirteenth century, and the altar-screen and cloisters about a hundred years later. The ground-form of the structure — of course that of a cross extending from east to west — is quite regular. The dimensions are variously given; but for a general estimate of size, the extreme inside length may be considered five hundred and ten feet, and that of the transepts one hundred and seventy feet. The nave is about eighty feet wide; and the vaulted arch of its central aisle is about seventy feet high. The two western towers are one hundred and thirty-eight feet high; and the central tower two hundred and fourteen feet, — to which their elevated site gives an effect of much greater altitude.

The Fourth Canto of the poem opens with a scene that can well be imagined amid this venerable, sombre, and expressive architecture.

— "the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order set;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows;
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar, — and prelate ne'er
More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row,
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair;

Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show'd they were not stone."

The prelate was addressing these churchmen, thus gathered, when in strode Harold the Dauntless, "come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."

"The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny."

Finally, mustering courage, he asserted, that "the Church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane." Count Witikind's estates, he said, had been given very properly, "that the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven." Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere held them for the holy See, Harold was told, as he was bidden to go in peace.

"Loud laughed the stern Pagan, — 'They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere, —
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone, and a corslet of lead. —
Ho, Gunnar! — the tokens;' — and, sever'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer."

Count Harold laughed at their fear, and their champions. And to show them his strength, with a single sweeping blow of his club he "split King Osric's monument." Then granting them a brief period for making decision on his claim, he strode from their presence.

Thus did the acquisitive Church, of old, sometimes gain wealth and property, and thus sometimes find these hazarded; and, as follows, sometimes seek to retain possession. In the conclave, the Cellarer Vinsauf proposed to intoxicate Harold, and then to fetter and imprison him. Walwayn, the leech, by poison would give him "a dog's death and a heathen's grave."

"'Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,'
The doubtful Prelate said, 'but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.'"

Anselm, Prior of Jarrow, then proposed that Harold should be asked to show a "proof of his chivalry" by an adventure to a

certain "Castle of Seven Shields." But Harold, striding back, interrupted the council. The Bishop received him with a temporizing speech, the issue of which was, that the powers of music and strategy were practised upon the fearful Count, and Hugh Meneville the Minstrel sang the ballad, "The Castle of the Seven Shields."

This castle cannot be discovered by antiquarian search. It seems to have been one of the rather plentiful works of that great master-mason the Devil, who very likely has taken it off, since it was made to serve his purpose; for neither map nor guide appears to give clew to it. The ballad about it is somewhat long, and is cunningly worded. Harold, instantly upon hearing this, determined to seek the castle, to enter its spell-bound precincts, and to seize much treasure said to be kept awfully guarded within it. The song was a shrewd device of the keen-witted clergy. Away to the castle, reckless as ever, the Count went, accompanied by his page Gunnar. On the route, he encountered a Palmer, with whose appearance was connected a strange and dreadful monitory interview, in which were displayed some of the seemingly preternatural powers of the Church, and its art of impressing these effectively in an age prone to receive and feel expressions and supposed words of another world, and priestly translations of its mysteries. And such was the intensity of influence thus exercised on the fierce Count, that he owned that his "heart beat thick as a fugitive's tread." He even was about drinking from a flask filled by Walwayn with a potent drink and given him that he might keep his spirits up, when the music of an advancing bridal procession caused him to pause. Onward it came with singing; and the burden was "Joy to the fair Metelill!" Harold stood concealed above its pathway, watching with increasing rage. A favored suitor — Lord William of Wilton — was with her whom he had once sought should be his! Rending a great fragment from the cliff beside him, he hurled it,

> "And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
> Save that beneath that stone,
> Half buried in the dinted clay,
> A red and shapeless mass there lay
> Of mingled flesh and bone!"

In another moment Harold was darting down to the plain, and very soon was besetting the bridegroom, and with deadliest intent;

when, through intercession of his page, and appeal to warning given by the Palmer, his fatal mace was dropped;—

"And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards heaven."

He had paused in his anger, and ruled himself for once.

"But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind, and shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying!"

Jutta, however, was quite alive, and seeking to restore them. She had found the flask filled by Walwayn, and was about administering to them its contents, when sagaciously she attempted to prove the liquid "ere pouring it for those she loves." Well for them that she did—

"For when three drops the hag had tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke."

And when their roused cries died away,

"The sorceress on the ground lay dead."

In fact, the two ill-conditioned, indesirable parents were despatched in a very expeditious and story-bookish manner, yet little to the advantage of the hapless lovers.

Onward went Count Harold, as he had proposed, to the "fiend-built towers" of the Castle of the Seven Shields. A great, gloomy, fearful place he at length found it. The Sixth Canto of the poem, that tells of it, is poetry to read with true effect in the most haunted-looking castle vault the traveller can find. The moral of the fable is profound and solemn, as it tells of this dread place, and of a desperate conflict in which Count Harold there became engaged,—when "the mortal and the demon close." It is a more evident allegory, expressed in romance, than even that in "The Bridal" (though possibly, yet not quite probably, the poet did not mean it). There is more precious truth, even, in the motives of the conflict, and in the victory Count Harold—stout in heart and hand—achieved, when he overcame the Fiend and bore forth "to light, to liberty, and life," the form of Gunnar, his faithful attendant, who had been seized by the great Adversary; and when he restored that loving and faithful one to consciousness that had been lost, and learned reality, and "inly said":—

"'That silken tress, —
What blindness mine, that could not guess!
Or how could page's rugged dress
That bosom's pride belie?
Oh, dull of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to rave,
With such a partner nigh!'"

One need not here analyze or expound: this canto is only another rendering of the old, strange, mighty story of the conflict of Good and of Evil told some way by records of nearly every faith, and by compositions of many a great author.

The poem closes a few lines after, yet it tells a sequel, and tells enough. Harold the Dauntless, washing from himself the stains of the conflict, and become an altered, a new man, purified and ennobled,

"Raised the blushing maid, —
In blunt and honest terms he said:"
"'Since thou for many a day
Hast followed Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Witikind's son shall the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

Thus ends this poem, so illustrative of the early times of the Church in England, and of characters then forming or growing into the great composite people her inhabitants have become, — a poem so illustrative, in romantic style, of troubled mediæval times that are nowhere more forcibly presented now, than in their imposing and enduring expressions existing on the castle and church-crowned heights of Durham, — the only definable scene, as before stated, that can be associated with "Harold the Dauntless." And a noble moral of a solemn and profound subject in the fable — one hardly to be discussed here — can be nowhere read or thought of with more propriety or effect, than amid the shades of the venerable and sublime Cathedral of Saint Cuthbert.

At this befitting and now sacredly kept shrine of the majesty and of the attractiveness of the olden time, we may turn from the poetic creations of the Great Magician that so delightfully and worthily present portions of both those aspects to us. In few other places associated with those creations can there be more complete realiza-

tion of our wide removal from the past of which he sings, and also of the connection that we yet maintain with it. Scarcely elsewhere have we more evident realization of his revivifying power, and of the mighty, or the uncultured yet earnest, spirit of the Middle Age, than beneath the

> "reverend . . . face of this tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their . . . heads
> To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
> By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
> Looking tranquillity!"

But, as the poet asks in the conclusion of "Marmion," — "Why then a final note prolong"?

The tour that leads through the places introduced by the poems of Walter Scott is a pleasant tour indeed. Whoever follows the clew his verses lay can hardly fail of experiencing much enjoyment The Lands of the Great Magician have, however, been but quite incompletely explored when only the places already sketched have been visited. On pages following, a tour is described that leads through the many scenes associated with the chief incidents of stories told in those of his prose works, that perhaps confer wider and more lasting fame on their great author, — "The Waverley Novels," related to modern romance as are the creations of William Shakespeare to all dramatic literature.

XVI.

RETROSPECT OF THE POEMS.

THIS work — a series of sketches of those scenes rendered celebrated by Walter Scott, and thus, also, of the stories of his creations — is hardly one of critical essays, requiring further analysis of the poems that have been described in it.

Each reader will have individual fancies, preferences, and opinions; and few will be likely to care much for very digressive dissertations here on comparative merits or faults, or expositions of character. In brief summary of general qualities, it may perhaps be sufficient to remark that "The Lay" furnishes the most favorite

passages, and possibly the most intense Scotticism; "Marmion" is the most stirring, and has the best introductory passages; "The Lady of the Lake" is the most graceful and generally pleasing; "Rokeby" may be considered the most elaborated and finished story, and "The Bridal" the most romantic; and "The Lord of the Isles" conducts us amid the grandest natural scenery. Scott himself wrote to James Ballantyne (Oct. 28, 1815): "I would say, if it is fair for me to say any thing, that the force in the 'Lay' is thrown on style; in 'Marmion,' on description; and in the 'Lady of the Lake,' on incident." Concerning the heroines of the poems, we must remember the old saying about comparisons, the fact that expression of preferences is not always necessary for any one of a dozen admirable young ladies, and the dangers that have beset judicial or critical decisions on feminine beauty, at least since the memorable ruling by Paris. Among the masculine characters of Scott's poems (and novels, also), the rascals appear to be oftener English than Scotch, and the good men are not always as interesting or as active as those who are not strictly virtuous. Though "Rokeby" may show most of human character, and though all these poems are vividly illustrative of distinguishing features of the times of which they treat, yet the Scotch stories are pre-eminently graphic. The poet's affections, it is evident, are strongly attached to his native land, — to the pleasant Border regions, and to the wild streams, the heathery hills, the misty mountains, and the grand isles of the North. There need be here no discussion respecting the comparative permanence of vitality in the poems of Scott, and in those of other great poets. One fact — a fact that suggested use of the clew his works furnish — remains, and quite likely will long continue to remain, — the fact that no other series of imaginative creations by one writer conducts as does his through so many delightful scenes so distinctively associated with them, where both works and scenes better entertain the mind and the imagination with thoughts or fancies of the great world of Nature and of the storied Past. And not simply of the Past, for no small part of the power and significance of these works is lost to one who reads them — one is indeed susceptible of improvement — who cannot perceive and receive in them, however much they are creations of Imagination, not only entertainment or pleasure, but also many suggestive lessons for daily thought and feeling and living, — all which are agreeably furnished to us in the poetic, and prose, romances of Walter Scott.

THE PROSE ROMANCES.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TOUR THROUGH THE LANDS OF SCOTT.

THE PROSE ROMANCES.

XVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TOUR THROUGH THE LANDS OF SCOTT.

THE poems of Walter Scott, and scenes associated with them have, in these chapters, been sketched in the order in which he successively presented them to the world. In further descriptions, a different arrangement — already mentioned — will be adopted, by which the scenes of his Prose Romances are sketched in an order that travellers may find perhaps as practicable as any for visits to them; and, also connectedly with them, to the scenes of his poems. Visits to all portions of the Great Magician's domains form a tour through nearly every part of Scotland, through much of England, a portion of Wales and of the Isle of Man, of Belgium and France, and of Swiss and upper Rhine country, and even of the far East.

Those who go northward in Great Britain, as travellers usually go (especially American), after visiting the northern Midland of England, or after leaving steamer at Liverpool, will find a pleasant route from Lancaster to Furness Abbey, a noble ruin charmingly kept. Thence the route may be agreeably by rail to Coniston Water Head, a very picturesque place, and then to Ambleside, by carriage; or, from Furness it may be by carriage to Newby Bridge, and, by steamer, to Ambleside at the opposite or northern end of Windermere; and thus all of this "Queen of English Lakes" may be seen. From Ambleside the route may be continued through the Lake District; first, past Rydal, with its memories of Wordsworth, to Patterdale. Thence it may lead to Keswick. From either of these last two places (better from the last) the scenes of The Bridal of Triermain, mentioned in chapter xi., can be advantageously visited, — the Valley of Saint John, Ulleswater, Lyulph's

Tower, and Helvellyn, all worth exploring. From Keswick also, there may be readily excursions to Skiddaw, Saddleback, Derwentwater, Borrowdale, and Scawfell Pike (the highest mountain in England, three thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet elevation).

From the Lake District, travellers may go to Penrith, and there see the remains of its castle, and of King Arthur's Round Table. Thence they may go by train to Carlisle. From that ancient city, interesting excursions may also be made. Certain of these excursions are into scenery associated with Scott's creations. All this can be seen in two or three days, if time is short, and will be described in the four chapters succeeding the next, in which, preliminarily, is some sketch of the first published of his Prose Romances, that has, from its title, supplied the well-known name of the famous series that followed it — "The Waverley Novels."

XVIII.

"WAVERLEY; OR, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

THIS "Immortal Tale" was published July 7, 1814. Its sale from the first was unprecedentedly rapid; yet it increased in favor with the world, so that during twenty years fully fifty thousand copies were sold, and at prices much higher than those now obtained for novels. It was begun, as Scott tells us, "about the year 1805," and was even advertised under the title, "Waverley; or, 'tis Fifty Years Since." It was, however, abandoned after about one-third had been written, and the manuscript was laid aside. After many years of poem-writing, Scott was influenced to turn his attention to another class of composition; and this neglected, or more truly then missing, fragment was brought to light, and the work was resumed, completed, and presented to the public as has been mentioned. A good thought of Scott produced this happy result. He observed how the excellent stories of Miss Edgeworth had done much towards rendering English people familiar with Irish character; and that she had thus even "done more toward completing the union, than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it" had "been followed up." Furthermore, he said, that "early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favorable an impression in the poem called 'The Lady of the Lake,' that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself." And thus, with patriotic feeling, and especial training, he composed this masterly delineation of phases of old-time life rapidly passing away; a delinea-

tion by which he not only made a great number of persons better acquainted with many Scottish affairs, and rendered these charming to them, but by which he also gave the world an admirable historic, as well as romantic, illustration of life and manners in his native land during the great "affair" of 1745, — the last (be it alway the last) great civil conflict in Britain.

These pages will not contain too full an exposition of the entire plots of the novels. Readers who are acquainted with them will remember them; and those who have yet to obtain the pleasure of a first perusal can have small thanks for such tale-telling. The scenes with which these plots are chiefly associated will be sketched, in order that, possibly, some persons may be aided, either in finding these scenes, therein to enjoy personal fancies; or, if elsewhere, in learning something of objects associated with the development of the power, or, with the achievements, of the great Genius of Romance.

"Waverley" is more representative of general classes of characters and objects than are many others of Scott's historical novels. The localities of its action are often ideal, — typical of the general description of the places they represent, and not actual, like Norham, or Tantallon, or Flodden Field; and furthermore, they are so scattered, that an enumeration of them forms a chapter of necessarily rather disconnected items. The story introduces us to Edward Waverley, son of Richard Waverley, a member of a government board (and then, of course, a Hanoverian), who was a younger brother of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley Honour, a very respectable and long-descended country gentleman, who staunchly supported Church and State according to pure Tory and High-Church principles. Each of the latter two Waverleys is a representative creation. The ancestral seat, also, is representative of "the stately homes of England" of the Olden Time. With the Knight lived awhile Edward Waverley, who, imaginative, idly industrious, gentlemanly, and handsome, was prospective heir to his uncle, — a good-natured and rather elderly bachelor. Edward had read voraciously, but desultorily, from general, and especially from romantic, literature, and had also been influenced by the story-telling proficiency of a maiden aunt resident with this uncle. When, at length, a choice of profession became usual, this young gentleman, like one of his social position and period, chose that of arms.

In due course he thus came to be stationed at Dundee, "a sea-

port on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment" was quartered, commanded by the well-known, excellent Colonel Gardiner. Obtaining from this officer leave of absence, he, then Captain Waverley, resolved to visit an ancient titled friend, and a correspondent of his uncle, to whom he had an introductory letter. An easy, two-days' ride in the saddle brought him toward the Highlands of Perthshire. "Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, the personage whom he was about visiting."

The name of this gentleman's residence was Tully-Veolan,—described as a castellated structure, "built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence." It was reached through a long avenue lined by alternate horse-chestnuts and sycamores, and leading from a mean and dirty village. It was as profusely adorned with heraldic bears as that quaint old Swiss city, Berne. Even the allied resources of archæology and antiquarianism can hardly determine the earthly position of this seat, for it is of the representative, or ideal, sort,—apparently designed from features of several of its class at which Scott visited. One ingenious writer states that it "finds a striking counterpart in Traquair House [near Innerleithen] in Peebles-shire," where there are, or were, a gateway, an avenue, and a house very like Tully-Veolan, but almost without the latter's important beauties,—the bears. Other persons have found much resemblance of detail between the Bradwardine seat and Ravelston and Craigcrook, two residences a few miles from Edinburgh towards Corstorphine Hill. Both have, or had, gardens in the curious, formal style prevalent a century or more ago, and described as pertaining to Tully-Veolan. A more complete resemblance is, however, found in Grandtully Castle, three miles from Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, situated, indeed, quite as we are told Tully-Veolan was, and generally considered its prototype. It is a massive, baronial mansion, in good repair, nearly four hundred years old, surrounded by noble elm-trees, and standing at a little distance from the road, yet not prominently. It is, or was, approached through an unpretending wooden gate, and through an avenue lined by horse-chestnut and other trees. The edifice, formerly reached over a drawbridge crossing a moat, is nearly square, and has a square, ivy-draped wing. It has, also, the frequent Scottish assortment of chimneys, gables, and queer pepper-box turrets

on corbels at angles. It is built of rather small broken stones, with abundance of dingy cement, and thus had, to the writer, a motley appearance. It is not large; and, if a comparison be permitted, it might, as a representative building, strikingly suggest the comparative wealth and luxury of Scotland in "'45" and now, if, as Tully-Veolan, it is contrasted with the neighboring lordly seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, — Taymouth Castle. In Scott's time, Grandtully had been held more than four centuries by the Stewart family then owning it, — a fact that might have induced him not to transfer it to the Bradwardines.

A more possible original than even Grandtully is said to be Craighall, a mile and a half north of Blair Gowrie in Perthshire, the seat of the Rattrays, a very old family, related to Mr. Clerk, who accompanied Scott during his tour in 1793, when he visited this place. It is one of the most picturesquely situated mansions in Scotland: "a modernized ancient edifice, on a peninsulated rock, rising two hundred and fourteen feet sheer from the Ericht, and formerly defended on the land side by two towers" still existing. It is accessible only from the front, and commands surprisingly romantic views. In several features it is not quite like Tully-Veolan; but when "Waverley" appeared, and Scott was the "Great Unknown" to nearly every one as he was to Mr. Clerk, the latter, according to Lockhart, "at once perceived," "from the position of this striking place," "and as the author afterwards confessed to him, that of the *Tully-Veolan* was very faithfully copied; though in the description of the house itself, and its gardens, many features were adopted from Bruntsfield and Ravelstone." Indeed, Mr. Clerk read "the first chapters of 'Waverley' without more than a vague suspicion of the new novelist; but when he read the arrival at Tully-Veolan his suspicion was at once converted into certainty;" and he said to a friend of Scott and of himself, "This is Scott's! and I'll lay a bet you'll find such and such things in the next chapter." There is, near Craighall, adding to its resemblances to the seat of the Bradwardines, a glen with a cave, described in a later portion of this story, and mentioned on page 145.

It is evident that although Tully-Veolan is a creation of the author, it is an excellent representative of a Scottish manor-house of the last century, and also that it is one of the styles of houses at which Scott visited while he was "making himself." At it, Captain Waverley became acquainted with the whimsical, gallant, old Baron, —

one of the Great Magician's remarkable and living creations, — and with Miss Rose Bradwardine, the Baron's only daughter. She was "but seventeen," and "a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty; that is, with a profusion of hair of paly gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness." Her features had a lively expression; her "complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck." Captain Waverley also formed a variety of acquaintance with other persons there, but, as natural with a young gentleman of taste and good heart, his social pleasures were chiefly associated with this handsome young lady, — one as simple, unaffected, and confiding as an adventurous traveller could hope to meet. After he had tarried several days at Tully-Veolan, a band of predatory Highlanders stole the Baron's cows and carried them into the fastnesses of the neighboring hill-country, as cows were then often carried. An attempt to recover these convenient animals, gave the Captain an opportunity — then seldom possible — of gratifying a desire to view the mountain scenery of Perthshire. He was thus led through interesting portions of that county not clearly traceable on modern maps, and in course of his wanderings to the house of Glennaquoich, residence of that well-known, gallant clan-chief, Fergus Mac Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, and of his high-spirited and handsome sister Flora, both enthusiastic Jacobites. It would be hazardous to assert the actual position of this house. Colonel Macdonnel, the last chief of the Clan Macdonnel, "who maintained to the last, it is said, the costume and usages of the ancient chiefs," and who has been considered the prototype of Mac Ivor, lived at Invergarry Castle, now a ruin, situated on Loch Oich (Caledonian Canal), at the lower end of Glen Garry, the upper portion of which is called Glenquoich. And thereabouts, we may suppose, we are again introduced to representative scenes and characters, — those of the last period of Highland clan life and active Jacobitism, where the old Stuart times were exemplified just as they were about becoming merged into those of United-British life now existing. Captain Waverley's adventures thenceforward became of a varied, complicated, delicate, or interesting nature, and had best be learned from Sir Walter's own representations of them, — that will form appropriate and desirable enough reading at some Highland house, or hotel, or glen; if not elsewhere.

"Entangling alliances," indeed, of politics, of war, and of love,

led the Captain not only through romantic portions of the Highlands, but also to picturesque places south of them. A single scene — one of the few that can be associated definitely with his adventures — should be mentioned here, and be visited by the traveller. It is a charming little cascade, — Ledeard (about eight miles, by road, from the Trosachs Hotel). It is a double fall of twelve and fifty feet height, in a small but exquisitely romantic, copse-clad ravine, rather deeply cleft into a great hill-side. Sparkling water descends between dark rocks nearly covered with deep green mosses. As the text of the novel describes: It is "not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which" make "the spot interesting." At this spot, the susceptible Captain had a romantic interview with Miss Mac Ivor, — one that readers of the story will well remember; but, as before declared, there will not be, just here, any undesirable disclosure of the emotions of the heroine or of the hero. No such evidently grievous wrong to a coming reader of "Waverley" will be here attempted, should such a person happen to see these pages.

The course of Captain Waverley's adventures can hardly be associated with another definable scene, until the fortunes of the civil war brought him apparently a prisoner, to Doune, then held for "His Royal Highness, Prince Charles Edward." Not very much of the story pertains to this Castle, — a huge, quadrangular structure, enclosing a court-yard within its venerable and massive walls and towers, and situated closely upon the road between Callander and Stirling. It was last occupied as a military post during this "affair" of "'45." From it Captain Waverley was conducted by an insurgent guard to Edinburgh. On the way thither the party passed near Stirling Castle, beneath the towering batteries and walls of which (held then for the established government), the commander of this guard, the Laird of Balmawhapple, displayed his rebellious banner and had his trumpet sounded. This insult was answered from the castle by a cannon-shot that swept closely over the doughty Laird's head and caused his party to flee as expeditiously as possible, the Laird himself bringing up the rear, however, and returning the fire by a discharge of one of his horse-pistols directly at the mighty fortress, — a courageous "measure of retaliation" not known to have been "attended with any particular effect." The party then passed Bannockburn, Torwood, Falkirk, and Linlithgow, a series of great places in Scottish annals of fame,

and finally entered Edinburgh. The story gives an interesting account of the Old Town as it appeared in those stirring and memorable times. Persons who know Scott's "romantic town" can feel how picturesque it must then have been. The place there chiefly illustrated is Holyrood, to some of the more modern portions of which the story agreeably introduces us. The most distinguished scene was the "long room" or gallery of the palace, now shown to visitors, that we may fancy reanimated by a state ball, described in the novel, attended by most of the brilliant ladies and gentlemen who had then joined their fortunes with the Stuart cause, and memorable to Captain Waverley as the occasion of his quite romantic presentation to the young and fascinating Prince Charles Edward. The apartment is about 150 feet long and 27 feet wide. The height is considerable. There is a rather simple wainscoting of pine, painted to imitate oak; and there is also a carved cornice. The chimney-pieces, two in number, are edged with marble. Windows on one side open upon the front court; and at the end, upon the Queen's Park, — a large extent of grassy ground containing Arthur's seat, almost mountainous in its elevation. The walls are lined with portraits of the Scottish Kings, some of whom lived centuries before painting was known in the country. Over two thousand years of royalty are portrayed in this upholsterer's gallery of art. Yet the room is noble.

The story is further connected with the battle of Prestonpans (fought Sept. 21st, 1745), and with a skirmish at Clifton. The former field is about ten miles from Edinburgh on the sea-coast; considerable of it may be seen from the railway. The latter field is also near the railway, four miles south of Penrith, or twenty-two miles south of Carlisle. There are many other places in Scotland and England mentioned in this novel, chiefly incidentally, but which can hardly be described connectedly without narration of too much of the plot, with which, indeed, they are not intimately associated.

A return of Captain Waverley to the Highlands in altered times, leads our attention to a secret cave or hiding-place used by an unfortunate gentleman, prominent in the story, who had been "out" in the "affair." The cave is designed from one in a glen really thus occupied near a residence described on page 142, — Craighall, near Blairgowrie. This retreat, like most of the places mentioned in "Waverley," is very suggestive of the vicissitudes of the unhappy

rebellion. It is in a wild ravine,—one of those peculiarities of Scottish scenery,—presenting high cliffs, forests, shrubbery, and dashing water picturesquely combined, and forming a pleasant place for a visit during a bright summer's day, but not a comfortable refuge during a prolonged period.

From this hiding-place, the action of the story leads attention more closely to Tully-Veolan, and finally to Carlisle, the scene of its latter development, in sad and tragic interest, that may be recalled with peculiar intensity by those who walk upon the battlemented walls of the ancient castle there.

And thus the closing of "Waverley" brings our thoughts to the city from which excursions described in the next three chapters are to be made; in which, also, are some notices of the place itself. Carlisle Castle, the scene chiefly associated with this story, though much changed, and of small strategic importance as a military post, is yet maintained and garrisoned. It is a large, irregular, sombre, reddish-brown stone structure, predominating over the city and country. It has two court-yards, entered through gloomy arched ways in heavy towers. There is a rather wide town and rural view from the walls. Nearly all parts of the castle itself show age. Founded upon a rock, enduringly, its red stone walls have grown dark, almost black, from action of time and storm and smoke, and their once smoothly cut surfaces are now worn and scaled. The great square Keep, the portcullis, and the long cannon, curiously combine the old and the new in war. Red-coated sentries or mustered companies present or recall military realities,—and of sad sort to readers of this story, who remember the end of "the Pretender's" great attempt, when the Georgean government here partly closed it, and, with it, the lives of many brave men engaged in it. The scene in "Waverley" that was here was of this sort, and illustrates a passing away of ancient manners and institutions and classes in Scotland, as distinct as was the revolution about half a century later of a similar passing away in France. "There is," said Scott in 1814, "no European nation which within the course of half a century or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745; the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs; the abolition of the heritable jurisdiction of the Lowland nobility and barons; the total eradication of the Jacobite party, which, averse to intermingle with the English, or adopt their cus-

toms, long continued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient Scottish manners and customs, commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth and extension of commerce have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from their grandfathers as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time."

Thus, at Carlisle, among closing scenes of the rebellion of 1745, and of this story illustrating it with graphic, with unrivalled, distinctness and interest, we may appropriately think of both Scottish and English life before it and during its changes, and lay aside "Waverley," while, also from Carlisle, we make an excursion — not long — to localities associated with a sort of corresponding tale, "Redgauntlet," showing the "Pretender," grown old and far less attractive, making, in 1770, his final attempt to gain the throne of his ancestors, — indeed a contrast to his great and brilliant adventure twenty-five years before. And after notice of this corresponding tale, we may, again from Carlisle, visit the scenery of "Guy Mannering," the second of the "Waverley Novels."

XIX.

"REDGAUNTLET."

Nineteenth Novel of the Series; Time of Action, 1770; *Published June*, 1824; *Author's Age*, 53.

THIS composition, the pendent to "Waverley," as shown at the end of the last chapter, is far less historical, and generally less interesting and important, than its companion; yet, as Mr. Lockhart thought, had "Waverley" not been known, this would have been deemed a masterpiece. And, he added, "it contains perhaps more of the author's personal experiences than any other of the series, or even than all the rest put together." It was written during about the last year of Scott's unbroken pecuniary prosperity; a year that, his biographer states, — "*mirabile dictu!* — produced but one novel;" for this was of the period when his literary achievements were almost fabulous in exuberance and richness. He had then gained the height of his remarkable position and success, — a position one of the most brilliant then held by any living person.

"Redgauntlet" is often rather sad in tone; yet it is by no means unattractive. A sketch of its long and rather complicated story may be omitted here, and simply mention of its chief localities may be given. Redgauntlet Castle, the chiefest, is said to be designed from Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, situated in Annandale, a few miles south-west of Ecclefechan station on the Caledonian Railway, — a station twenty miles from Carlisle. It was built in the fifteenth century, by Lord Herries, whose family name is so prominent in the novel as to have caused Scott to have used it, at first, for the title. The castle, remarkable for strength, and for the fine views it commands, is a turreted and pinnacled structure, in Scottish baronial style, "maintained in as comely a state as any edifice of its class" in the kingdom. Grose gives two views of it. The name of the parish in which it stands — Cummertrees — suggests

the name of a person rendered rather conspicuous by the story,—the Laird of Summertrees, a Papist conspirator with Redgauntlet in the last Jacobite attempt at insurrection. This worthy's appearance to readers suggests one of his adventures in "'45," and an excursion from that pretty, quiet, little Scottish watering-place, Moffat, to which the traveller should go when exploring scenes associated with "Old Mortality" (chapter xxii). The Laird had been "out" rebelliously, had been arrested by the established authorities, and was being conducted under guard to Carlisle, and to what was disagreeably likely, to his execution. The party was traversing a public road, where, about five miles north of Moffat, it extends along an elevation that overlooks a curious, deep valley, called the Marquis of Annandale's Beefstand. The Laird, who had been watching opportunity for escape, ingeniously made available the capabilities of this eligible place. It received its name, said the Laird, "because the Annandale loons used to put their stolen cattle in there." "It looks (he described) as if four hills were laying their heads together, to shut out daylight from the dark, hollow space between them. A d—d, deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the road-side, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom, there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed around it." The Laird, in a manner actually accomplished there by a gentleman in his situation, slipped from his guard, rolled to the foot of the precipitous slope, "like a barrel down Chalmers's Close in Auld Reekie," fled across the moors, and escaped.

A great deal of the action of this novel—peculiarly Scott's West-Border story—occurred on the Scottish and English shores of Solway Frith. This wide, shallow, and almost unique estuary is well worth a visit for its unusual character, and the land and water views it commands. At low water it presents a vast extent of sands, fordable in many places, and allows travellers a sort of Israelitish passage from one kingdom to the other: but the passage, although curious, is not thoroughly safe; for when the rapid tide rises, it may too overwhelmingly show the style of Pharaoh's discomfiture. At high tide it appears a great sea bay. A prominent place in the novel is "Fairladies," said to be designed from Drumburgh Castle, erected by the Dacres about three hundred years ago from materials of an older castle, and now, or lately,

a farmhouse. It is about nine miles from Carlisle towards the Frith. The most interesting remains in the neighborhood are, however, those of the wall of Severus, and of the *vallum* of Adrian, that terminated at Burgh-upon-the-Sands, also a locality of the story. Another is the town of Annan on the opposite (the Scottish) side of the Frith.

The curious plot into which the hero — the lover — of the novel is led, not only takes attention to this peculiar region, but also to many localities in the Old Town of Edinburgh, such as the Parliament House, and the Cowgate, and adjacent Wynds. The notice of one of these Wynds, — the College (Scott's birth-place), — on page 14, gives sufficient idea of their present condition. They are associated with much of the very interesting law plot, life, and story of the novel, as also is the Parliament House, a great apartment of which is yet existing, the Westminster Hall of Scotland in its history, although not in its architecture. In the latter character it suggests the famous English hall, but is inferior in size and style. It is described in chapter xxx.

"Redgauntlet," if its chief features are expressed in a brief paragraph, may be considered an interesting story of personal reminiscences of Scott; of old Edinburgh law-life and its haunts; of the last Scottish adventures of the last of the Stuarts; of the Quakers; of smugglers; and of peculiar West-Border scenery; but not as distinctly and fascinatingly localized a tale, as many others in the Waverley series.

XX.

"GUY MANNERING."

Second Novel of the Series; Time of Action, 1750–70; Published Feb. 24, 1815; Author's Age, 44.

THIS admirable and animated story, although represented as enacted in not a few places that are imaginary, is yet distinctly and chiefly associated with the southern coast of Scotland. A pleasant excursion, aside from common routes of tourists, will lead, in partly antiquarian, partly fanciful, explorations, to evident and interesting originals of localities that it describes and renders more attractive. The route of this excursion may be from Carlisle to Solway Frith, and thus to scenes of "Redgauntlet," and thence to Dumfries, with its *souvenirs* of Burns. Seven miles from the latter place is Caerlaverock Castle, the original of the Ellangowan Old Place of this novel, that should certainly be seen, and before the sea-shores hereafter visited, to which it must be supposed bodily borne by the power of creative genius. In the churchyard of the parish of Caerlaverock (between the castle and Dumfries), is the grave of Old Mortality, described on page 189. About thirty miles (by rail) beyond Dumfries is Kircudbright, a neat town, with an ivy-mantled, ruined castle. Six miles thence, towards the coast, is Dundrennan Abbey; and in its vicinity, sagacious investigation indicates that the action of "Guy Mannering" began.

The story opens showing us (about the year 1750) "a young English gentleman, who had just left the University of Oxford," traversing the wilds of the coast of Galloway, during a sombre evening, after he had spent the day in sketching "some monastic ruins in the county of Dumfries." He was diligently inquiring his way to "Kippletringan," a town that must be considered mythical. The general descriptions in the story give, however, some clew to his route (the writer thinks after the research demanded by this important subject), and suggest that the ruins that occupied his attention were those of Dundrennan Abbey already mentioned. The drive from Kircudbright to these ruins is quite worth taking. It is

through a pleasant country, and over a good road, partly well shaded, and partly lined by unusually high hedges, regularly or wavily trimmed. Some of these hedges, of red-berried hawthorn, are from fifteen to eighteen feet high. They are, like apparently every thing else in that region, the property of Lord Selkirk. Near the abbey the landscape is rather open. Hills, grassy or wooded, surround an agricultural vale, charmingly secluded and peaceful, though not so richly cultivated as others in England or in the Scottish Lowlands. In the centre of this vale — so much in what might be called the monastic style — is the Abbey, standing with its eastern end closely upon a pretty stream. This flows on and enters the sea, not far distant, at Abbey Burn Foot, — a notorious smuggling-place in the days of "fair trade," it is said, of which more soon hereafter.

Dundrennan, now well cared for by public authority, is interesting intrinsically, and also associatively; for at it, Mary of Scotland spent her last night in her northern kingdom. The monastic establishment was large. Its remains are yet rather extensive, and are picturesque although fragmentary: they may well have detained the Oxonian until darkness came upon him, and may detain brief attention here as they did his prolonged there. The writer found the ruins in good order and enclosed by a wall. The area within the latter was green with soft, smooth turf, intersected by pebbly paths, — almost too trim. The materials of the edifice are hard, slaty stone, now gray from age, intermixed with considerable red sandstone, grown to a reddish or purplish tint of gray. The church, cruciform, was about two hundred feet long, and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the transepts, and had a central tower bearing a spire, said to have been two hundred feet high. About twenty feet in height of the plain west front remains, pierced by a pointed, well-moulded, central door. The nave was one hundred and thirty and a half feet long: only the bases of its outer walls and of two pillars (the most western) remained at the time of the writer's visit. Much of the north transept was then nearly entire; but its three eastward chapels were destroyed. Its gable, the only one remaining, was nearly entire. The south transept was ruinous, showing the three stages of the east wall, — three pillars bearing triforium and clere-story. Both transepts appeared to have been of similar design. The choir, measuring twenty-six by forty-five feet, had neither side-aisles or chapels, but blank walls

bearing a clere-story. The east end had disappeared, and also the cloisters (once one hundred and four by one hundred and eight feet). Of the chapter house (fifty-one and one-half by thirty-five feet originally), a portion of the front remained, showing the great door, and on each side of it a window, originally with two days. Though many of the tall, narrow, external window arches are round-topped, most parts of the buildings are good Pointed, but are worn and broken: nearly all the mullions and headings are gone; and the south wall, much of the north wall, and part of the east wall; and also the refectory and dormitories, except the basement of the latter (a series of six vaults opening towards the cloister area). The architectural designs are usually simple, and present little sculpture.

This abbey, of Cistercians, founded in 1142, is another monument of mediæval piety devastated by semi-barbaric fanaticism, in a manner disagreeably prevalent in Scotland. Its apartments that sheltered the fugitive queen have now disintegrated as did her sad fortunes. And yet beneath the shattered, desecrated walls of its ancient church we can even now seem to hear the spirit voices of the departed monks intoning, through Gregorian chant, a solemn *De Profundis;* while in dream of fancy we behold, amid the gloom of that last eventful night, the beautiful, unhappy Mary kneeling, tearful and prayerful, before the consecrated cross that once crowned the shrine in the now dishonored chancel.

She was, it is said, "the last distinguished guest who was sheltered" at Dundrennan. She arrived there, "after a journey of *sixty* miles, in the evening of that fatal day" at Langside, when her cause as queen was finally ruined. On the next day, after "a solemn consultation," she persevered in her determination to intrust herself to Elizabeth of England, and from the abbey "proceeded (says Charles Mackie) through a secluded valley of surpassing beauty to the sea-shore, a distance of about a mile and a half," where her place of embarcation is still shown. Thence "she exercised the last step of her free agency," — that into a fishing vessel that bore her for ever from Scotland, "amidst the tears of those who accompanied her, and those whom she left behind."

From this interesting place the Oxford student may be supposed to have been travelling through gathering darkness perhaps to Kircudbright, — the possible actuality of Kippletringan. Those who now explore this region, especially if in the direction of the

coast, can easily imagine his perplexity among the rough and intricate roads that then existed in it, and his consequent wanderings, until he came as he is described to have come, to where "the roar of the ocean" was "near and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted, and apparently a ruined, mansion, of considerable extent," — "Ellangowan Auld Place" or Castle, — and how he thence turned to the "New Place," a modern house, near by; a simple, comfortable residence, where he found a hospitable reception. Descriptions and action in the novel, and aspects and history of the coast, lead along his probable route to a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile inland from Raeberry Bay, and thence by a path towards the coast. This bay is small; its shores are rocky, bare, and lonely, yet the scenery is picturesque. It is naturally very like the wild, secluded, interesting Ellangowan; and naturally only, for neither Old or New Place are visible; but the context of story and of vicinity (so to express it) render a reconstruction of both these possible and appropriate. To accomplish this, visitors should keep in mind Scott's descriptions of the two specimens of domestic architecture just mentioned, and also the many incidents connected with gypsies and smugglers in the novel, and in the legends of this locality, and then gain the view from Raeberry Head, — perhaps the best point for observation on this part of the coast. As shown to the writer, the Head is a high half-hill, with a worn, bluff end towards the sea. From the summit may be gained a wide and noble panoramic prospect. Southward, the broad channel sea rolls towards the land, surging and foaming about the base of the bluff, upon shelves of broad, curious, stratified rocks, — the bent edges of which are set horizontally to the water. Down to these, steeply slopes the gray, slaty front of the Head itself, presenting shattered edges of strata, around which are patches of grass or whin. Hares abound in and out of the many covers thus formed. Eastward rise the bolder, dark, reddish-brown cliffs of Abbey Head, and a long moorland height stretching inland from them. South-eastward, across the Solway, are the pale blue mountains of Cumberland. Immediately westward, upon the grassy hill-slope, Raeberry Castle is said to have stood; but it totally disappeared long ago. Beyond, over a lower intervening craggy point, is the broad mouth of the river Dee, with the rocky island of Little Ross, surmounted by a lighthouse of the same name. Farther on appear the hills of Wigton

and the long coast of Galloway stretching into the dim distance. Northward, is an extensive, hilly, rural country. Down the slope, westward, is to be imagined the "New Place;" for it is not extant, —abandoned probably by the reglorified family of Ellangowan, supposed now to inhabit a less retired spot. There is, however, a handsome, modern residence, not far away (property of Lord Selkirk, the writer was told), that may serve for the "New Place." To complete the scene of the novel, there must be imagined on the site of Raeberry Castle that of Caerlaverock, from which Scott seems to have designed, or copied, the "Auld Place." Caerlaverock, as stated on page 151, is accessible from Dumfries. It has been considered, by some, as both the scene and the site of Ellangowan; but critical erudition will hardly prove this important theory. It is not only situated inland, and on low ground, —and thus is not like the castle of the novel, —but it is separated by the river Nith, and by the dreary and treacherous breadth of Lochar Moss, from about the only monastic ruin an Oxonian could have been likely to have spent a day in sketching, — Sweetheart Abbey (with its story of devoted love); and no one acquainted with the Moss could fancy a stranger crossing it by night in search of any conceivable "Kippletringan." Caerlaverock, evidently thus not the site, is, architecturally, almost equally evidently the original of the "Auld Place," and is to be supposed, as before expressed, transported bodily, by the Great Magician, to the site of Raeberry.

Caerlaverock is a curious, out-of-the-way, old stronghold, delightful to an explorer, and quite such as was the castle of the novel. It was important from its foundation indefinite centuries ago. The present edifice dates from the year 1420, but portions have, apparently, been decorated long since then. It was dismantled about the year 1640, during those destructive wars that wasted so many of the ancient strongholds of Britain. Its ground plan is nearly a triangle in shape, with a round tower at two of the corners, and a pair, like them, at the third, the inland corner. The entrance is beneath a low, dark, massive arch, and under a triple portcullis at this third corner, and is flanked by the pair of towers, still nearly entire, plain externally to corbel-tables at their tops, and empty internally to their vaulted stone roofs. Adjoining them are little dungeon-like rooms (resembling the one in which Dirk Hatteraick was confined by Glossin). Within the castle is a triangular courtyard. On the right are ruinous buildings; on the left is a three-

storied wall (one hundred and twenty-three feet long), in handsomely decorated Scottish Baronial style; and beyond it are ruined stone-built apartments and stairs. In front of the entrance to the court are the scanty remains of the third side, where there appears to have been a large and handsome hall, approached through a round-arched door at the centre. The outer walls are yet almost entire, and of their original height, except on the site of this hall, and in one of the towers. The material — soft, red sandstone — the writer found grown reddish-gray, varied by russet-orange lichens or dull gray or greenish mould, spread by dampness, exposure, and age. Profuse ivy renders the ruins beautifully picturesque. The writer also found the castle surrounded by a moat choked with weeds, reeds, coarse grasses, and slime.

This mazy, old-world structure may be supposed transported to Raeberry Head, and there, as the "Auld Place," overlooking the wide sea, the lonely country and the "New Place," to render complete a "reconstructed" Ellangowan, scene of a great deal of the action of the story.

During the night when the Oxonian found comfortable quarters at the latter house, — the then occupied seat of the Ellangowan family, — its Laird became the father to a son and heir. The Oxonian, — Guy Mannering himself, — who was skilled in Astrology, cast the horoscope (and destiny) of the child. It was thus shown that important crises in his life would occur near his fifth, tenth, and twenty-first birth-days. These apparently not very reliable calculations were then treated as efforts at amusement; but the course of events, as shown by the story, demonstrated in a strange manner their importance and correctness.

After a short visit the Oxonian went on his way. The usual life at the Place — quiet and even monotonous — continued undisturbed during the next five years, except by the petty larcenies and final summary ejection of gypsy vagrants who settled themselves within the Laird's territories, and by some rather sharp work with smugglers, who, as has been stated, operated extensively in the neighborhood. Respecting one of the latter class, a Dutch skipper named Yawkins, — the prototype of Dirk Hatteraick, — Scott informs us in his notes. This smuggler commanded a "*buckkar*" called "The Black Prince," "that used to discharge her cargo at Luce, Balcarry, and elsewhere on the coast; but" whose "owner's favorite landing-places were at the entrance of the Dee and the

Cree, near the old castle of Rueberry, about six miles below Kircudbright."

On the day designated by the astrologer as one of the critical periods of the existence of the heir of Ellangowan, the boy was walking in company with his tutor, whom the world knows, — good-hearted, awkward, eccentric Dominie Sampson. The two were overtaken, and the boy was caught up and carried away by an acquaintance of the family, Frank Kennedy, — a noted and very active excise officer, then mounted and galloping towards the "Point of Warrock," to observe the movements of a smuggling vessel and its crew just then chased into the bay-like mouth of the Dee. Neither Kennedy nor the boy returned. Apprehension, and then alarm, for their safety, ensued, and active search for them was made. At length Kennedy was found, to the horror of all who saw him, lying dead at the foot of a cliff near the river mouth, and crushed beneath a huge fragment of rock, evidently torn from the crags above. No trace of the boy could be found. The vessel of the smugglers, burning not far from the shore, and huts that the expelled gypsies had left with threats of vengeance, were examined, and yet no clew was found to indicate his fate. The Laird's misery at loss of his son was soon increased most sadly; for this distressing event rendered him a widower while prematurely rendering him the father of an only daughter.

The represented scene of Kennedy's death may quite properly be supposed on the eastern shore of the mouth of the Dee, and not far from Raeberry. Beneath the crags that border the river there, may still be found a huge fallen fragment that could have crushed a dozen men. It may mark the very spot alluded to by Scott when he informs us that "strangers who visit this place, the scenery of which is highly romantic, are also shown [besides the cave next described] under the name of the Gauger's Loup, a tremendous precipice, being the same, it is asserted, from which Kennedy was precipitated." There is also a forest at some distance inland, that may answer for the "Warrock Wood" of the novel.

The Laird's physical and mental health, after these important changes in his family, gradually became seriously impaired, until, finally, he was paralytic. Meanwhile, the affairs of his estate — far too much under management and control of an agent and a lawyer, Gilbert Glossin — became also very seriously affected. The last crisis in the life and fortunes of the Laird was reached, at last,

when, chiefly through devices of this factor, the Ellangowan property was sold at public auction. The painful circumstances of his condition could no longer be borne: the Laird, while sitting where he could overlook the ancestral home, when, by this sale, it passed from possession of his ancient family, died in his chair attended, almost alone, by his only daughter, Lucy, who was left thus a destitute orphan. Glossin, despised by those who knew him, purchased the estate, and gained, if possible, the additional hatred and contempt of all classes of his neighbors, who well understood enough of the means by which he was enabled to obtain possession. The extent of his wickedness did not appear, however, until afterwards; but happily, not long afterwards.

A period of about seventeen years passed between the disappearance of the heir of Ellangowan and the time when the action of the story again became so important at the apparent ruin of the old family. We are then introduced to this scene at the sale, and also to the "Gordon Arms Inn," at the mythical Kippletringan, and to Mrs. Macandlish, proprietress, and to other persons. Colonel Mannering, Gilbert Glossin, Esq., and a mysterious young man named Brown, appeared, also, in performance of distinguished parts in the story. We are also rendered more acquainted with several smugglers and with their affairs, and, consequently, are led to the scenery at the mouth of Dee, and to the cave already mentioned, called Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, from the ruffianly captain, so active and important in the novel. This cave can be visited without much difficulty, and corresponds remarkably with that described by Scott. It is not far from the "Gauger's Loup" just named, and at the inner angle of a very small bay that pushes into the craggy shores. At this point the explorer leaves a pebbly or stony beach, and ascends over outcroppings of eccentric strata, and over *débris*, to an unexpected little hole in the earth, — the mouth of the cave, that must formerly, before enlargement and wear by visitors, have been very secret. At the sides of this entrance rise crags that present curious strata of rock, — dark, iron-gray, bent almost like inverted ribs of a ship's bilge; above these is a crest of grass-grown banks of earth. The cave can only be approached and entered at its front. Its main part, reached by a descent of several feet from its mouth, is perhaps sixty to seventy feet long, and from twelve to five feet wide, — perhaps seven feet is the average width and height. Towards the inner end the floor ascends and the sides converge until the cave

terminates in a low, narrow point. Near this is a little spring, continually, during summer and winter, dropping water into a little natural cup. From the interior of the cave the surf is easily audible. The events associated with this place, and described so vividly in the novel, could easily and probably have occurred in this strange den, and can readily be imagined in it, — the most definite locality of the story, indeed, that the writer knows. Readers of the novel can recall how much of the fate of the heir of Ellangowan, at the third crisis foretold of his life, was determined in and around it.

Southward from the cave is a curious, tall rock, named Brandy Crag, historically a scene of a great deal of smuggling during the vigorously developed "free trade" at Dee mouth. On the way back to Kircudbright, — about three miles distant, — travellers pass the pleasant estates of Lord Selkirk, and a village or two that might represent the "Portanferry" of the novel, where the smugglers and Gilbert Glossin despatched custom-house business in such fiery style. A more probable original may be Port Mary, on the sea-coast east of Raeberry. Along much of this way back, there are fine views westward across the broad waters of the Dee, and low mosses, and upon beautifully-forested Saint Mary's Isle, — seat of Lord Selkirk, — views that suggest the lines sung by a neat Scotch damsel near here, and heard by Bertram of Ellangowan at a time of uncertainty in his fortunes:

> "'Are these the links of Forth,' she said,
> 'Or are they the crooks of Dee;
> Or the bonny woods of Warrock-Head,
> That I so fain would see?'"

These lines, although interesting, are perhaps less so than a nice girl represented by a Scotch artist as singing them. It will be recalled how they caused Gilbert Glossin to growl anathemas upon popular rhymes, on account of thoughts about these fair scenes that they forced upon him; and it will also be recalled how they set to thinking Bertram of Ellangowan, — the mysterious Brown, — when he came a stranger into this region of his birth and inheritance, after Fate, and (what is often practically the same) human agencies had driven him over foreign seas and lands. They influenced him much as the voices of the London bells are said to have influenced that fabled young Whittington, whose sole fortune, once, was a cat, and pluck; for Bertram was, apparently, little richer when he

heard the song of the nice Scotch girl, and the novel tells us how his enterprise and deserts were rewarded.

Bertram's travels, immediately before his reappearance at this supposable Ellangowan region, may now be imitated pleasantly, and lead us, by an excursion not far to the north-eastward of Carlisle, as they led him, to Liddesdale, — that district associated with Scott's many early *raids* (page 16), with young Lochinvar's bold ride for a bride (page 45), and with the home and life of one of Scott's most natural creations, — honest, stout-hearted Dandie Dinmont of Charlie's-Hope. Travellers now will make a *raid* thither by rail, instead of by horse, or even by gig, as Scott did in 1798, when he introduced one, the first wheeled vehicle that entered the dale. This change in locomotion suggests a deal of history. A drive over the public road to Langholme should be taken, if possible, for the country it traverses is delightful. The excursion may be continued to the imposing ruins of Hermitage Castle, and thence back, down the dale of Liddel Water. This pleasant dale is agricultural or pastoral along its middle extent; along its upper, it is a mountain glen; and, in its lower, it is picturesque with cascades and hills. Besides this scenery, and Canobie Lee, where there was "racing and chasing" after "the lost bride of Netherby," the dale contains several Roman and Caledonian relics. The character of its inhabitants has naturally been changed, yet undoubtedly worthy successors of the world's acquaintance, Dandie Dinmont, yet exist.

The chief scenes of this novel, so far as they can be identified or "reconstructed," have been already sketched; but no account of them, or of the novel, is complete without reference, at least, to one who, with affectionate and sympathetic devotion, furnished Scott with many anecdotes and much other material of which he made important use in this novel and in others of the Waverley series. This one was Mr. Joseph Train, "the Antiquary of Galloway," and as he might also be entitled, Antiquarian purveyor to Scott. Mr. John Patterson wrote a biography of Mr. Train that contains many curious explanations respecting the origin of several of Scott's plots and characters. Acquaintance and correspondence existed eighteen years between the Antiquary and the Novelist, and ended only at the death of the latter. Their intercourse formed one of the pleasant stories of literary history. Through it all, says Mr. Patterson, we do not "find that Train was actuated by mercenary

motives in affording to Sir Walter that assistance which the novelist so highly valued."

The chief plot of "Guy Mannering" was suggested to Scott by a tale that he learned from John McKinlay, an old servant to his father; and also from "The Durham Garland," a ballad in sixty verses. Another source may be identified in the published reputed "Memoirs of" Mr. James Annesley, "an Unfortunate Young Nobleman," nephew of the Earl of Anglesea, who "Returned from A Thirteen Years Slavery In America, where he had been sent by the wicked Contrivances of his Cruel Uncle. A Story founded on Truth, and addressed equally to the Head and Heart." A long trial, in Nov. 1743, illustrates this case, and Scott's work. In the novel, Gilbert Glossin, as will be well remembered, enacts a part similar to that of the "Cruel Uncle" in this "True Story." That portion of the plot relating to the arrival of the Astrologer at Ellangowan, and to his fortune-telling on the night when the heir to the house was born, was, however, furnished to Scott by Mr. Train, from an old legendary local ballad of Galloway, — related, quite probably, to "The Durham Garland." Mr. Train also furnished to Scott the original of Wandering Willie in "Redgauntlet;" of Edie Ochiltree in "The Antiquary;" of Madge Wildfire in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" and sketches of Donald-na-Nord, one of whose ancestors was a reputed prototype of a prominent person in "Waverley;" the tale on which "The Doom of Devorgoil" was founded; and, not least of all, the story of Old Mortality, and incidents used in the novel named from him.

"Guy Mannering," in its stirring and varied action, not only tells us about astrology, gypsies, smugglers, country life, and plans for stealing a great estate, but also collaterally, and naturally, a deal about law and law-people, and in a manner adding very much to the interest and life-like character of this action. Contrasted with Glossin, the legal "villain" of the story, is Counsellor Pleydell, a literary portrait, it is said, of "Mr. Andrew Crosbie, who flourished at the head of the Scottish bar, about the period referred to in the novel." He, and other persons, direct attention to several of what may be called the legal localities of the Old Town of Edinburgh, that may tempt the curious to explorations, not only for associations they thus have with this novel and with "Redgauntlet," but also with Scott himself, whose education, profession, and tastes rendered him acquainted and pleased with such by-places and their

stories. Mr. Crosbie's haunts at Edinburgh were those of the legal gentlemen of his time, — "those obscure *wynds* or alleys leading down from the High Street, which, since the erection of the New Town have been chiefly inhabited by the lower classes of society," such as Advocate's Close, Writer's Close, Lady Stair's Close, and the West Bow.

As stated at the close of chapter xii., Scott wrote this wonderful novel during about six weeks before and after Christmas, 1814, and immediately published it. His rapidity of composition was only rivalled by the excellence of the work done. Mr. John Ruskin, in analyzing qualities of greatness, says, "Where the ease [of execution] is manifest, as in Scott, Turner, and Tintoret; and the thing done is very noble, it is a strong reason for placing the men above those who confessedly work with great pains. Scott, writing his chapter or two before breakfast — not retouching, — . . . [is] instantly to be set above men who confessedly have spent the day over the work, and think the hours well spent if it has been a little mended between sunrise and sunset." Again, of the superiority of creative to sentimental literature, Mr. Ruskin says, though "it may be as long before we have another In Memoriam as another Guy Mannering, I unhesitatingly receive as a greater manifestation of power the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse." [Modern Painters, iii. xvi.]

Originals of several characters in this novel, other than those already named, can be identified perhaps as readily as originals of their haunts. One Jean Gordon has been considered Meg Merrilies, — one of the most extensively known and oftenest dramatized of Scott's characters. Mr. James Sanson, of Berwickshire, is said to have shown a very exact resemblance to Dominie Sampson, who strides with such "prodigious" reality along the eventful chapters and the weird fields of "Guy Mannering." Two or three persons are said to have been the original of Dandie Dinmont. One of these was Archibald, brother of Mungo Park, the well-known traveller in Africa: another was Mr. James Davidson of Hindlee. He possessed numerous dogs named Pepper and Mustard, Auld and Young, Big and Little, like Dandie's canine darlings. Mr. Dinmont is, however, probably a composite character. Mr. Robert Chambers has happily supplied so full information relating to these several originals, that more need not be given here.

The temptations to prolong this chapter are manifold; but the amount of sketching to be compressed into nine and forty others, its companions, gives warning of necessary brevity and conclusion. And we may turn from a walk on the heights of Raeberry, or near the Crooks of Dee, as we may close a reading or thought of "Guy Mannering" anywhere, with the gypsy's prophetic words, that haunt the novel, and both foretell and fulfil its story, that come to mind when we read its printed page, or when we breathe the fresh sea-air of its Galwegian scenes:—

> "The dark shall be light,
> And the wrong made right,
> When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!"

And the Great Magician happily assures us how light at length prevailed over darkness, and right with its might over wrong; and how well, on Ellangowan's height, ended the calculations of The Astrologer, and flourished the fortunes of Bertram and of Guy Mannering.

XXI.

"Rob Roy."

Gilsland, Scott's Glasgow, and the "Rob Roy Country."

Fourth Novel of the Series, written in 1817; *Published Dec.* 31, 1817; *Author's age,* 46. *Time of Action,* 1715,—*mostly during the Rebellion.*

THERE is a peculiar fascination investing this story and its characters, and scenery that can be associated with them. Indeed, few of Scott's works have more readers, or so abound in picturesque incidents and persons, nearly all represented in romantic places, many of which can now be identified, and visited with pleasure; for this is the story of curious, old, half-haunted Osbaldistone Hall; of Glasgow Cathedral, and of the Highlands at Loch Ard; of the Scotch Robin Hood; of charming, miraculous Die Vernon; of inimitable Bailie Nichol Jarvie of the Saut Market; of that natural, calculating, conceited, semi-rascal, Andrew Fairservice; and of that wholly villanous Jesuit, Rashleigh. This story is associated with the first great armed attempt of the exiled Stuarts, in 1715, to recover the throne of Britain. It thus bears relationship to "Waverley,"—the tale of the second attempt in 1745; and if the latter tends to render sedition agreeable, this counteracts the influence.

So many persons have read "Rob Roy" that its incidents may be recalled here more in detail than are those of many others of the novels, in order to connect it more evidently with delightful scenes that, we feel, might or must have witnessed its action, and that continue, and happily seem likely to continue, unusually attractive. And travellers when at, or near, Carlisle, may begin explorations of its localities, for reasons permitted by the work itself, and rendered almost conclusive, at least to the writer, by a romantic story of Scott's own life.

The novel soon introduces us to its "hero," Frank Osbaldistone, the son of a great London merchant, who, on account of steady

Hanoverian principles, held a government office. This "hero," a young man of that disposition sometimes termed poetic, had small liking for commercial business, and accordingly, much to the disgust of his father, declined entering the house of "Osbaldistone and Tresham." He was consequently exiled from the metropolis to the seat of an uncle, — a Jacobitical, Papistical, fox-hunting, carousing, country Baron, — Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, who dwelt with six sons like their sire, at Osbaldistone Hall, Northumberland. During the hero's journey to this place he became acquainted with persons who were afterwards influential in his affairs. The chief locality noticed along his route is the "Black-Bear Inn" at Darlington, to which cabs may not now carry curious travellers.

The usually reputed original of Osbaldistone Hall has been Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, seat of the Earl of Tankerville, situated about twelve miles from Belford (mentioned on page 35), and famous for wild cattle in its park. Another reputed original is Biddleston, at the southernmost base of the Cheviot Hills, nearly twenty miles south-west from Belford. Quaint old "Inglewood Place" of the novel, represented near the "Hall," is said to be designed from Horton Castle, rather small and old, and standing in a bleak, open country, a few miles from Chillingham. The "Hall" of the novel, evidently rather "gothic," and rather a creation of fancy than of men's hands, may properly be considered a representative seat of one who, like Sir Hildebrand, was a representative of a peculiar class, prominent in his time and earlier, and may also properly be imagined elsewhere in the North Country than in Northumberland, notwithstanding the explicit mention of that county by Scott, — a mere disguise, the writer ventures to think, by reason of sundry facts and of sundry particulars good enough to be facts. A proper and probable original of the "Hall" may be found, as already intimated, during an excursion from Carlisle, — one of the most agreeable that can be made from that city, and one seldom made by Americans, — to a picturesque region associated with the love-romance of Scott's own life.

The route of this excursion leads east by rail twenty-one miles to Rose-Hill Station, and thence a mile to Gilsland Spa, a quiet and uncommonly pretty little watering-place, where Scott, in 1797, met, wooed, and won, Margaret Charlotte Carpenter. During August in that year, he and his lifelong friend, Adam Fergusson, son of Prof. Fergusson, while riding over some of the neighboring

hills, encountered a young lady mounted, who so charmed them that they followed her and found her resident at the Spa. Scott met her, and soon became her favored lover, and, at Christmas following, married her. The story of their mutual happiness during nearly thirty years, and of the pathos of his grief when her life ended, must be told hereafter along these pages. A portion of his own life, so delightful as that when he was a requited lover, would very naturally appear recorded somewhere in his writings; and where is it more graphically than in the delightful surprise of Frank Osbaldistone, when, as he approached his uncle's Hall, he encountered that lively, lovely paragon of the virtues and amenities, Die Vernon, mounted and riding over the hills, whom he followed to a country house where he had opportunity to know her, and to become — as any well-disposed man might have become — charmed with her. And when we find the vicinity of Gilsland abounding in Old-World relics, and find among these a castle that has been, for centuries, a grand "romance in stone," we can hardly help feeling that we may from it "reconstruct" Osbaldistone Hall.

This castle is Naworth, about six miles from Gilsland and less than a mile from the nearest station. It is one of the chief shrines of the olden time in all England, and delightfully illustrative of its history and of its statelier life during many a past generation; and happily, during that present, and prospectively, many an one to come. Without an attempt to deprive Chillingham of any possible honors, the suggestion may be made that its style — heavy Elizabethan — is hardly as near that of the "Hall," as is the picturesque, domestic, pointed, or Tudoresque style of Naworth; and, besides, the latter can be invested with associations appropriate, delightful, and unique. Naworth Castle has been, during centuries, a seat of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle. The daring assumption that it can have been, even in imagination, a home of the "Orsons" of Osbaldistone, may be pardoned by the consequent assumption that it can thus also have been a home of a modern goddess of the chase, of the moon-lighted sky and of the pure-aired hills, — the Diana of this story; and that it can be thus also invested with memories of those unique associations, expressive of the true-hearted romance in the life of Walter Scott.

The emotional traveller while approaching this noble residence, either over the green hilly slopes, or through the magnificent park surrounding it, must probably rely upon fancy rather than upon

eyesight for any suggestion of Die Vernon, but yet may be able to enter alone the court of Naworth as Frank Osbaldistone entered that of the "Hall." At the former, a great stone-arched driveway, flanked by a porter's lodge, and crested by a huge sculpture of heraldic devices, gives entrance to an outer court, on one long side of which rises the castle itself (two hundred and eight feet long), and on other sides of which are old, moss-grown, embattled stables, offices, and walls. The style of the buildings, as already observed, is late-pointed, partly domestic, partly castellated, and simple but picturesque. Most of the material is dark-red sandstone. Abundance of that peculiarly English veil of beauty — deep-green, luxuriant ivy — spreads upon the venerable walls.

An inner court-yard, reached from the outer through another stone-built passage, is surrounded by the large and rather complicated main structures of the castle. The dark-red walls, grown mouldy gray or mantled with ivy, are varied on the north side by drab sandstones. At the right, eastward, are stone steps leading to a great door that opens to the Hall, a noble apartment (24 by 70) of the grand old baronial style, — of course, "gothic." The lofty, stone-tinted walls have an oak wainscoting about four feet high. There is a raised dais that, like the hall, has a large fireplace. The one in the hall is huge, and flanked by great heraldic animals, supporters of banners bearing family arms, each brilliantly painted. All about are family portraits; and high up, is a series of corbels bearing painted shields charged with family insignia. From these corbels spring low-pointed, arched, oak girders, sustaining many oaken rafters, and indeed the whole oaken roof, a simple but noble one. Towards the court, open large stone-shafted windows, — from the dais, one especially large. The floor is stone. The furniture is quite in keeping with the prevailing style, combining modern comfort with ancient characteristics. The whole forms an ancestral Hall of the completest story-book sort. From the head of the dais, a door opens to "Lord William Howard's Tower," now containing a capital, square-turned stone stair, and the apartments occupied by that celebrated guardian of the Border, and hero of the Castle, 1624 to 1640. He is mentioned in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." His bedroom, on the second floor, is finished with dark oak wainscoting, and has very deeply set windows, from which are delightful views. It has also a curious fireplace. The door is very heavily made of rudely wrought iron. None of

the old workmanship, indeed, is nearly as neat and good as the new, but it has proved strong and true. On the next floor above is the library. Its condition was rather indifferent when the writer saw it. It has a curious, double, low-pitched ceiling, with massive, richly carved oak beams. Adjoining it is an oratory, irregularly square, and not large, commanding from its window a noble view. On one side is a beautiful shrine, opposite to which is a painting in ancient style, representing the Crucifixion. The walls are lined by high panelled wainscoting of oak, bearing, in illuminated gothic letters, the common inscription attached to the Mater Dolorosa: "O vos omnes qui traditis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus." Appropriately, in like manner, appears also an English translation of portions of the "Stabat Mater." The great chapel was burned in 1844, during a conflagration that destroyed a large part of the interior of the castle. Lord William's tower was the chief portion spared. The upper story of the main structure, towards the outer court, is occupied by the gallery, one hundred and sixteen feet long, rather narrow and low and plainly finished. Its walls are almost covered with family portraits, old armor, and curiously carved cabinets. Its small, square, stone-shafted windows command views of the outer court and of quaint old gardens. The apartment and its outlook distinctly suggest the library at Osbaldistone Hall, as described in the novel. Very comfortable chambers adjoin the gallery. Beneath it are the modern drawing-rooms. The whole castle is really a great historical monument as well as a noble seat of a noble family, — of "centuries of Howards." Its size and strength and intricacies show impressively the risks attending high life during ages on the Borders, and the long, stormy story of international feuds. "The whole house," says Pennant, "is a true specimen of ancient inconvenience, of magnificence and littleness; the rooms numerous, accessible by sixteen staircases, with most frequent and sudden ascents and descents into the bargain." Says a later writer, "the whole internal contrivance" seemed "only calculated to keep an enemy out, or elude his vigilance should he happen to get in; its hiding-holes are numerous; but it seems probable that many of its close recesses are even now unknown." Or as Scott himself says in the "Border Antiquities," this is one of those "vast and solid mansions of . . . ancient nobility" that "were like their characters; greatness without elegance, strength without refinement; but lofty, firm, and commanding,"

and, the writer ventures to add, picturesque as cultured modern life cannot be, even as the smooth lawn cannot present the effects that we see and feel in the shades of the sturdy old moss and ivy-grown oaks of Naworth Park.

This long and rather desultory, but almost irrepressible, notice of this original of the "Hall," can hardly better close — after the liberties it has taken with Lord Carlisle's private property — than by Scott's tribute to the Earl in 1814, — equally due to his present successor. "The noble proprietor" of Naworth "deserves high praise for the attention bestowed in maintaining this curious and venerable pile in its ancient state," — one of those historical as well as romantic monuments loved by very many of the English-speaking race. And the writer feels, as did Scott, that he cannot better conclude a notice of this castle, than with lines written by an Earl of Carlisle:

> "O Naworth! monument of rudest times,
> When Science slept entombed, and o'er the waste,
> The heath-grown crag, and quivering moss, of old
> Stalked unremitted war! . . .
> Yet all around thee is not changed; thy towers,
> Unmodernized by tasteless art, remain
> Still unsubdued by time."

Mr. Frank Osbaldistone found his uncle and his masculine cousins (with one exception) thorough boors of mediumly high life, given to field-sports and carousing; and all of them living in a quaint, intricate old castle, of which Naworth may be considered an example, refined and enlarged. He also found Miss Diana Vernon an uncommonly attractive young lady, combining most of the virtues possible, and many that may be impossible, in any one girl of eighteen; and, notwithstanding her position, well-bred in feelings and in manners. She was under one of those spells formerly (at least, according to story-books) contrived for blighting the life of a woman, — a family arrangement by which her allowable marriage was predetermined. She was doomed to marry one of the sons of Sir Hildebrand, — all of whom she cordially and properly detested. The one who exceptionally was not dissipated was Rashleigh, the "villain" of the story, — a Jesuit of the conventional style. He was educated, and aspired to her affections, but in a manner shown to our intense indignation by the story. Mr. Frank Osbaldistone soon found opportunities to meet the marvellous goddess of the "Hall"

and to enjoy not infrequent interviews with her, especially in the curious, romantic library, a charming apartment, suggested to us by more than one supposably like it at Naworth. This library, with heavy oak carvings and "shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so dear to the seventeenth century," was the scene of readings and talkings that determined the fate of both of the then happy pair; and that excited the bitter jealousy and hatred of Rashleigh. This man, active, ambitious, designing, and unscrupulous, at length received appointment to the place in the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham declined by Mr. Frank. Awhile after this, the latter discovered that causes, intimately affecting his own fortunes and honor, and those of his father, obliged him to leave the Hall and Diana, "perhaps for ever," and to leave both in a rather stealthy manner.

About three o'clock on a certain Monday morning, he departed, accompanied only by that mature and sagacious "gardner-lad," Andrew Fairservice. Their route lay to Glasgow, where business relating to the important affairs mentioned awaited him. Travellers now, who of course go to Glasgow by rail, will hardly realize how long and how dreary the passage of the Borders then was. As Mr. Frank is supposed to describe that country: "One chain of barren and uninteresting hills succeeded another, until the more fertile vale of Clyde opened."

The visitor to Naworth may, previously to tracing his adventures, explore the several remarkable places near it and at Gilsland, from which it is only about six miles distant. The number and interest of these places, associated or not with Scott, show, as a tour through his lands not infrequently demonstrates, that he leads us not only to scenes he himself has charmed, but also to many that suggest the stories of wonderful varieties of human life and art. From Naworth, the visitor may stroll through its quiet, noble, old park, down the slopes, and under the dense trees and shrubbery, to the open, level, pastoral vale of Lannercost. Midway in this, and perhaps a mile from the castle, will be found the pleasing and unusually entire remains of the Augustine Priory, named from the vale, where many a noble Dacre, Lord of Naworth, was buried. From under the skeleton arch, yet remaining, of the ancient gateway, is a capital view of the west front of the church, still entire, and with portal, and lofty, lancet, pillar-cased, Early English windows. The door continues to give access to a nave in good repair, now used as a

parish church. It has lost its southern aisle, but retains its northern, with three heavy pillars. The style is simple Early Pointed. The color is, or was, ashy-red. A wall divides this nave from the transepts, and presents a feeble imitation of a triple lancet window. The transepts are picturesque, varied in design, and, although unroofed, tolerably entire. In six eastward chapels, and near them, are several large, well made, and but slightly broken monuments to the Dacres. As the writer remembers these monuments, he suggests that they might easily be cleaned and restored; and indeed, that the portion of the edifice containing them might be covered by a proper wooden roof, and with moderate repair be rendered a noble family mausoleum. The chancel here suggests, on a smaller scale, that at Melrose. There is a curious walk around the transept clere-story, quite worth exploring by those who enjoy Old-World nooks. A great many of the stones used in the walls, were, noticeably, taken from the mural fortification built near here by the Roman emperor Severus (about A.D. 207). Some of the infrequently preserved monastic offices remain at Lannercost, built in irregular, picturesque, battlemented, domestic style. An edifice of this sort adjoining the west front was, it is said, a portion of the residence of Lord Dacre, who held the priory after the dissolution. The cloisters, with the fate that has frequently attended them elsewhere, are utterly ruinous. A crypt, gray and damp, exists, however, at the south side of their site. The dormitories once above it have disappeared, leaving only a grass-grown floor. Altogether the ruins are sufficiently erect, intricate, and picturesque, to render them quite interesting.

The way from Lannercost to Gilsland leads near the slight remains of Triermain Castle (page 88), where Sir Roland de Vaux dreamed of his more than mortally perfect bride. Not far beyond this ruin, it leads to Burdoswald farm, where may be found some of the most perfect existing portions of the great Roman wall of Severus, and also the distinctly defined remains of a Roman camp, — Amboglana, the most perfect, attached to that work. The wall stretches over high ground. It was built, or faced, with small, square, ashlar blocks, resembling some modern pavement stones in size and shape. The wall now averages but few feet in height and in width. Time has made it venerably gray, or has veiled it with mosses, or garlanded it with abundant wild-flowers, — subjects of two verses of Scott's earliest fugitive poetry, presented by him, with some of these

flowers, "to a lady," immediately before he met Miss Carpenter. They record a slight flutter of emotion in these words: —

"Take these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
But they yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair."

The camp is commandingly situated upon a high, steep, northern bank of the river Irthing, that, closely beneath, bounds it on almost three sides. Its rampart, its western and southern gates, and some other portions, are quite entire; its area is about two acres. Both wall and camp are yet imposing monuments of the power of ancient Rome, even at these farthest bounds of her vast empire, and also the oldest architectural evidence of the dangers and violence of Border warfare. Through this region are many wide and noble views, extending, sometimes, westward to Criffel in Galloway.

Gilsland Spa will be found a quiet, romantic, little watering-place. There is nothing of the brilliant style of Saratoga or the Rhine-valley spa in it, but it is an uncommonly pretty and pleasant spot. Scott visited it twice, at least. The house in which he probably lived was burned a few years ago, but is replaced by "The Shaws," a large brick and stone hotel, commanding extensive views over a hilly, grass, or forest-grown country. The spring itself is near by, close to the dashing river Irthing, where a precipitous bank of gray, stratified rock impends above it. The Spa water is bright and clear, with a flavor of that sort agreeable to those who like it. Perhaps an eighth of a mile distant, along the winding stream (crossed twice by stepping-stones), is a secluded spot where may be found the most attractive popular antiquity of Gilsland, a true lover's shrine accurately identified by tradition, and by that authority named — not in sweetest possible words — "The Popping-Stone." It is rather a large, flat boulder, shaped so as to give quite an endurable seat to two persons. Around it is charmingly secluded and romantic vale-scenery, all so close that admiring fancy and regard at once embrace the whole. While we sit upon this stone, as its worn top suggests that many others have sat, we may — best if we are the right two together — then gaze on the peaceful scene; and, recalling the story of the meeting of Frank Osbaldistone and Die

Vernon, and what that meeting brought; and thus thinking how, near here, Walter Scott met Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, we can imagine the story of our seat.

From up the little valley comes the pure, brown, narrow Irthing, sweeping around a headland, and rippling and rustling musically over a stony channel shaded by thick forests rising high along the opposite side; and confronting these, by lofty, horizontally stratified gray crags, or brown earth-banks relieving the rock colors, and by close growths of trees and shrubs that crest both crags and banks. Abreast the seat, the stream, widening to a pool, smooth and mirror-like, flows slowly onward, reflecting the larches or firs, the oaks or ash trees above it. Below the pool, the stream bends reversely to the direction from which it first comes to sight, and thus reverses a similar view, through which, beyond a foreground strewn with flat or angular, small and large, gray stones, it disappears.

And on this seat, in this fair scene, tradition tells us that Walter Scott sat beside Margaret Charlotte Carpenter when he asked her heart and hand, and when she, in words, joined her love and her fortunes with his, and gained both a noble and happy home and name and place among the true "Loves of the Poets."

Indeed, there is power in the simple story of two hearts that love makes one,—power in genius, and in the memory of the Great Magician! Here, long time ago (1797) sat a young, not very flourishing Edinburgh lawyer, beside the daughter of a French refugee merchant, and asked her to be his wife. And here also, year after year, have many persons, come from many parts of the wide world, sat where they sat, attracted by the magic and kindly power developed in him, to this charming scene so emblematic and so suggestive of the beauty of their heart's story. And we can but think, how much of his noble success, and of his enjoyment of life (so contrasted with what is often felt by authors), was imparted to him by that happy home, so much of which was made by her who, here, or near here, joined her love with his. There is scarcely another such spot; it is fairer, and, in sequel, far more joyfully suggestive, than that quaint fireside seat lately remaining at Shottery, on which Will Shakspeare sat with Anne Hathaway, or that vale of Coilsfield where Burns and Highland Mary met—and parted. The man who in this romantic region first met and learned to love Charlotte Carpenter, and who knew her best, might well have described the meeting and the acquaintance of Frank Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon; and

might well have given his hero those last fond words with which that hero tells us of her; and well, also, have written those touching and pathetic passages that now record his own strong and enduring love for one who, after plighting words here spoken, lived many years nearest and dearest to him.

When we return to Carlisle by rail, we may find near the station (Rose Hill) a snug, neat, well-conducted house, pointed out as once "Mump's Ha'," where Bertram, in "Guy Mannering," when returning to Galloway, first met Dandie Dinmont, when the "Ha'" was a noted Border inn, with ill-reputed stories of robberies. Near it is a portion of the Roman wall.

At Carlisle travellers should not only examine the County Hotel, but also the castle celebrated in "Waverley" (page 146), and the cathedral, distinguished chiefly for its principal extant part, — its noble choir and its great west window, beautiful with flowing tracery and colored glass, esteemed, indeed, by some, the most beautiful window even in the world.

From Carlisle travellers may continue the general route of this tour by taking the rail for Glasgow. Stop may be made on the way there, perhaps at Ecclefechan Station to see the original of Redgauntlet Castle (page 148), and certainly, if possible, at Beatock to see Moffat and remarkable scenery that can be associated with "Old Mortality" and with the trials of the West-country covenanters during the latter years of Stuart rule (chapter xxii.). Stop is also desirable at Lanark for a visit to the Falls of the Clyde, that in some features suggest the American Trenton.

At Glasgow, the story of "Rob Roy" is again recalled, and several places may yet be found associated with it. Frank Osbaldistone is said to have reached the city on the Saturday evening following the Monday on which he left the "Hall," and to have established himself at a retired inn, of which the writer has not the advertisement. Mr. Osbaldistone, although he found the city far less important than it now is, found it giving promise of the wealth it has gained. On Sunday morning he early attempted, as a first attention to his own and to his father's affairs that had led him thither, the discovery of the head clerk of his father's house, who was then in town. This person, an excellent bachelor, was then somewhere in Glasgow for attention to business that intimately affected the solvency, or even the very existence, of that heavy concern, Osbaldistone and Tresham, of which he was representative.

Thus endeavoring, Mr. Frank Osbaldistone was led by his guide, Andrew Fairservice, to a place where he would be, on that day, most likely to see the object of his search, — going to worship as he ought, in Scotch fashion, — the "Barony Kirk," now better known as the Cathedral.

Some of the truest words ever attributed to Andrew Fairservice are those in which he describes this noble edifice. "Ah! it's a brave kirk," said he to his employer, "nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it — a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a downcome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa'." But, as he explained, it was saved by the "trades" of Glasgow, who took righteous pride in it. "And," he added, with more wisdom than some of his countrymen have had the head or heart to exemplify, "I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland."

The grand "auld kirk" — abundant thanks to its many protectors — stands scathless; and indeed, renewed in comeliness and strength and majesty. Its position, upon a hill on the outskirts of the town, and directly over the deep, narrow ravine of the Molindinar Burn, is quite commanding, though inferior to many English Cathedral sites. It is reached through disagreeable streets, and is surrounded by rather wide, open, gravelled, or paved spaces; the churchyard itself being almost covered with an incrustation of memorial slabs. The edifice, of course cruciform, has a central tower and spire, and a simple west front. It was built mostly during seventy-four years of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in early pointed, and presents the peculiarities of the Scotch treatment, — massiveness, simplicity, and boldness, rather than external sculptured richness. It is 319 feet long, 63 feet broad, and 90 feet high. The spire is 225 feet high. The exterior is gray and venerable, blackened, even, in some parts. The cathedral in its present condition is an honor to Glasgow, — a monument of its Christian civilization. Few similar structures in Britain are in such complete repair and are so neatly kept. The entrance is usually by a south

door. The great interior presents features of almost stern simplicity, relieved, and rendered very effective, by elaborate foliation of capitals and rich moulding of the aisle arches. The color is a light ash or drabish-gray, — mostly that of fresh, clean stone-surface. The windows of the edifice, from crypt to gable, nearly a hundred, are filled with painted glass, forming not only one of its chief glories, but one of the most extensive and splendid collections of the sort. The glass is quite modern, and nearly all produced by the Munich school. It presents a long series of Scripture illustrations, and many "memorials," — like the great and brilliant west window (about the first filled), commemorative of several members of the family Baird. Criticism of work and of design is possible ; but praise of the munificence and devotion demonstrated is more possible, and more grateful.

The triforium and clere-story of the church are rather curiously combined. The vaulting of the aisles is very good, though in simple groins. The great nave arch is simple, not groined, and is slenderly and rather poorly ribbed. The transepts are only as wide as the central tower arch, and one bay deep. There is a good, and strong stone choir-screen, with a massive, well-carved, oak facing towards the choir. There is no organ (that the writer remembers). The pews and other appliances of worship are simple. The Lady Chapel, formed by two aisles like the nave-aisles, is peculiar; so also is the square Chapter House opening from it. The most noticeable feature is, however, the Crypt, one of the noblest in existence, and indeed, the unique curiosity of this cathedral. It is beneath the Choir and Chapter House. The ground on which it stands slopes steeply towards the Burn, and leaves it mostly, or quite, above ground, — an unusual situation. It is uncommonly well lighted, and one can with ease imagine it used as a parish church, as Frank Osbaldistone found it on the Sunday morning when he visited it. There are two rows of pillars of unequal size ; and between these, along the centre, several others quite eccentrically placed. Above all, is much curious and intricate massive vaulting. The ribs are boldly defined, and the large bosses, like the capitals of the pillars, are richly sculptured. There are small but very fine lancet windows of colored glass, most of them memorial. The stone color is generally a venerable, dark, or ashy, gray, except as the groin fronts are lighter and brownish where recently scraped or recut. This whole place is wonderfully picturesque, and its mazes seem

made for such a scene as Sir Walter has created in it. During this scene, Frank Osbaldistone looked with care over a strangely assorted audience there assembled for religious service, and was endeavoring to discover Mr. Owen, when, it will be remembered, some one, from behind a pillar close by, whispered distinctly in his ear, "You are in danger in this city." Quite unable to ascertain whence this mysterious and portentous announcement came, he waited to hear the voice again.

After a while he once more heard the unknown whisper: "Listen, but do not look back. You are in danger in this place, so am I, — meet me to-night on the Brigg at twelve preceesely. Keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation."

When the voice ceased, Frank Osbaldistone instantly turned, but was unable to discover from whom it proceeded. The speaker had evidently hurried away among the mazes of the crypt, and thus escaped the pursuit at once attempted by his startled auditor, who only succeeded in drawing upon himself unpleasant notice from the officiating minister caused by a disturbance that he inadvertently occasioned. After the service, while the audience was dispersing, Andrew Fairservice pointed out to his employer Mr. MacVittie, an obdurate Scotch money-getter of the externally saintly species, whose clutches Mr. Osbaldistone then and thereafter fortunately escaped.

A combination of reasons induced Mr. Frank to act according to the advice of the mysterious whisperer; and thus, at midnight, he met that person on the old bridge that then crossed the Clyde.

This ancient and important structure, formerly the chief "communication between the city and the south-west parts of Scotland," was built by Bishop Rae in 1345. It was too small for the modern traffic, however, and since 1850 it has been replaced by the present noble "Victoria Bridge." From this latter is an imposing view of the Broomielaw, the harbor or great dock of Glasgow, of which the citizens may be justly proud, since they themselves have formed it, deep and broad, from a narrow and shallow river; and have covered it with the best of shipping. The old bridge was eight arched, and closed by a gate at the southern end. In the time of the story it was far more an unfrequented place at night than is its successor. From it the stranger, after another mysterious sort of interview, conducted Frank Osbaldistone to a more remarkable place, — the city prison, or Tolbooth, then situated at the corner

of the High Street and the Trongate, in the centre of the old town, but no longer existing. Its site, adjoining the crowned tower, now or lately, standing there, is occupied by heavy, turreted warehouses. At this prison Mr. Frank gained insight into mysteries that had surrounded and perplexed him. The stranger who had whispered at the kirk, and who had conducted him thither, proved to be Rob Roy, — outlawed and hunted, — who, for reasons then inexplicable to Mr. Frank, was apparently acting for some friendly being, — even for the adorable Diana (who continually was doing him precious service while she happily helped develop evidence of much villany that Rashleigh was perpetrating). Thus it occurred that Mr. Frank was, at the Tolbooth, enabled to meet his father's head clerk, Mr. Owen, confined by the obdurate MacVittie because the reported insolvent house of Osbaldistone and Tresham owed MacVittie and MacFin certain unsecured debts. It will be remembered that the London firm had admitted Rashleigh to partnership, to the place declined by Mr. Frank; and it will also be remembered that Diana Vernon had most just and sufficient reason to know and to fully comprehend the ingenuity and baseness of which the accomplished, but thoroughly mean and wicked, Jesuit was capable, and that he was actually exercising, — against her, against Mr. Frank, against the London house, and even against the established government.

Thus, in this seemingly ill-omened prison, the hero of the story was started on the right course for circumventing ruinous plots against an admirable young lady's peace and honor; against his father's commercial credit and fortune; and even against his country itself. He had not gained this very valuable knowledge, before the unexpected entrance of a civil magistrate seemed, at first, to threaten confusion to its application; but the incident and the officer eventually proved very beneficial to the whole business, and to the honest persons involved in it; for the magistrate was that good, entertaining character, Bailie Nichol Jarvie, — the very reverse of the captivating MacVittie, — come, even on a Sunday night, to ascertain how he might ameliorate the temporal condition of Mr. Owen, though the latter's principals were indebted to him. Rob Roy was evidently at serious disadvantage, confronted as he was within the very town prison by a town Bailie. But the story, besides showing a Scotch relationship between the two, extricated the Highlander completely, properly, and divertingly, to do much good service in the future.

Hence, the action of the story leads us to the house of worthy Mr. Jarvie in the "Saut Market" near by, where the English gentlemen breakfasted with him next day.

The respectably inhabited portions of cities have always been subject to vicissitudes, and this Salt Market Street shows this fact. In the times of the Bailie, and of his father, the deacon, before him, it was a reputable, quiet street enough; but now, certainly to outward view, it is far from being a desirable place of residence. Sights, sounds, and smells, secular, and even profane, abound. The rather large and old houses do not beguile us into explorations, or to conceptive picturing of snug breakfast parties in them. Still, while noticing this evidence of the mutability of human things, we cannot but always pleasantly associate the "Saut Market" with the entertaining and commendable Bailie Nichol Jarvie.

The next scene to which the action of the story leads is farther up town, — the University on the High Street, — a continuation of Salt Market Street. The reader of these pages will hardly be able, probably, to find this old "landmark" of Glasgow; for since the writer visited it, and very recently, it is displaced by a huge Railway Station. It is to reappear in greater splendor out of town. The writer, however, sketches it as he found it, and as it probably was in the times of "Rob Roy." The chief buildings, completed about the year 1662, had not a little of the usual Scotch heaviness, and also picturesqueness. They abutted directly upon the street, and were entered by a low and rather wide archway, within which was a large, quaint court-yard, solemn and quiet as a monastery; and, indeed, on one or two sides cloistered, though in a sort of Doric style. The architecture, partially Jacobean, presented many scroll-crowned window-caps, stacks of clustered chimneys, and ponderous balconies and staircases. Partially, also, in the imported French style of the seventeenth century, it thus presented those turrets with sharp cone or rocket tops, and that tendency to tall roofs and gables distinguishing what may be termed the French Chateau style. Every thing was dingy, yet well kept. Beyond this court-yard was an open enclosure, on the farther side of which was the "classic" Hunterian Museum, containing a large and diversified collection, — books, pictures, "antiques," natural-historical matters, and anatomical models. "Descending from these buildings towards the inky waters of the Molindinar Burn" was "a piece of pleasure-ground (says Billings) with a few scattered trees, wofully

blackened and blighted by the smoke of surrounding manufactories. This" was "the old College Garden, known to novel-readers as the scene of the picturesque conflict between the Osbaldistones, described in 'Rob Roy.'" Here, as the story in detail shows, Frank Osbaldistone came upon Rashleigh, and naturally upbraided him for much that he had done towards ruining the London house. The Jesuit resented his cousin's charges, and a quarrel ensued that developed into a sword-fight between the two. At this crisis Rob Roy appeared, opportunely, as he usually did, and averted tragic results by parting the combatants.

Soon after this duel evidence was elicited of more and continued mischief that Rashleigh was plotting against his cousin, — and, indeed, almost every one he could affect. From this mischief Mr. Frank's mysteriously inspired but steadfast friend, Rob Roy, advised timely escape; while Rashleigh continued to devote himself to various deadly purposes, and to desperate and extensive schemes of financial and political villany, — purposes and schemes that had brought him, in a manner seeming strange, to Glasgow, and that ultimately became exposed.

Again Mr. Frank's affairs, with those of his father, led him northward, and this time, in connection with private business of Mr. Jarvie, and an appointment to meet Rob Roy at the Clachan of Aberfoyle. Thither he, with the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice, journeyed, and there found a dismal public-house at the base of the Highlands, situated over twenty miles north of Glasgow. It is now represented, rather monumentally, by the "Bailie Nichol Jarvie" Inn, about seven miles from Bucklyvie Station on the Forth and Clyde railway, and by that line easily reached from Glasgow. This Inn is a pleasant resting-place, from which many delightful spots can be visited, either connected or not, with "Rob Roy." It is only half a dozen miles from the Trosachs Hotel, noticed in the sketch of "The Lady of the Lake" (page 54), and is to be reached from Aberfoyle by a walk across hills and moorlands (mentioned on page 68). The "Bailie Nichol Jarvie" Inn is, or was, a decided contrast to that at the Clachan found by travellers a century and a half ago, especially as illustrated in this story, the trio of which from Glasgow found the public-house then a rude building, probably like those low, thatched, stone-walled houses that yet exist near by. They found it, moreover, occupied by three carousing Highlandmen, of the military or fighting sort, who took

decided offence at what they chose to consider the intrusion of the trio. A letter from Rob Roy, delivered by the landlady, informed the latter that "night-hawks abroad" would prevent him from keeping his appointment at Aberfoyle, and that a certain trusty person designated would guide them to a secure place where he could meet them. They were, however, obliged to spend the night at the inn, where, owing to the suspecting unfriendliness of the fighting men, a celebrated conflict was provoked, as every one is supposed to know from youth upward. Indeed, few have not heard how, after one of the warriors drew aside to equalize numbers, and Andrew had hypocritically fled to the stable, the spirit of war became rampant, and each Highlandman, with irrepressible longings for fight, chose his man; how then, Osbaldistone held his ground in usual defensive style; and how the Bailie valorously charged upon his opponent with a red-hot plough-coulter that he seized from the fire; and finally, how the "affair" was soon amicably settled after his tremendous demonstration. Happily the fight hurt only the kilt of the Bailie's opponent. During most of the remainder of the evening the two parties got on quite entertainingly together, until interrupted by the advent of a Captain Thornton with a file of soldiers in the regular service, sent after Rob Roy, and, to the surprise of all, ordered to arrest an old and a young man, — the Bailie and Frank Osbaldistone. We can imagine through whose devices this latter commission was directed. As appeared in results, the arrest, that then ensued from it, was not thoroughly sad.

Notwithstanding this arrest, the next morning opened invigoratingly, as Highland mornings can, and brought in a day that introduced the Glasgow trio to Highland scenes that may be probably more charming to us now than they were to them, — although Mr. Frank Osbaldistone has recorded, by proxy, his appreciation. Following a route that they took, we can now find abundant picturesque beauty, and be thankful for romance that their names yet associate with it — without the discomfort to us that seems necessary to create that style of interest.

The soldiers in the morning continued on their special service, taking their prisoners with them as they went, along the northern shore of Loch Ard, a beautiful and romantic lake near Aberfoyle. The party was guided by one of Rob Roy's people, and into an effective trap, the regulars found.

Sir Walter's description of the opening scene of this march is

truly delightful. "I shall never forget" (he makes Mr. Frank write) "the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and as their leaves rustled in the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity."

Other descriptive allusion to this scenery after that of Scott is superfluous. Yet it may be noted that these shores of Loch Ard, thus pictured by him, — intricate, wooded, crag-bounded, — present a charming variety of views that continually attract the traveller onward. The road usually followed, that of the story, is along the northern side; at first, through a tolerably open space, bordered by steep, rocky, lofty heights, and then, directly above the lake, by a narrow pass. From several points are picturesque views of Ben Lomond, a grand mountain, having one of the noblest hill-forms in Scotland, rising each side with bold, gracefully curving, sweeping slopes to a sharp, double cone. The atmospheric perspective at a moderate distance often tints it exquisitely.

At the pass mentioned occurred a skirmish, described with spirit in the novel, when the captain of the regulars found his progress arrested by a very irregular force of Macgregors posted at the crest of the pass, and headed by Helen, the Amazonian wife of Rob Roy. The natural scene is very interestingly suggestive of the action represented in it. One now may see the old way up which the courageous troops advanced; the thickets whence the Highlanders fired upon them; the height on which Helen Macgregor stood, demanding why the country of her clan was invaded; the rocks up which the recently made prisoners fled; and the identical gnarled oak stump overhanging a lofty rock, whereon the

Bailie, through an accident of judicious flight, became suspended by his coat, and also the exposed pinnacle on which Andrew elevated himself witlessly, a mark for the combatants, and from which, in trembling haste, he was obliged to scramble. And then, from a "mural rock" over the lake waters, we may look down, perhaps fifty feet, to their fresh expanse, beneath which was plunged Morris. That luckless agent of shrewder men, used so inconveniently to Mr. Frank, had been here detained as a hostage for Rob Roy's safety, and was sacrificed by his incensed wife, when she learned that her husband had been seized not far off by some English, their deadly enemies. The site of the fight is perhaps half-way along the lake. The natural objects all around it are now delightful and romantic. The "mural rock," partly smooth, partly seamed, and fringed by grass or foxglove in its crevices, and commanding these views of hill, mountain, lake, and forest, is an unusually effective natural position for the human forms of the story we are to imagine animating it.

Not far beyond is the cascade at Ledeard, described in "Waverley" (page 144), and also in "Rob Roy," some time subsequent to the skirmish. Immediately after that, Frank Osbaldistone was despatched to Rob's captors, and with a rather defiant message to them. The Duke [of Montrose], their commander, however, not only refused to liberate Rob, but also detained the messenger coming on his account, and then led the two with his troops from the neighborhood, crossing the Forth, it has been supposed, at the Ford of Alianan. At this place, Rob, by ingenious arguments and appeals to a trooper behind whom he was strapped, was permitted to slip from the horse carrying them both, and thus was enabled to make good his escape. During the confused search for him, Frank Osbaldistone also escaped. Retiring from the vicinity, he crossed a moor by moonlight, while endeavoring to reach the inn at Aberfoyle. On this lonely tract, he, unexpectedly enough, met two mounted travellers, the taller of whom, a man, addressed him with inquiries about the condition of the vicinity. Soon, the other, a lady, addressed him, — as he narrates in his supposed journal, — and the tones of her voice "thrilled through every nerve of my body," he recorded, for the lady was Diana Vernon herself! But with what man, he felt, could she be then in that strange spot? Their interview was brief in time, but yet long enough for expression of the intensest feeling of a life. She bade him farewell, *forever;*

and while she stooped to speak her last words to him, "a tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own," his journal again tells us. During this short interview there was another incident, less romantic, yet very important, and demonstrative of her regard for him, she gave him a small and very valuable parcel of papers relative to his father's affairs. But valuable as he knew these to be, his chief thought was of her, — why she was in that lonely spot; why accompanied as he found her; whither she had gone. And long his chief thought continued to be of her, while "sitting down by the wayside," he, as he tells us, "shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from" his "eyes since childhood."

Again he met Rob Roy, and with him again spent an evening at the Clachan, where also he rejoined the Bailie. Great was the rejoicing among the many Highlanders gathered there, at the escape of the chieftain, and cheerful was the supper that night at the rude inn, and good-hearted also appeared the worthy Mr. Jarvie and his wild, bold relation and host, the Macgregor.

Next day, by invitation of the latter, there was a visit to his home, in peaceful contrast to the military advance on it during the preceding day. "We pursued the margin of the lake for about six English miles" (wrote Frank Osbaldistone), "through a devious and beautifully variegated path, until we attained a sort of Highland farm, or assembly of hamlets, near the head of that fine sheet of water, called, if I mistake not, Lediart, or some such name." Here the party was received with Highland hospitality, and in a dramatically effective style that gave not slightly imposing evidence of the strength and resources of the Macgregors, proscribed and hunted though they were. After quite as agreeable an interview with Rob and his wife and people as could have been reasonably desired, the Bailie and Mr. Frank were escorted past the eastern and southern sides of Ben Lomond, to the shore of Loch Lomond, avoiding thus the route usually taken by travellers now from Loch Ard towards Stronaclachan, and thence by Inversnaid Fort to Loch Lomond. Indeed, this fort, erected in the wild country between Katrine and Lomond, was not a spot to be haunted by any of Rob's clan, built as it was in 1713, and maintained at the time of the story to overawe them, and others like them. Americans will particularly remember it as the post where General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was stationed when an officer in the "Buffs;"

and also the general reader may think of "the sweet Highland girl" associated with it, and celebrated by Wordsworth.

The two travellers took leave of Rob Roy, — always faithfully their friend, — and embarked in a boat (rowed by his people), probably at Rowardennan, the usual starting-point for the ascent of Ben Lomond, that rises magnificently above that place. Thence they enjoyed a pleasant passage across Loch Lomond to the mouth of Leven Water, its outlet, at the south-west. This largest of Scottish lakes deserves long attention, although it is almost too well known to be here described. Its upper or northern end is comparatively narrow, and bordered by lofty and very picturesque mountains. Towards the south, it by degrees expands, and the heights along its sides become less, especially westward, after at half its length, Ben Lomond, the highest of all, is passed. The south part is quite broad, and presents expanses of water, romantic islands, and pleasant shores of diversified fields and park-like lands. At the mouth of Leven Water the travellers of the story found horses awaiting them. Thence, by what was then a long ride, they reached Glasgow on that same night, greatly to the joy of the Bailie, who had small wish ever again to explore the beauties of the "land of the mountain and the flood." At Glasgow Mr. Frank met his father. Certain differences that had originated from his declination of a business life were happily settled, and the two were reconciled. There, also, he learned of the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1715, — a great political and military movement that explained many intricacies of the Osbaldistone affairs, hitherto inexplicable, to him at least. Thence he and his father immediately went to London, — Mr. Frank to take a commission under the established government.

The entire Highland scenery of this novel (already sketched) can be seen during a single day's excursion from Glasgow, by the Forth and Clyde railway, carriage or foot from Bucklyvie, and the Loch Lomond steamer; or in two days, if the ascent of Ben Lomond is made.

The further action of the story introduces no new scenes of importance. At London, Frank Osbaldistone learned of the death of Sir Hildebrand, and of all his sons except Rashleigh. He also learned that his uncle had left him heir to the North-country estates. In due time, he consequently went to the old Hall to examine it, as will be remembered; and, in its venerable library, he again romantically met the charming Diana, — a fugitive with the stranger whom

he had seen with her in the Highlands, her father. The decisive and exciting scenes that occurred immediately after this meeting need only to be suggested to the visitor to the supposed Hall, and so, also, the future career of the heir, of the beautiful Die, and, finally, of their bold and faithful and most useful friend, Rob Roy.

THE name of Rob Roy, and the romantic country that once was his, also suggest those spirited, poetic, and characteristic verses in which the Great Magician has, with such picturesque power, perpetuated the memory of vicissitudes of that doomed people, — the Macgregors. A portion of these verses, called "Macgregor's Gathering," were written for Albyn's Anthology in 1816, and begin: —

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather," &c.

We can hardly, more pleasantly finally, turn attention from the "affairs" of "'15" and "'45" than by (now pardonably with no little admiration) recalling a part, at least, of Flora Mac Ivor's song in "Waverley," with its intense, its romantic, though misguided, Jacobitical patriotism, and its associations with Highland scenery like that celebrated in "Rob Roy," and with clan life and warfare, passed away for ever.

"There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand!

"Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

"'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge."

There are a few scenes intimately associated with the celebrated chieftain, and not introduced in the novel, such as his "prison" on Loch Lomond, below Inversnaid landing, and his cave (Craigroyston), one and three quarters miles north of the last, "a wild, deep, cavern," where he is said to have planned some of his raids. Two circles painted on the rock now mark it. About a dozen miles north of Callander, at Balquhidder village, may be seen his burial-

place, commemorated in Wordsworth's poem, "Rob Roy's Grave," and containing the remains of this last of the predatory Highland-border chieftains.

"SCOTT'S GLASGOW."

TRAVELLERS through the Lands of Scott are supposed, while visiting the scenes of "Rob Roy," to make the only visit proposed to the important city of *Glasgow* and its vicinity. There is a vast deal, of course, to see in that region, not associated with Scott, of which the local guide-books tell enough. Besides places in the city already mentioned as associated with the Great Magician, there will be found in George Square, where most travellers will sojourn, a sort of Doric column, about eighty feet high, bearing a large standing statue by Ritchie, erected in 1837, as a memorial to him. Around it, appropriately, stand effigies of other great men.

In 1817, the same year in which "Rob Roy" was written, its author visited Glasgow, and examined scenes there that he associated with it. He does not, however, appear to have spent much time, at any period, in the city, and there are not many spots in it connected with his personal history.

Glasgow is, as indicated, a capital point from which to make excursions into Lands of Scott, and this chapter may close with brief recapitulation of them.

Associated with "Rob Roy" (besides the Cathedral, the Saut Market, the Bridge, and University, in Glasgow), are the scenes reached by rail to Bucklyvie and by the Loch Lomond steamer, and described on pages 180 to 185.

Associated with "Old Mortality" (chapter xxii.) is the scenery around Bothwell Brigg and Castle, accessible by rail or carriage from Glasgow, and described on pages 194–6, and Lanark.

Associated with "Castle Dangerous" (chapter xxiii.) is Douglas-Dale, accessible from Lanark.

Associated with the closing scenes of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" (chapter xxix.) is the pleasant region around Gare Loch, easily reached by steamer down the Clyde.

Associated with the latter portions of the poem, "The Lord of the Isles" (chapter xiii.), are parts of the picturesque Isle of Arran (pages 516–17), accessible by steamer; and of the Ayrshire coast, accessible by railway, from Glasgow to Ayr, "The Land of Burns," and then on foot or by carriage.

XXII.

"OLD MORTALITY."

Fifth Novel of the Series; Written 1816; *Published Dec.* 1, 1816; *Author's Age*, 45; *Time of Action, May* 5, 1679–1690.

EXPLORATION of the Lands of Scott has been supposed, as already shown, to lead from Carlisle to Glasgow. Between these two cities, and, parenthetically, between scenes of "Rob Roy," are interesting places associated with this capital story. There are two classes of these places, — one relating to the historical subject, vividly illustrated by this novel, and one to the real or supposed scenes of its incidents. Both classes can be visited from either of the cities just named, or the former class from Moffat, — a pretty watering-place nearly midway, — and the latter from Lanark, nearer Glasgow.

"Old Mortality" has been called the "Marmion" of the Waverley novels. Its character is certainly animated and quite historical. It was the first novel in which Scott reproduced the aspects of the past almost entirely from resources of study rather than from those of observation. The success is triumphant. Again, for this work, Mr. Train (page 161) provided much material and rendered assistance by collecting and supplying information about incidents. The more historical features are delineated from public or printed authorities rather well known, and present Scott's conceptions of the general subject of which he treats in this story, — that of the West-country Covenanters during the latter part of the seventeenth century. "The remarkable person [he stated in the introduction, 1829] called by the title of Old Mortality was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and probably a mason by profession." Scott met him, for the only time, at the churchyard or castle of Dunottar (Kincardine), in 1793. During about forty years his sole occupation was that of repairing and recutting inscriptions upon tombstones erected to Covenanters who had suffered for conscience' sake. Many of these memorials are scattered in remote spots

throughout south-western Scotland. Their protector, during a visit to some of these near Bankend, parish of Caerlaverock, about eight miles from Dumfries, was found by the roadside, seriously ill, and was thence taken to a house where he soon died. He was buried in the churchyard of Caerlaverock, where no stone marked the place of his repose, until recently, when Messrs. Black, the eminent Edinburgh publishers of Scott's works, caused to be erected on the spot a round-topped, red freestone, bearing a crossed mallet and chisel over the following inscription: "Erected | To The Memory | of | Robert Paterson | The | Old Mortality | of | Sir Walter Scott | who was Buried Here | February, 1801.

> "Why seeks he with unwearied toil
> Through Death's dim walls to urge his way,
> Reclaim his long arrested spoil,
> And lead oblivion into day?"

The West-country Covenanters were a peculiar people. Scott endeavored to portray them correctly, and also their great opponent, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, an officer so prominent in the royal service, and in his pursuit of these persons, against whom he was commissioned, and whose character, Scott is reported to have said, has been "foully traduced; . . . who, every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado; who rode a goblin horse; was proof against shot, and in league with the devil." He was, at least, a soldier detailed to unfortunate duty.

Whatever opinion, between exaggerated praise or censure, may now be held respecting these Covenanters, we can but believe them, in some manner, worthy of the enthusiastic regard they have gained among a large and respectable class of their countrymen. They were strong religious zealots, opposed in faith and in politics to the existing powers of Church and of State, at a period when religious feeling was often extremely violent. They erred in regard to their worldly interests, and in regard to policy, and had not all the lovable qualities; but few have lived more devotedly or have demonstrated more earnestly the stern virtues of Scottish character. Whatever are the opinions of travellers now respecting them, all may be interested in visiting a wild and picturesque region consecrated by their sufferings, borne while they served, even to death, what they honestly believed duty to liberty of faith and of practice.

Accordingly, we may well employ a day, while at the pretty little

spa, Moffat, already named, by driving and walking into the recesses of the Middle Border hill-country, accessible up the vale of Moffat water. We shall thus be able to see remarkable places associated with the Covenanters and the general subject of the novel sketched in this chapter; and also not a few objects suggestive of legend and of poetry.

One of the first of these latter that may be seen, after leaving Moffat on this excursion, is Cragieburn, known in Burns's verses, — "Sweet fa's the Eve on Cragieburn," — and also in Hogg's ballad, "Mess John," and where lived that "lass with golden locks." This place is on the north side of the vale, and is shown by trees and a plain house. The burn flows through a very small wooded ravine. A mile farther, on the south side of the road are, or were, two little, whitewashed cottages, in one of which it is said, that "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." About six miles from Moffat, and also southward, is the farm-house of Bodsbeck, situated within a confined plantation of Scotch firs and ash-trees, and very suggestive of the Ettrick Shepherd. Immediately behind and above it is the Great Hill of Bodsbeck, a lofty tumular mass, picturesquely varied in form, on the bare, grass-grown surfaces of which graze many sheep. All along this side of the route is a range of hills, and closely opposite this, the steep and high prominently pointed mountain Saddleback. In this vicinity was enacted not a little of Hogg's interesting story about Covenanters, "The Brownie of Bodsbeck."

Ten miles from Moffat, and a short distance northward from the road, is the "Gray Mare's Tail," the highest waterfall in southern Scotland. A rather narrow stream, whitened in plunges over rough rocks, pours, in one broad, broken sheet, over a precipitous crag of jagged, eccentrically stratified, gray rock, forming the head of a lateral ravine, and bounding a dark pool that receives the waters. Thence these dash on to, and through, the great vale of the Moffat. The entire height of the fall is about three hundred and fifty feet. It is part of a capital example of peculiarly Scottish scenery, — romantic, although wild, bare, rocky, and almost treeless; indeed, it has little vegetation besides grasses, ferns, and a few whin-bushes or other small plants.

A little farther up the vale is "Dobb's Linn," deriving the latter part of its name from the precipitous crag nearly three hundred feet high that it presents, and the former portion from a legend, slightly profane and apocryphal, of two worthies of the Covenant, who,

assaulted here by the Great Enemy, stoutly drove him to the brink and over it. He at once changed himself into a bundle of skins, and tumbled safely down the steep, and escaped with only a sound beating, received before his miraculous descent, from the two stout and pious mortals, named Hab Dobson and Davie Din:

"men o' merk, an' men o' mense;
Men o' grace, and men o' sense;"
"Little kend the wirrikow
What the Covenant would dow!"
"For Hab Dob an' Davie Din
Dang the Deil owre Dob's Linn."

Near this place is a high, bare hill-top, called "Watch Knowe," or Hill, where the Covenanters, when they assembled in this vicinity as they often did, were accustomed to place a sentinel to watch for pursuers. There is also, in the linn, a cave used by some of the worthies.

Eleven and a half miles from Moffat, at Birkhill, is a rustic inn. Before it, Claverhouse is said to have shot four Covenanters. From it, is perhaps the most convenient access to Loch Skene, a small and very secluded lake, nearly two miles distant among the hills, where may be found a remarkably impressive scene, described (like the "Tail" fall) by Scott in the introduction to the Second Canto of "Marmion," in lines beginning, —

"There eagles scream from shore to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven."

There can scarcely be found in a country as ancient and populous as southern Scotland, another scene of such utter and impressive loneliness as that visible from a height east of this lake. Everywhere around is a wide tract of great, heavy, rounded hills, destitute of trees, and forming one vast extent of brown-russet moorland, crossed and seamed by black mosses, with treacherous depths of soft mud, and broken by deeply cleft burn ravines. The prevailing tone of color is varied only where the higher surfaces present tints of grayish or brownish green, with here and there, exceptionally, an exposure of brighter hue. No human dwelling, and scarcely a sign of human work or life appears. And this barren and forsaken region was once a land of refuge to the Covenanters, and even yet is peculiarly haunted with stories of their trials. To a first look,

there hardly seem to be many hiding-places in such an open country; but examination of it shows that its surfaces are too rough and unreliable to permit movements by mounted troopers like the "persecutors." Lightly dressed persons could, with knowledge of it, readily gain advantages, or find escape among its intricacies. In addition to these, dense, impenetrable mists, that frequently and suddenly envelop it, utterly perplex strangers. Thus adapted to purposes of fugitives, it became a chosen retreat of the hunted Covenanters. And there, in the gloom of clouds or of night, when alone they could venture from hiding-places, they assembled for that worship denied them in their homes.

"From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness," wrote James Hogg, "from those dark morasses, and unfrequented caverns, the prayers of the persecuted race nightly rose to the throne of the Almighty; prayers, as all testified who heard them, fraught with the most simple pathos, as well as bold and vehement sublimity." Nightly, were "songs of praise sung" "with ardor and wild melody" "to that Being under whose fatherly chastisement they were patiently suffering."

Amidst these cheerless wastes, while the last reigning Stuarts struggled against religious freedom in Britain, the Covenanters prayed and chanted, endured and died. Since their days the region is probably unchanged, — blighted as if in retribution for the sorrows they bore while in it, and rendered a vast abiding monument, silent, yet awful in expressiveness, — God's visible memorial of their devotion.

From Birkhill, travellers should go, about four miles farther, to "Tibby Shiels," a small but well-known comfortable inn, long kept by Mrs. Isabella Richardson, from whom it derives its name. It is in one of the most poetic regions of all poetic Scotland. Near it is an appropriate statue of the Ettrick Shepherd. West of it is the Loch of the Lowes, and east of it the famous lake of the Border lands, Saint Mary's Loch. The charms of the latter have been sung by many poets. It will be again visited when the route of the Tour leads southward from Scotland, and when (in chapter xxxiii.) another series of scenes is sketched, — lands peculiarly those of the reiver and the foray, of ballad and of poetic legends, as the places just described are lands of the Covenanter.

On the north side of Saint Mary's Loch (at the base of the great, bare hills that environ both lakes), is a disused graveyard, where many Covenanters were buried. The oldest date, however, that

the writer remembers to have found there was 1718. It is a sad and lonely spot, even for the last resting-place. "O lone St. Mary of the waves" is the beginning of a poem about it, written by Hogg, and containing the appropriate stanza,—

"Here lie those who, o'er flood and field,
Were hunted as the osprey's brood;
Who braved the power of man, and sealed
Their testimonies with their blood.
But long as waves that wilder'd flood,
Their sacred memory shall be dear;
And all the righteous and the good
O'er their low graves shall drop the tear."

At the western end of the Loch of the Lowes—that towards Moffat—are Riskenhope and Chapelhope, described in the story of "The Brownie of Bodsbeck;" indeed, the latter is one of its chief localities. The Laidlaws of that place, ancestors of Hogg, were very friendly to the persecuted, and appear as prominent actors in that capital story of the Covenanters. Near Riskenhope, James Renwick, one of the latest of the Scottish martyrs, preached for the last time.

The most touching story, however, that is told of any of these places is perhaps Professor Wilson's "Covenanters' Marriage Day," said to have been suggested by a tradition of an incident that shows what might have been experienced in this region by true-hearted people during the reign of James II. The marriage, performed in a secluded dell on the farm of Chapelhope, was between Mary Stewart—known, from her beauty, as in her time "the Flower of Yarrow"—and a young Laidlaw. The ceremony, closing a long betrothal, and seemingly beginning a happy wedded life, was almost immediately followed by an attack of royal soldiers upon the bridal party while that was retiring homeward. The commanding officer arrested the bridegroom, and, after a brief trial, caused him to be shot in a cold-blooded manner, for the crime of Presbyterianism. He died like a martyr, speaking sacred words. His bride, shocked by the outrage, soon lost her reason, and, like a spectre, haunted these scenes where she should have lived happy. While many a family history, and many a wild but familiar landscape, tell of such possible events as this, we feel how the influence of the devotion and the trials of the persecuted can now animate so many of those who have succeeded them in the land, and in the picturesque places, that once knew them.

Exploration of the reputed scenes of the action of "Old Mortality" leads from St. Mary's Loch, and from Moffat, to Lanark, near the railway line to Glasgow. At Lanark are the varied falls of the Clyde, — the Linns of Bonnington, Corra, and Stonebyres, forming the Trenton of Scotland, and the chief attraction to the region in which they are. The Cartland Craigs, not far distant, bounding the deep, romantic ravine of the Meuse, also gain much attention, and are worthy of it. The action of the story opens at a place not accurately definable, and yet in the neighborhood of Lanark, — "a wild district called the upper ward of Clydesdale, on a haugh or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which [says Scott] is no way essential to my story." At this place, "on the morning of the 5th of May, 1679," was a "wappen-schaw," or muster of a semi-feudal militia, held by the sheriff of Lanark. At this muster, among other persons, were two ladies, mounted, — Lady Bellenden and "her grand-daughter and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward." Accompanying her ladyship was her contingent of militia-men, including a certain unhappy and inefficient young man, Guse Gibbie, who was, by dire necessity, promoted from the plough to the guise of trooper, and who, physically unable to maintain this imposing character, was, to the mortification of his liege mistress, ignominiously tumbled from his jackboots and his runaway horse. One of the chief exercises at the muster was shooting at a mark, or "Popinjay." The prize for proficiency was won against a Lord Evandale by Henry Morton, son of a deceased covenanting colonel, and nephew of a miser named Morton, who lived, not far distant, at an imaginary seat called Milnwood.

Soon after this trial of skill there was, at a neighboring ale-house, a scene characteristic of the times. Among many persons from the muster, appeared there a company of troopers searching for the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, who was killed May 3, 1679, on Magus Muir, three miles from St. Andrews. Out of the crowd and confusion consequent, escaped a fierce whig, Balfour of Burley, commander of the assassins. He induced young Morton to conceal him in an outbuilding at Milnwood, and thus involved the young gentleman in a rather prolonged career of personal troubles. Naturally enough, the fugitive was traced, and Milnwood was searched, but unsuccessfully, by the soldiers. This event, and other affairs, brought on a harsh interview between the uncle and the nephew.

In course of time and opportunity, Balfour departed. Henry Morton, who was, and who had been awhile, dependent upon his miserly and unamiable relative, meditated departure from Scotland. In addition to other trials, he bore a seemingly hopeless love for Edith Bellenden. Her family, in the language of the times, thoroughly "well affected" to the government, was utterly opposed to his—a whig or, at least, an "indulged" family, one barely tolerated, but disapproved. He felt that restraints of artificial society must prove stronger than affection.

Lady Bellenden and Edith, after the muster, returned home, to the castle of the Bellendens,—Tillietudlem, said to be now known as Craignethan Castle, situated about five miles from Lanark, and repaying a visit. At it transpired many of the more important incidents recorded of the chief characters of the story.

Craignethan is a mere shell and wreck of its former self; yet, like most ruined castles, it is not wanting in picturesqueness and romance,—qualities that pertain intrinsically to them as to Scott's stories, to moonlight, or to fairyland. The structure is approached by a road similar to that described in the novel,—steep, winding, and stony, and leading through a ford of the Nethan. This is a shallow stream, flowing over a stony bed, and bending around a point that rises, with gray, rocky crags, and steep, grass or tree-grown banks, to a commanding elevation, on which is the castle, built of sandstone, now faded and weather-worn. The extent of the castle was once great; even now there is a large garden within its walls. The keep, at the outer or river side, is very ruinous. Although, as stated, the structure is much dilapidated; and although large quantities of materials have been taken from it, we are told, for the construction of ignoble buildings,—there can yet be found in it many picturesque combinations of wall and tower, of stone-arched ceiling, or of broken vaulting, streaming with graceful sprays of ivy; or of shattered battlements, garlanded with shrubbery. A story told of many old residences is told of this: Queen Mary of Scots is said to have occupied (during several days before the battle of Langside) a large hall, yet partly existing here, and called the Queen's room. Craignethan has been an important fortress, held by Hamiltons, by Hays, and by Douglases. The scenery around it has some degree of grandeur as well as of beauty. Sir Walter was so much pleased with the place that the proprietor offered him use for life of a small house within the walls. The writer was told

that the novel is commemorated here by quite a large periodical festivity, held by the families of farmers and others, and called the "Tillietudlem Ball."

In the course of the action of the story, Henry Morton was arrested at Milnwood, on suspicion of giving aid and comfort to rebellious whigs, and was brought a prisoner to Tillietudlem, where he was confined, — it being considered by established authorities a safe stronghold in possession of loyal persons. There he was examined by John Graham of Claverhouse, that famous Dundee, so praised by friends and hated by opponents, of whom an opinion by Scott has already been expressed in this chapter. The hero of the story, this young Morton, endured an exciting crisis in his life while he was thus treated.

An outbreak by the Covenanters, in military force, brought on a severe encounter (June 1, 1679) between them and the royal troops under Claverhouse, at Drumclog, in which the latter were defeated. Persons curious about this dreary battle, or its site, can see the field about fifteen miles westward from Craignethan and towards Newmilns, whence it is most readily accessible during an excursion from Glasgow to Ayr and "The Land of Burns." The defeat and consequent retreat of the royal forces, was followed by a movement of the "insurgents" on Tillietudlem, and by the additional fortification of that place, and by an attack on it, persistently maintained and withstood. The story of this siege, like the stories of others described by the Great Magician, can be recalled, and, in fancy, re-enacted on the supposed site of occurrence, and with interest and imaginative pleasure proportionate to the represented danger and earnestness of the action revived. Indeed, few places in the lands explored during this tour allow or induce more active exercise of our recreative faculties, than do these old strongholds where exciting military operations are represented to have been executed. The story of the siege of Tillietudlem is too long to be adequately sketched here; but memory or reading will enable visitors at Craignethan to render its walls and towers and picturesque vicinity more animated and even more romantic than they may be found by merely bodily sight. Results of the siege change the scenes of the novel to places of which particular identification is hardly possible, except, perhaps, at Bothwell Brigg, the celebrated locality of the great defeat of the Covenanters, June 22, 1679. After the fight at Drumclog, they accumulated a formidable force, and continued

their violent opposition to the rule of Charles II. The Brigg, or bridge, may be visited, on the route from Lanark to Glasgow, either by rail or by coach road. The latter way is recommended, on account of the superior views that it commands. Perhaps a better arrangement may be an excursion, by rail or carriage, from Glasgow to Hamilton (ten miles), where can be seen the palatial seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, and Cadyow Castle, scene of Scott's admirable ballad of that name; and thence to the Brigg, and to Bothwell Castle, and, finally, from Uddingston Station back to Glasgow, if this excursion is made chiefly by rail.

Bothwell Bridge, situated two miles, nearly north-west, from Hamilton, is, substantially, very ancient; but was much altered and "modernized" in 1826. Its width was then increased from twelve to thirty-two feet. It formerly had, at its elevated centre, a strong tower and gateway. Many features of the neighboring country have also been changed since the battle that was fought upon or near the bridge, and that is vividly described in the novel. Several other objects render the vicinity unusually interesting.

About a mile east from the battle-ground is Bothwelhaugh, site of the residence of James Hamilton, who shot the Regent Murray. A little farther is a Roman bridge. The lands bordering upon the river abound in rural beauty, especially near Bothwell Castle, not far from the brigg, and are worthy of the good old song that celebrates them, "O Bothwell bank! thou bloomest fair."

Bothwell Castle — worthy of the great and ancient family, the Douglas, that long held it — rises vast and grand upon a bold, green height above the encircling Clyde. It is built of grit, or friable red sandstone, and presents a front two hundred and thirty-four feet long; in some places sixty feet high, and flanked by lofty towers. Many of the principal apartments can now be traced or identified. Much of the area within the walls is, however, at present converted into a bowling-green or a flower-garden.

Scott began a ballad about this place, with the lines, —

> "If chance, by Bothwell's lovely braes,
> A wanderer thou hast been."

A lofty tower commands magnificent views. Not far distant, on a beautiful lawn, is the new residence of the family, — a very large edifice, but not very noticeable for its architectural character. Across the Clyde, on a steep and rocky bank, are the ruins of

Blantyre Priory, suggesting the story of "Lennox's love to Blantyre."

One of the last scenes of the novel is at the "Black Linn of Linklater." There Balfour of Burley found refuge after violent dealings in public affairs, and acts that complicated those of Henry Morton and of some of his friends; and thither the stern Covenanter carried, for concealment and custody, many title-deeds and family papers, and other important documents of the Bellendens, that he had seized while fortunes of war had given him access to Tillietudlem Castle. Thither, consequently, went young Morton, lover of Edith Bellenden and protector of her rights. This linn is a representative of a form of scenery shown in several places in the southern part of Scotland, and rather peculiar to the country, unless the stupendous cañons of Western America are considered of the same style in its most enormous development. At one of these linns, travellers can imagine the interview that is represented to have occurred between the two men of this story. In an open extent of wild region a deep ravine will be found, unexpectedly opening with sides of precipitous crags, rough and shrub-grown, and a cascade and dashing stream that render access to its recesses very difficult. The Covenanters, not infrequently, found a refuge in such places; and in such the stern and desperate Balfour is to be imagined hiding in a cavern. The usually reputed original of his retreat is Crichup Linn, said to have been really a hiding-place of Covenanters. It is situated a few miles from Closeburn village, and a station a dozen miles from Dumfries (page 151). A stream plunges eighty-five feet into a dark, rugged, red sandstone chasm, wild and picturesque enough to interest a visitor, apart from associations that render it attractive. At some distance below the cascade, the water has worn in the rock a long, deep passage, so narrow that it might almost be crossed by a single leap of an active man. This "peculiarly romantic linn," says an old account, "inaccessible in a great measure to real beings, was considered as the habitation of imaginary ones; and at the entrance into it there was a curious cell or cave, called the Elf's Kirk, where, according to the superstition of the times, the imaginary inhabitants of the linn were supposed to hold their meetings." This cave has been made a quarry for building-stones. There is a curious, natural, chair-like seat, also in the chasm, called "the Sutor's seat," where a covenanting shoemaker found a concealed resting-place. "Nothing

[says the account already quoted] can be more striking than the appearance of this linn from its bottom. The darkness of the place, upon which the sun never shines; the ragged rocks, rising over one's head, and seeming to meet at the top, with here and there a blasted tree bursting from the crevices; the rumbling of the water falling from rock to rock, and forming deep pools, together with some degree of danger to the spectator, whilst he surveys the striking objects that present themselves to his view, — all naturally tend to work upon the imagination. Hence many fabulous stories are told, and perhaps were once believed, concerning this curious linn." In this neighborhood, closes the action of the story, — its episodes of love and of private fortunes ending with its delineations of public affairs, and of the vicissitudes of members of that remarkable combination it so distinctly portrays.

In scenery associated with the characteristics, the trials, and sufferings of the Covenanters, we may accordingly, in an appropriate manner, turn our attention from Scott's remarkable representation of them, and of effects that he shows they produced upon the history of the Bellendens and of Henry Morton; while we yet cherish in memory the great novelist's story, and the rare and touching devotion of the humble hero who has supplied for it his own quaint title, — "Old Mortality."

XXIII.

"CASTLE DANGEROUS."

Thirty-second and last Novel of the Series; Time of Action, 1306–7; Published at the close of November, 1831; Author's Age, 60.

THE chief interest of this novel may be in the fact that it is the last of the Waverleys. As a literary composition it does not possess the highest excellence; and it is evidently inferior to many of the series to which it belongs. Yet it has an interest and a value perhaps superior to even literary value, important as that is; for it is the work of one of the world's real heroes, when severe illness was irremediably fixed upon him, and when body and mind

were failing under unremitted and gigantic labors that were wearing away, while they glorified, the latter years and months of his eventful life; for this is the work of a knight not only peerless in the domains of Romance, but unsurpassed by any in practical chivalry of business honor and of daily life, — his final work while he was falling, dying, in manly devotion to honesty, in courageous conflict with cruel adversity. And although this composition is less splendid than are the works of his full strength, still let us honor and love it for the record it forms in the noble story of his character.

The scenery associated with this novel is chiefly that of Douglas Dale, — a region not yet seen by the writer, but described as most readily accessible from Lanark, either by walking or by public or private carriage. Castle Dangerous is the ancient castle of Douglas, situated eleven miles from Lanark. One round tower, ruined and ivy-draped, is said to be the only portion of it remaining; and even of this tower quite a large part of the wall is broken out, from foundation upwards. Near the ruin is the stately modern Castle Douglas, surrounded by magnificent grounds. A town, bearing the name of the great family, and about a mile distant, is said to be a small, decayed place. A portion is preserved of its ancient church of St. Bride, containing monuments to members of the Douglas family, and described in the novel.

The vale of Douglas has not only associations with turbulent mediæval times illustrated in this story, but also with the Covenanters, — some of whom found secure refuge within it. The scenery is generally attractive. The upper portion of the vale is rather elevated, "and flanked with high moorish or pastoral hills; but afterwards" it becomes "a fine strath, flanked with sloping ascents, and extensively clothed with plantations; and at last it becomes a rich dale, expanding far in fertile haughs, and rising sideward into fine wooded banks and swells."

There is a sad and peculiar interest associated with this region, chief natural scene in the last novel of Sir Walter Scott; for to it, during the latter part of July, 1831, he made his last long excursion in Scotland, through the fair and storied land he loved so well. His allusion to this visit, in the preface of the novel, is indeed pathetic in its quiet narration, and its history; for he sent it, in February, 1832, from Naples, where he was in vain seeking alleviation or arrest of disease already growing fatal.

"The author," he says, "before he had made much progress in

this, probably the last of his novels, undertook a journey to Douglasdale for the purpose of examining the remains of the famous Castle, the Kirk of St. Bride of Douglas, the patron saint of that great family, and the various localities alluded to by Godscroft, in his account of the early adventures of good Sir James; but though he was fortunate enough to find a zealous and well-informed *cicerone* in Mr. Thomas Haddow, and had every assistance from the kindness of Mr. Alexander Finlay, the resident chamberlain of his friend, Lord Douglas, the state of his health at the time was so feeble, that he found himself incapable of pursuing his researches, as in better days he would have delighted to do, and was obliged to be contented with such a cursory view of scenes, in themselves most interesting, as could be snatched in a single morning, when any bodily exertion was painful."

Mr. Lockhart (in chapter lxxx. of "The Life") has left a very interesting account of this "journey to Douglasdale," during which he accompanied Sir Walter. "We set out," the biographer wrote, "early on the 18th [July], and ascended the Tweed, passing in succession Yair, Ashestiel, Innerleithen, Traquair, and many more scenes dear to his early life, and celebrated in his writings," — including Drochel Castle, Biggar, the inn of Douglas Mill (where he spent a night), Douglas Castle, the Church of St. Bride near it; and, during the return, Milton-Lockhart, seat of Mr. Lockhart's brother. Scott retained much of the humor and feeling of his best years. He frequently repeated passages of poetry, — often long, — and among these, at an appropriate moment, "without break or hesitation, Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself [wrote his biographer], was touchingly obvious." One of these verses is so applicable to him, and so terse and expressive, that it should be quoted, — and scarcely another can form a more proper close to this brief mention of the last long pilgrimage of Sir Walter Scott to shrines of the story of his native land, — ever shrines of his affections: —

> "Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
> By law and wit, by sword and gun,
> In thee is faithfully recited;
> And all the living world that view
> Thy works, give thee the praises due —
> At once instructed and delighted."

XXIV.

"A LEGEND OF MONTROSE."

THE REGION OF THE TROSACHS, AND THE WEST COAST.

Ninth Novel of the Series, written 1819; *Published June* 10, 1819; *Time of Action of the Story* 1645-6; *Author's Age,* 48.

VISITS to scenery of this interesting story lead us from Glasgow, and regions described in the last three chapters, to that portion of Scotland where the Highlands join the Lowlands near Callander, and thence through the country of "The Lady of the Lake," to central portions of the western coasts. Thence, the route of this tour extends to scenes of "The Lord of the Isles" (pages 103–116), and to Orkney and Shetland in the distant north.

After departure from Glasgow the first stop may be at Stirling. There will be found much that is associated with the long course of Scottish history, and, from the famous old castle, so interesting in the fortunes of "The Lady," Ellen Douglas (pages 69–75), may also be found one of the most extensive and noble landscapes in Britain. Not far from Stirling is Bannockburn, glorious in history and in the romance of "The Lord of the Isles" (page 119). In another direction, and in sight from Stirling, is the Abbey Craig, over five hundred feet high, bearing a monument to tower two hundred and twenty feet above it, built in the baronial style of Scotland to her hero, Sir William Wallace. The many natives of other lands who honor his memory, will cordially say of it, with his countrymen, and with her (C. E. Norton) who has written so well of the memorial and of the patriot,—

> "While the great rock he watched from shall endure,
> His monument is sure.
> Build low — build high —
> The great name cannot die!"

And while we look from the stately walls of the castle upon the wide panoramic view they command, we may see, in long array northward, the majestic and beautiful mountains of Perthshire, that appear always inviting us to explore their picturesque scenery, to which the pathway of travel, as well as our inclinations, will conduct us.

We can go first to Callander,—a central point from which such researches may be made,—and find near it the opening scene of this story, one of the shorter, yet one of the more exciting, of Scott's novels. Or we may go from Stirling to Crieff, and thence to Aberfeldy, three miles from which is Grandtully Castle, a supposed original of Tully Veolan in "Waverley" (page 141); and at which are the three beautiful falls of Moness, celebrated by Burns in the verses,—

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep roaring, fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Thence this excursion leads to Kenmore, also described by Burns, and near the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane,—Taymouth Castle. Thence the road leads along the border of Loch Tay—one of the noblest of Scottish lakes—to Killin; and then past Rob Roy's country, Balquhidder, to Lochearnhead. Between the last named place and Callander, fourteen miles distant, is the Pass of Leni, and in it we are introduced to the action described in this "Legend of Montrose." From Callander our way will be nine miles to the Trosachs, and scenery of "The Lady of the Lake," sketched in chapter vii.

No region, except that around Melrose and Abbotsford, is more thoroughly and delightfully associated with Scott and with his creations than this within the circuit of a dozen miles from the Trosachs: it deserves and rewards complete exploration. And before the "Legend" and its scenery are sketched, there cannot be a more proper introduction, than description of a wide, grand outlook upon this peculiarly attractive and suggestive region of his enchanted lands, from a point, identified with no one of his creations, yet commanding view of many places that are. This point is the summit of Ben Ledi, *the great "Hill of God;"* named thus because, it is said, the Druids there performed rites of fire-worship. The mountain and its top are easily reached from the Trosachs Inn by a walk of a few miles along the Callander road, and over the Brig of Turk, and thence, to the left, by a little path beside the Teith to a small hamlet, in the depths of Glenfinlas, encompassed by grand hills that rise close around it. This hamlet represents not a few found in the Highlands. It consisted, when the writer saw it, of one good, single-storied house, and a few long, low, narrow huts,

rude and cheerless, with rough stone walls (some, of the better class only, whitewashed), and with thatched roofs sloping almost to the ground. From this place the way is over uneven declivities, directly to the summit of Ben Ledi, distinctly visible when the weather is proper for mountain excursions in Scotland. From the direction of this approach Ben Ledi appears to be a long ridge, rising to a rounded top, and declining rather steeply to the right (the south). Along the way is the variety of surface presented by bogs, streams, water-courses in grass, mosses, heather, peat, and gray, lichen-grown, broken rocks. The summit should be reached in about two hours from the Trosachs. It is almost covered with soft sward, grasses, and little plants.

The natural features of the view from Ben Ledi are very diversified. Eastward, over the Pass of Leni, a deep ravine with steep sides, and over Strath Ire and gleaming reaches of Loch Lubnaig, are irregular elevations, beyond which rise the broad, long Uam-Var, and "lone" Glen Artney. Close to the north of these is the great depressed pyramidal form of Ben Voirlich; and to the south, the braes of Doune; and farther, the lowlands in several shires, in which tower Doune and Stirling and dark Abbey Craig. Beyond these are the large, dusky forms of the Ochil Hills, and almost over them, far distant, may be seen in clear weather the remotest eastward limit of the panorama, — the German Ocean and the Bass Rock off North Berwick. Callander seems to be nearly at one's feet. South of it lies the placid lake of Menteith, with its fair Inch-ma-home, the Isle of Rest, and beyond, a wide, rural country, bounded along the horizon by the extended but not high ridge of Campsie Fells, conspicuous towards the western end of which is the Earl's Seat. In this direction, closely below the crest of Ben Ledi, appear the lochs of Vennachar, Drunkie, and Achray, and, beyond them, a lofty ridge that hides Aberfoyle. More westward stands the dark, serrated, prolonged form of Ben Venue, backed by heights more wall-like in shape. Farther on towers great Ben Lomond, appearing triple-headed, and suggesting some aspects of Chocorua among the American White Hills. And then, all around westward and northward, the view sweeps — magnificent in extent and in scenery — from the Paps of Jura, south of west, to Moray Firth, east of north — over intricate groups or ranges of mountains "that sentinel enchanted ground" about Loch Katrine, where "huge Ben Venue" stands like a giant, and Ben An heaves "high his forehead

bare;" over upper Glenfinlas, near the foreground; and, miles distant, north-west, upon steep and sharp Ben More, one of the highest elevations in Scotland, and upon the mountains in Lord Breadalbane's estate, that nearly crosses the kingdom; over the far north, the dim peak of Ben Lawers on Loch Tay, the grassy braes of Balquhidder, and the great, green slopes above long Loch Voil; over deep Glen Ogle, the northern ridges of Ben Ledi itself, and finally, again, into the profound recesses eastward where lie Loch Lubnaig and the Pass of Leni.

And this vast and varied and beautiful panorama is rendered more charming by its eloquent suggestions of the creations of the Great Magician. In the deep valley of Leni, eastward, and beyond Ben Voirlich north of that, are earlier scenes of "A Legend of Montrose." On one side is Rob Roy's country, Balquhidder; and, in an opposite direction, — southward, — the Highland district associated with Scott's delightful story taking its title from the chieftain's name. Around the towers of Doune and Stirling are scenes of "Waverley" and of the closing of the action of "The Lady of the Lake;" while, nearer, can be traced the course of "The Chase," that began the latter, and the sites of "The Combat" that ensued. Beyond the Trosachs are the haunts of Ellen Douglas, romantic enough for fairyland. And beside these many habitations of Scott's creations, we think at sight of Stirling of "The Lord of the Isles;" and Glenfinlas tells the ballad, bearing its name, that he wrote of it. Everywhere, indeed, there seems to be a memorial of some passage of romance or of history. Truly the ascent of Ben Ledi can give a healthy walk up a grand, breezy hill-side, and a view that will reward and inspire us. Travellers while at the Trosachs should not only gain, if possible, this view, and explore the country of "The Lady of the Lake" (described on pages 53 to 69), but also visit, if at no other time, Aberfoyle and Loch Ard (pages 180–3), — scenes of "Rob Roy:" and Ledeard cascade, a scene both of that (page 183) and of "Waverley" (page 144); and finally, then, or during excursions suggested already in this chapter, the opening scenes of "A Legend of Montrose."

"It was," begins that story, "towards the close of a summer's evening, during the anxious period which we have commemorated [the middle of the great civil war], that a young gentleman of quality, well mounted and armed, and accompanied by two servants, one of whom led a sumpter-horse, rode slowly up one of those steep

passes, by which the Highlands are accessible from the Lowlands of Perthshire. Their course had lain for some time along the banks of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the crimson beams of the western sun. The broken path which they pursued, with some difficulty, was in some places shaded by ancient birches and oak-trees, and in others overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsewhere, the hill, which formed the northern side of this beautiful sheet of water, arose in steep but less precipitous acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the darkest purple." This "gentleman of quality" was the Earl of Menteith, who soon encountered, and made acquaintance with, another travelling horseman, — that celebrated and entertaining soldier of fortune, Captain Dugald Dalgetty. This worthy joined company with the Earl, and, with him, rode up the pass just described, now, as already intimated, identified, — the Pass of Leni. The writer hopes that many other travellers may be enabled to see its wild, romantic, and intensely Scottish scenery under effects of light and of shadow, as magnificent as those that ennobled it when he saw it. Southward was a wide prospect over the lowlands of Stirlingshire, then presented in all the verdure of summer, and the brightness of its sunshine. Along one side of the way, for perhaps a mile, dashed and tumbled a very picturesque stream. On either hand, hills arose in long slopes covered with thick whin and heather, or with patches of broom and birches and small oaks, until the road ascended to the craggy shores of Loch Lubnaig. Over the dark waters of this long and narrow lake towered the steep, varied, imposing mass of Ben Ledi, around whose sublime head hovered great sombre thunder-clouds, underlighted by rays of the setting sun, yet casting deep shades over the stern, bare cliffs and heights of the summit of the pass.

This scenery is indeed impressive; and yet Americans can justly feel that Franconia, with her glory of hills and forests, presents views that are superior in noble picturesqueness.

Birkhill, residence of "Tombea's Mary," betrothed of "Norman, heir of Armandave," in "The Gathering" of "The Lady of the Lake" (page 63), is not far from the crest of the pass; and on a wooded knoll, near the former, stood the Chapel of St. Bride.

Travellers may advance northward, as Lord Menteith and Captain Dalgetty are supposed to have advanced, and find, to the left, a delightful view into the Balquhidder district — an almost triangular, meadowy vale, more cultivated now than the neighboring land,

and environed by high, smooth hills, relieved in aspect by scattered tracts of forest. The grave of Rob Roy, who is so intimately associated with the district, is pointed out on a northern slope. Beyond Balquhidder, and an extent of wild country, is Lochearnhead. The party in the story is supposed to have turned to the right, to the eastward, here, and to have traversed a road by the side of Loch Earn, about half its length (of nearly seven miles), to Ardvoirlich (now a gentleman's seat), the reputed original of Darnlinvarach of the story, the castle of Angus M'Aulay. There the lord and captain tarried awhile, and there the latter, in a business-like manner, joined the military service of the former; that is, of the Royal cause in Scotland. There, the story shows us, many Highland chiefs held council on the King's affairs, and were, by Menteith, rallied to action in His Majesty's behalf. There also with dramatic and proper effect appeared James Graham, the "Great" Marquis of Montrose, whose name adorns the title of this novel. This heroic nobleman, at that time only thirty-three years old, and who, as Lodge has said, "deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived," was commissioned, by the King, Lieutenant of those royal forces to be then raised in Scotland. And at this Darnlinvarach, the story tells us, were gathered the earlier members of that famous army with which he did such gallant service. To this rendezvous came, also, Sir Duncan Campbell, ambassador from the Marquis of Argyll, who marshalled the forces opposed to the King, and who represented "the Scottish Convention of Estates." Sir Duncan, however, gained little satisfaction for himself, or for those who sent him. He accordingly returned to his associates. He was accompanied by Dugald Dalgetty, created a major, and, for this occasion, an ambassador to Argyll at his ancestral castle, Inverary. The business of the major's mission related to a proposal by Argyll, through Campbell, for a truce to civil feuds, — a mere pretext, treatment of which imposed peculiar risk upon any royalist messenger to the great "insurgent" "McCullum More," as the Marquis was styled in the Highlands.

Travellers after leaving the region of the Trosachs will be led by the route of this tour, and by the geography and the attractions of the country, in the direction taken by these ambassadors, who first went by ways then devious and difficult to Sir Duncan's castle on the west coast, that travellers, after awhile, may now be enabled to identify.

Previously, however, we may briefly examine Loch Earn and its environs. The lake itself is a pleasant part of a varied landscape, shown best, perhaps, from the road on which is Ardvoirlich. Eastward the view is particularly beautiful. Southward is Ben Voirlich, — the Great Mountain of the Lake, — "three thousand one hundred and eighty feet high," and, it is said, "visible from Edinburgh, and commanding a prospect over all central Scotland from sea to sea." West of it is Stuic-a-Chroin, a "broken, fantastic hill." A tract about half a mile wide along the shores of the lake is, or was, covered by growths of oak, larch, ash, and birch trees. A road extends around the lake, and enables tourists easily to explore its beauties. These are well described by Dr. MacCulloch in his "Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland." He says that "limited as are the dimensions of Loch Earn, it is exceeded in beauty by few of our lakes, as far as it is possible for many beauties to exist in so small a space. . . . Its style is that of a lake of far greater dimensions: the hills which bound it being lofty and bold and rugged, with a variety of character not found in many of even far greater magnitude and extent. It is a miniature and a model of scenery that might well occupy ten times the space. Yet the eye does not feel this. There is nothing trifling or small in the details; nothing to diminish its grandeur of style." It shows the extremely diversified variety of aspects from careful cultivation or rural peacefulness, to dense forests or wild mountain glens and crests. It, indeed, rewards a visit.

There is more than one way from the region of the Trosachs to Oban on the west coast, to which this tour leads, and near which is the original of the castle of Sir Duncan Campbell, to which Major Dalgetty went. Loch Katrine and Inversnaid Fort, in the old Macgregor country, are first passed; and then Loch Lomond may be traversed, to its northern end, and the route by Glen Falloch, Tyndrum, Glen Coe, and the shore of Loch Linnhe taken, or the direct road from Tyndrum to the Head of Loch Awe. Or, as the writer suggests, Loch Lomond may be crossed to Tarbet, and the road by Glen Croe, "Rest and be thankful," and Inverary may be taken. This road (extended through Glen Ary), and that direct from Tyndrum, lead to the head of Loch Awe, justly celebrated for the magnificence of its scenery. In the centre of this is picturesque Kilchurn Castle, surrounded by the waters of the lake, from which rise great hills, all overlooked by huge Ben Cruachan. From this

scenery, the road leads to Oban by the Pass of Awe, where is crossed the Bridge of Awe, locality of Scott's short tale "The Highland Widow," that, together with the Loch and Pass of Awe, is described in chapter xlviii.

Oban is the port of departure for the Sound of Mull, for Staffa, Iona, and Skye, celebrated in "The Lord of the Isles" (described on pages 103–116). Near the road between the Pass of Awe and Oban, and three miles and a half from the latter, is Dunstaffnage Castle, original of Sir Duncan Campbell's "Ardenvohr," visited by Major Dalgetty after he left Loch Earn. The castle stands on a rocky promontory, that rises, perhaps, twenty feet above mean sea level, on the south side of the mouth of Loch Etive. The best view of it is from the water. It may not appear to be reared upon a cliff as high as that on which Sir Walter has raised Ardenvohr, yet it is commanding and romantic. Nearly south of it, is a low, conical, wooded hill, that may be the identical height on which the Major advised that outworks should be erected, and respecting which he expressed so much sagacity, experience, and learning. The castle, quadrangular in form, is about three hundred feet in circuit. At each of three of its outer corners is a rounded tower; the walls connecting these are thirty to seventy feet high, and ten feet thick. In the centre of the structure is a court-yard, of venerable and picturesque aspect. The masonry is, in places, — particularly in those external, — so rude, that it may be mistaken, at a little distance, for the rock on which it is built. Dunstaffnage is a place of great interest, apart from associations with which Scott has invested it. Nature, history, and tradition, have rendered it peculiarly attractive. "It is situated," says a late writer, "on a promontory, almost insulated in that beautiful arm of the sea called Loch Etive. . . . On the west," it "fronts that beautiful and fertile island, fitly denominated Lismore, or Leasmore, — 'the Great garden' [page 104], — beyond which towers the bleak and rocky Mull. The prospect terminates, towards the north, with the lofty mountains of Morvern; while the view is enriched with a cluster of small islands scattered in various directions. Behind it lies that fortress, celebrated in" "ancient chronicles under the name of Berigonium, and also the ruined priory of Ardchattan." The site of this Berigonium, the ancient Pictish capital, is upon a high bank, the northern shore of Loch Etive, opposite Dunstaffnage. Throughout the vicinity of the latter place, indeed, are associations with the early

history of the Scottish monarchy. Where the castle stands, lived —chiefly a thousand years ago— Dalriadan kings. Pennant, however, makes the castle even much older, saying that it "is fabled to have been founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar." Grose makes a safer statement, followed by a concise account of that remarkable antique, "the Stone of Scone," once at Dunstaffnage. "The builder of this castle," says the amiable captain, and the "time of its construction, are unknown: it is certainly of great antiquity, and was once the seat of the Pictish and Scottish Princes. Here for a long time was preserved the famous stone, the Palladium of Scotland, brought, as the legend has it, from Spain. It was afterward removed by Kenneth II. to Scone, and is now in Westminster Abbey;" placed there by Edward I., and still, in the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor (the Apse), preserved beneath the Coronation chair of the British Sovereigns. The name, the "Stone of Destiny," seems appropriate to this strange object, —a flat, squared, dark block, above which have sat such a long succession of Scottish and English rulers during ceremonies of assumption of royal authority. At Dunstaffnage lived Lords of Lorn. From them Robert Bruce took it, and gave it to Sir Colin Campbell of Loch Awe, whose descendants continue to hold it. In it, during 1685, lived the Marquis of Argyll; and thus it is very properly represented held as it is in the "Legend." It was a garrisoned post even as recently as the "affairs" of 1715 and of 1745.

Major Dalgetty took himself, and the action of the story in which he is so conspicuous, from this Ardenvohr to the Marquis of Argyll's castle Inverary, to which he went in character of ambassador. Travellers, while on the way from Loch Lomond to Oban, are supposed to have visited the latter castle, or rather its successor. The Major found Inverary as different from its present condition as his times were different from those in which we live. He probably saw the noble features of natural scenery that now impart so much dignity and beauty to the upper portion of Loch Fyne, where the castle then was and where its successor now is, but modern culture and peacefulness he did not see; for, in place of these, he found ominous demonstrations of stern Highland law and of civil war. He found, not the existing castle (for that was begun in 1745); but an ancient stronghold, situated near the water not far from its site, a more military and picturesque structure, of which scarcely a vestige

remains. He saw, not the handsome Policies, or pleasure-grounds, but before the castle a gibbet bearing recent victims, and behind it the lofty, steep, wooded hill, Duniquoich, crowned by a watch-tower that commanded a wide outlook and suggested the jealousy with which the Campbells guarded this their country, and enforced the spirit of their motto, and made strangers feel the force of its words —"It's a far cry to Lochow"—(a slogan that, however, rather belongs to Kilchurn in Loch Awe—another of their strongholds). The Major soon had adequate realization of the power wielded by the grim Marquis—Gillespie Grumach—to whom he was sent. He could hardly have appreciated, as we can now appreciate, the real greatness of that truly noble and wonderful family then represented by this mighty Highland lord,—a family whose Saga is so tersely and so well told by a recent traveller, Lord Dufferin,—a family whose history is centuries of argument against the popular sophistry that ability, honor, and glory cannot be inherited. But he, even in character of ambassador, could realize, and indeed was obliged to realize, that he was engaged in hazardous business. He had a peculiarly disagreeable reception by the Marquis,—this Gillespie Grumach, as less respectfully called, or MacCallum More, as ceremoniously styled, in the Highlands. The depth of affliction was after this reception soon reached by the Major, who found himself, as will be remembered, consigned to a subterranean dungeon, where he met a certain "Son of the Mist," doomed, like himself, to imprisonment, and, not unlikely, to death. Innumerable readers of the story have learned how the Marquis, disguised, visited these two men in confinement; how he was surprised, while endeavoring to extract secrets from them, by loss of his own; how the outraged ambassador and cool-headed soldier freed himself and the "Son of the Mist," and left the lord of the castle, bound hand and mouth, in the dungeon; and finally, how the two, through great peril, escaped the Marquis, his stronghold, his town, and his wide estates, and regions adjacent.

Major Dalgetty's flight—a very exciting adventure—took the action of the story sometime after to the camp of Montrose, situated northward from Inverary, in a remote portion of the Highlands. The action, shifting from this camp, then became historical at Inverlochy, where the plot of the story, here but little disclosed, was developed.

Travellers, after visiting Oban and its connections (mentioned on page 209) can, in following the route of this tour, go directly

thence to Bannavie, at the western end of the Caledonian Canal, almost beneath Ben Nevis, and near Inverlochy; or, if returning from Skye, they can land at Arasaig (page 108), and thence traverse the country of Lochiel, thirty-eight miles, to Bannavie, and on this way see the place and the monument where Prince Charles Edward, August 19th, 1745, first set up his standard in Britain.

About a mile from the excellent hotel at Bannavie are the castle and the battle-field of Inverlochy. On the latter, during Sunday, February 2, 1645, Montrose, "with the loss of three privates and one gentleman," defeated Argyll and his forces, whose loss was nearly fifteen hundred men, — almost one-half of their entire number. Upon this field Major Dalgetty was, by his general, created knight, — an incident suggesting that Montrose here knighted John Hay of Lochloy, the latest instance of conferring this honor by a Scottish subject, it is said. Close to the field, and situated in a position not very commanding, above the bank of the rapid, rippling river Lochy, is the castle. It is a hollow square measuring 120 feet each way, in its court-yard. At each outer angle is a low, round tower, formerly three stories high, but now shattered and dilapidated. The intermediate walls, perhaps twenty feet high, are better kept. The masonry is massive and excellent. The material is broken boulder and chip stone laid with strong cement, and with rather good effect, in courses, the large stones alternated between seams of small stones. Many green, shady beech-trees grow near the castle. The old moat is now filled, and the court-yard is grass-grown; indeed, the whole structure has, or lately had, a more pastoral than military aspect, — a millennial style of change that, however morally edifying, is hardly as romantic in this case as in some others that travellers may remember. The castle is said to be of immense antiquity; certainly, in history, it is famous. The country immediately around it is mostly an uneven extent of peat and of hillocks. Beyond this, the view is bounded by imposing mountains, between which are noble valley vistas.

One of these mountains, Ben Nevis, now considered the highest in Britain (4406 feet), certainly should, if possible, be ascended by travellers, and the readiest route of ascent is probably from Bannavie. The mountain is a huge, bare mass, with a very rough and rocky top, that reminds one of Mount Washington at the American White Hills. On one side is a tremendous precipice, that has no real counterpart at the latter. The view, also, — one of unusual grandeur, — is more varied and perhaps more wide than is the view from

Washington. The ascent of Ben Nevis is not difficult to a respectable walker with a proper guide.

The chapter before the last may contain enough antiquarian and typographical dissertation on a love story to render another here not absolutely necessary; accordingly that of the Earl of Menteith and of Annot Lyle, the lovers in the novel (whom the writer should, perhaps have mentioned before), may be untold by him, and for a reason of some validity during the tour that is supposed to be sketched in this work, — their story is associated with scarcely any other places than those already described in the present chapter. They are said to have been married at Inverlochy Castle, after certain startling incidents had transpired, and a fatal result to these had been averted. They then visited Dunstaffnage, to which the bride proved heiress, and there, in merited bliss, they are supposed to have sometime dwelt.

And thus "A Legend of Montrose," after leading us through extended and noble scenery of the Highlands, locally ends near the western entrance to the Great Glen of Scotland that crosses the kingdom from sea to sea, and, by its lakes and watercourses, gives a pleasant and easy way to the eastern coast, to Inverness, the Highland Capital, and thence to the wild northern coasts and islands associated with the subject of the next work by Scott that will be sketched.

XXV.

"THE PIRATE."

THE GREAT GLEN, AND THE NORTHERN COASTS OF SCOTLAND.

Fourteenth Novel of the Series, written 1821; *Published December*, 1821; *Author's age*, 50; *Time of action of the Story, about* 1700.

THE route of travellers from Bannavie and the neighborhood of Inverlochy and Ben Nevis is, on this tour, by a day's steaming through the Great Glen of Scotland and the Caledonian Canal that traverses it, to Inverness, the Highland capital. There is not, along this route, very much to be seen that is intimately associated with Scott's creations; but yet, there are pleasing varieties of lake

and river and hill and mountain views, and of ancient castles and modern engineering art. There is also that Scottish Giessbach, the Falls of Foyers, subjects of verse by Burns and of prose by innumerable other writers. They are, indeed, very pretty, secluded, mountain-side cascades.

In and around Inverness, at the eastern end of the canal, is another entertaining variety of objects. The town itself, neat and even handsome, is an emporium of Highland specialties, and thus is a nice place for shopping by tourists. At a couple of miles' distance, in different directions, are two or three curious "vitrified forts." Fifteen miles nearly east is the traditional, or nominal, scene of the chief part of the tragedy "Macbeth," — Cawdor Castle, a picturesque pile, perched above a mountain torrent, surrounded by large forest trees, and accessible only over a rattling drawbridge. To be sure King Duncan was not killed in it; but it is a much more interesting place for a royal murder than could have been the rude structure in which he probably was killed, as it is one of the best preserved baronial strongholds in Scotland. There are several names in its vicinity suggesting Shakspeare's immortal work. The ruins of the once beautiful cathedral of Ross, destroyed by a barbarous iconoclast to yield materials for a fort, are a dozen miles, across Loch Beauly, north-east from Inverness. Five miles east from the town is Culloden Moor, field of the memorable battle that in 1745 for ever defeated the Jacobites. There is, also, a deal else to be seen in this region, as local guides can testify; but time and space here are not sufficient for mention of all.

The route from Inverness is to Dingwall, a sort of outpost to Strathpeffer, a hyperborean watering-place, and thence, beside Cromarty Firth and over hills, to Tain. Even now, the extreme north of the mainland is reached by that almost mythical but pleasant vehicle, a mail-coach, that goes to Wick and Thurso in Caithness. The former is a little port on the eastern coast. On the way thither from Tain, travellers cross Dornoch Firth at Meikle Ferry, a cool expanse of water. Afterwards, near Golspie, they pass Dunrobin Castle, — partly seen from the road, — a magnificent seat, very ancient in origin, of the Dukes of Sutherland. It rises grandly above a wide, circling sweep of sea-coast, of which it commands wonderful views, and along a portion of which travellers ride. They then cross Helmsdale, and then Berriedale, with its two deep, prettily wooded, and watered ravines. Some time after sight of Dun-

robin is lost, the road, still near the coast, enters Caithness by the Pass of Ord, or the Ord of Caithness, where it mounts thirteen hundred feet upon the bleak and bare, cold and lonely moorland sides of the Morven Hills, and commands a very extensive view over the North Sea, on which these hills there abut. Beyond the pass is continuous coast scenery, presenting, seaward, crags and waves, and inland, heathery or pasture ground, and mountain peaks, like the Paps of Caithness in the distance. Further north are wide extents of almost flat lands.

Wick does not contain many "sights." The notable excursion from it is to the picturesque cliffs at Duncansby Head, the north-eastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland, and to "John O'Groat's House," — not a building, but a grass-grown site, partly mound, partly cellar, close to the shore of Pentland Firth. Near it is the odd little Houna Inn, the most northerly public house on the British continent.

From Wick travellers may go by steamer directly to Lerwick on the Mainland of Shetland, from which visits are usually made to the scenery in which opens the action of this wild, magical story, "The Pirate," with its half Scandinavian strangeness. Only good sailors will probably make this voyage in comfort. During fine weather, a landing from the steamer may be effected at Sumburgh Head, the first natural scene described in the novel. It is nearly thirty miles southerly from Lerwick, and from it most of the localities of the earlier portion of the story can be, perhaps, most readily reached. Travellers will, however, be likely to go, as Scott went, to Lerwick, — a port that he reached on the 3d of August, 1814, during the voyage in the light-house yacht (mentioned on page 102, and described on page 226), when he so much surpassed the explorations by Dr. Johnson in the celebrated Hebridean Tour.

The port of Lerwick, Scott wrote in his journal, "is a most beautiful place, screened on all sides from the wind by hills of gentle elevation. The town, a fishing village, built irregularly upon a hill ascending from the shore, has a picturesque appearance." It is a prettier place now. Scott, while his friend Erskine (then sheriff) tried riotous whalemen, explored the antiquities and remarkables of the neighborhood, and thus, as in Liddesdale, continued "making himself," and conceiving charms that he has associated with many strange places in the remote islands of Shetland and of Orkney.

The scenes of the novel in the former are on the chief island,

Mainland. They are south of Lerwick, and can be visited in regular course by Mousa, Sumburgh and Fitful Heads, St. Ninian's, and thence back to Lerwick, whence they are accessible by ponies, or on foot and by boat; or, in suitable weather, they may all, perhaps, be better reached by sail-boat. Travellers may find that, during this exploring expedition and attempts at identification of the novelist's localities, a great deal must be done by individual imaginations; and that, as Scott associated his strange story with wild and romantic regions that he saw during an adventurous excursion, so, also, now not a little of the pleasure of viewing them may be created by following his example, and by animating them with weird beings that haunt them and with fantasies that they inspire.

"The Pirate" begins with a description of an old mansion, Jarlshof, at Sumburgh Head, a high, bold promontory, the southern end of Mainland. It is, indeed, one of the most commanding imaginable sites for a sea-side castle. The old mansion, "The Earl's House," represented as having been upon it, has disappeared; but without it the site is sufficiently interesting. At Jarlshof appeared Mordaunt Mertoun, its occupant during several years, and son of Basil Mertoun, an old pirate. Young Mertoun was in love with Brenda Troil, the younger of those two delightful, world-known daughters of old Magnus Troil, Udaller of Zetland, who lived at Burgh-Westra, about twenty miles distant, across a country nearly enough impassable. This young Mertoun was a rather melancholy but good-looking person of the sort said to be "interesting" to susceptible young ladies. Readers almost everywhere, and especially those who travel in Shetland, will with delight remember stately, black-haired, imaginative, high-minded Minna, and fair, blonde, graceful, cheerful, Scandinavian Brenda.

Mordaunt Mertoun, when returning from one of his visits to the Troil family, was overtaken by an unusually violent storm, and was driven to seek and to take refuge from it at Harfra or Stourburgh, the residence of a sort of missionary agriculturist, Triptolemus Yellowley. There appeared Norna, of Fitful Head, one of Scott's most supernatural yet living creations, who, through superstition and adversity, had become a sorceress, half pagan, half crazed. The storm abated, — allayed by her it is represented, — and Mertoun returned home. Neither the house of the Troils nor that of Yellowley can be identified: both were probably toward the southern end of the island, a portion well worth exploring.

Soon after the adventure in the storm, a vessel was wrecked on Sumburgh Head, and a stranger, cast upon the beach, was saved by Mertoun, to appear afterwards in active life. Mertoun's acquaintance with Norna was continued, and increased, by another interview with her, that was held at the "Green Loch," rather indefinitely situated, according to the author, in "a very solitary spot, where — embosomed among steep, heathy hills, which sunk suddenly down on the verge of the water — lay one of those small fresh-water lakes which are common in the Zetland isles, whose outlets form the sources of the small brooks and rivulets by which the country is watered." It was small, — "not more than three-quarters of a mile in circuit." "The depth of the water gave the whole that cerulean tint of bluish green" whence it derived its name. It was, indeed, one of those remarkable scenes of "complete solitude," so strange and so fascinating in these far northern regions when the weather is fine, and so portentous during mists and storms; a scene that any pedestrian in Shetland may discover. And at some such place was another of those scenes that should be recalled rather by reading or by remembrance of Sir Walter's writing than by description here.

Another and immediately succeeding scene, at Burgh-Westra, is also of the same sort. Norna then, in an impressive, an almost startling manner, appeared to Minna and Brenda in their bedroom at night. There, like some unearthly witch, she, in words that agitated and that awed, narrated the story of her life. It was another rendering of the old and often repeated experience of a woman's trust and ruin. Norna, banished by her father from his presence, had fled with her then faithful lover, her fidelity to whom resulted (unwittingly to her) in consequences fatal to her father. His death finally rendered her insane. She disappeared from human society and wandered wildly, endeavoring continually to gain and exercise knowledge she had long sought, — first, when a girl, by exploring each barrow and cairn and valley and hill, and by learning the tales of each, and by striving to possess the powers of the Voluspæ (the Sibyls); and then, later, by darker researches, and experiences that made her, in her own belief, "the powerful and the despairing Sovereign of the Seas and Winds." Through her story, as through the novel, we are impressed by a possibility, yet almost indefinable supernaturalness, of feeling, of incident and of scene, and by that peculiar magic picturesqueness we are apt to

associate with Scandinavian, or with any hyperborean, regions and people, when the latter are not Esquimaux in style. Norna's agitating disclosures were fearfully monitory to the sisters, each of whom was already attracted, if not ensnared, by one assuming the position of lover. Indeed, Mertoun, and the young man rescued from shipwreck, — called Cleveland, — were becoming particularly influential in their affairs. After this scene in the bedroom, occurred another, in a more imposing, and now more recognizable, place, where Minna Troil met Cleveland, whose curious history can hardly be abridged here. This scene was "in one of the loneliest recesses of the coast, where a deep indenture of the rocks gave the tide access to a" deep *halier*, or subterraneous cave worn by the waves in calcareous rock, and constantly invaded by them. The spot may be found by an adventurous explorer at not a very great distance from the site of Burgh-Westra. It has been named the Helyer of Swartaster. There "a small spot of milk-white sand, that stretched beneath" a precipice, afforded "space for a dry, firm, and pleasant walk of about a hundred yards, terminated at one extremity by a dark stretch of bay," and at the other "by the lofty and almost unscalable" cliff, "the abode of hundreds of sea-fowl of different kinds, in the bottom of which the huge helyer, or sea-cave, itself yawned, as if for the purpose of swallowing up the advancing tide, which it seemed to receive into an abyss of immeasurable depth and extent. The entrance to this dismal cavern consisted not in a single arch, as usual, but was divided into two, by a huge pillar of natural rock, which, rising out of the sea, and extending to the top of the cavern, seemed to lend its support to the roof, and thus formed a double portal." "In this wild scene, lonely, and undisturbed but by the clang of the sea-fowl, Cleveland had already met with Minna Troil more than once; for with her it was a favorite walk, as the objects which it presented agreed peculiarly with the love of the wild, the melancholy, and the wonderful." Two lovers, or any young lady and man, could hardly find a more impressive and bewitching scene for an interview; nor will the sentimental traveller probably discover any more inspiring natural objects amid which to imagine beings of romance. Certainly, it is an appropriate place for this meeting of Minna and her mysterious companion, when she learned much of strange affairs that form conspicuous part of the action of this story, and that decisively affected her destinies.

This action leads us next, to St. Ninian's Church, a celebrated shrine even after Romish times when it was founded, situated on St. Ronan's Isle, about ten miles north of Jarlshof. Mertoun had met Cleveland while he was beneath Minna's window serenading her, and had quarrelled with him. Towards this church, a ruin, she pursued them unsuccessfully, to prevent trouble. She, however, found Norna, and had a rather important interview with the father of Mertoun. A more interesting episode in the novel occurred afterwards, when Magnus Troil went, with his daughters, to Fitful Head, on which Norna's dwelling, an ancient tower, is represented to have stood. This Head, situated about half way between St. Ninian's and Sumburgh Head, is even loftier and bolder than that great promontory. Norna's tower is designed from the remarkable Pictish castle, Mousa, situated about thirteen miles north-east of Sumburgh on a small island, also called Mousa, lying close to Mainland. This castle is said to be "perhaps the most perfect Teutonic fortress now extant in Europe." Among the monuments of domestic or public life and manners in past ages, visited and described in this tour, this curious relic is certainly worth examination. And as we have not the power of the Wizard of the North, and cannot transport it to Fitful Head, we must, very naturally, make it the object of a separate excursion, and then combine it, in imagination, with the site on which Scott has so effectively placed it to be an appropriate haunt of the sorceress Norna. This "Burgh" is on rather low ground near the sea, and, says an excellent authority, "is built of middle-sized schistose stones, well laid together without any cement. The round edifice attains the height of 42 feet, bulging out below and tapering off towards the top, where it is again cast out from its lesser diameter, so as to prevent its being scaled from without. The door-way is so low and narrow as only to admit one person at a time, who has to creep along a passage fifteen feet deep ere he attains the interior open area. He then perceives that the structure is hollow, consisting of two walls, each about five feet thick, with a passage or winding staircase between them of similar size, and enclosing an open court about twenty feet in diameter. Near the top of the building, and opposite the entrance, three or four vertical rows of holes are seen, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house, and varying from eight to eighteen in number. These admit air and a feeble degree of light to the chambers or galleries within, which wound round the building, and to

which the passage from the entrance conducts, the roof of one chamber being the floor of that above it."

This curious labyrinthine structure, once a secure refuge for the islanders from hostile attacks, — that were not infrequent, — is now an interesting study to the antiquary, as well as to the traveller in search of the picturesque, and is one of the most northerly objects of ancient architectural work to be found in the British Isles. There is another large and almost entire tower of the same sort, on the island of Burra, in Orkney, accessible from Kirkwall. Others also exist, but that of Mousa may be imagined the lair of the sorceress, rising above the ragged, precipitous crags of Fitful Head, — a bold promontory, wild and mighty as the storms and the waves that often assail it. The Udaller, with his daughters, sought this castle of Norna and its mistress, in order to obtain from her a cure for Minna, who had grown ill and melancholy. Norna practised some of her remarkable incantations, and formed a curative spell that proved not unsuccessful upon the malady it was to remedy, — love-sickness. The Udaller, however, found the castle as inhospitable as the stormy region around it, and was unable to make a very prolonged visit, owing to the peculiar opinions and excitable temperament of its mistress. He had, with the forethought of an ordinary mortal, brought a substantial lunch and a comfortable leathern flask of brandy, that were decently, and, to merely human perception, necessarily laid on a table in the lower room of the tower. The Sibyl learned, with great indignation, of this invasion on proprieties that she had ordained for her establishment, and, turning "with much haughtiness" to the Udaller, exclaimed, — "Have you so far forgot yourself as to bring earthly food into the house of the Reimkennar, and make preparations, in the dwelling of Power and of Despair, for refection and wassail and revelry?" To this question she allowed no reply, but immediate departure from her castle; out of the window of which were thrown the lunch and the brandy, and out of the door of which were turned the Udaller and his party.

After this incident the affairs of the lovers in the story became even more romantic and interesting, and associated with other places than those already described.

From these now lone and weird scenes in Shetland, wild, or awful in the picturesqueness of their bare, mighty forms of earth and rock, veiled by no forest-trees or coppice, and half glimmering in their ghostly sunlight, or obscured in the dark clouds of furious

storms; travellers go to the scarcely less impressive scenery of Orkney, and first to Kirkwall, whither the story next leads.

Kirkwall is the chief town on Mainland of Orkney. It is situated on low ground, at the head of a bay with a northerly opening. The country around it is bare and grassy, with expanding slopes, rising westward to no small height in the broad Wideford Hill, three miles back, — a hill worth ascending for the view it commands. The houses and streets of the town are small, but rather curious. The chief object of interest is, however, the Cathedral, the place to which the story next leads one. Mr. Billings, in his "Antiquities," very truly remarks: "Among all the architectural glories of the Middle Ages, there is scarcely any other that presents so startling a type of the capacity of the Church of Rome to carry the symbols of its power, its wealth, and its high culture into distant regions, as this Cathedral edifice, built in the twelfth century, in one of the most remote dependencies of a small and secluded European power. After having stood for nearly seven hundred years, it still remains pre-eminent, both in dignity and beauty, over all the architectural productions, which the progress of civilization and science has reared around it; and even the traveller from the central districts of the mighty empire, to which the far isle of Pomona is now attached, looking with admiring wonder on its lofty tiers of strong and symmetrical arches, and its richly mullioned windows, admits that old St. Magnus is matched but by a very few of the ecclesiastical edifices of our great cities; and those few are also ancient. Even as when it first reared its head among the fishermen's huts, it still frowns broad and dark over the surrounding houses of the old Burgh of Kirkwall," and, "though dedicated to another worship, still to the honor of those who dwell around it, and of their forefathers, stands entire, a living monument of those gentler arts which in the end were destined to be triumphant over . . . rude strength." Indeed, this venerable Cathedral, with that at Glasgow, both still given to holy uses, alone remain of the many once noble ecclesiastical edifices of Scotland, to show the power and piety of what conceited moderns term the "Dark Ages," and also, by contrast, to do continual honor to the moderation, the sense, and devotion of those who have lived near them, and to give eloquent comment upon those whose peculiar religious fervor burned, pillaged, and despoiled so much of grandeur and beauty solemnly dedicated to God's glory by their own forefathers. Kirkwall Cathe-

dral is a long, simple, noble cruciform structure, measuring 226 feet by 56 feet, or 90 at the transept, with a single tower crowned by a low pyramidal roof, rising totally 133 feet at the intersection of nave and transept. The material is chiefly red sandstone; a little light, yellowish-brown sandstone being also used, in scattered pieces; or, as on the north side of the west front, in alternate layers in the walls or arch mouldings, — an Italianish treatment. After long exposure, the general color has now become a dull, dark red (especially on the central tower), varied by ashy-gray shades, also dark. The edifice, founded in 1138, and mostly built soon after, shows much of the round-arch "gothic" style. There is little ornament except about the door-ways, where are remains of once richly foliated capitals and mouldings. The buttresses are flat and Norman-like. The few pinnacles are of peculiar design. East and in the roof is pointed work, dating, it is said, from 1500 to 1550. Before 1671 an elegant spire crowned the tower. The whole Cathedral is now neat, and in good order to meet coming centuries, having been repaired recently by public and private liberality. St. Magnus, its patron saint, was killed at the altar of an older church. A few years afterward, his nephew Ronald, son of Erland Earl of Orkney, by vow avenged him, and began this memorial of him, as also of his faith. The interior impresses the visitor by the appearance of great length and height of the nave, compared with its width, for it is 217½ feet long, 71 feet high, and only 16 feet wide. The architects truly made good use of their means to produce imposing effect. The pillars and arches are massive and round, especially massive is the triforium. The windows are small (except the mullioned pointed eastern window). There is very little colored glass remaining. The nave and choir ceilings have a simple vaulting with rather rude ribs, that the writer found of light brick-red color relieving a whitish ground. The transept roofs are simple wooden framed work, and higher than the vaultings. The choir is now supplied with modern pews, and has, or had, whitish washed walls, and pale reddish washed mouldings and capitals. There are not many monuments. The general effect of the ponderous nave, with its damp, stained walls, is more that of a crypt than of a high church; but to one considering what and where it is, it is noble and solemn. According to the excellent and appropriate custom in the British Islands a burial-ground and lawn surround the Cathedral; here commendable, if not as fair as in some other places more favored by nature and wealth.

On the English border, near Gilsland, the traveller may see, in the now ruined wall of Severus, remarkable evidence of the power of ancient Rome, at what was in her time almost the extremest limit of empire. But how truly is this venerable church "a startling type" of the far wider-reaching power of mediæval Rome, and of devotion to that kingdom of faith and of peace, not alone of this world!

In this really wonderful edifice, Minna Troil had an interview with her lover, previous to a last farewell. The nave was his favorite walk and thinking place. From behind a massive pillar there, we are to imagine Norna stepping forth and addressing the two, and beneath the deep shadows we are to imagine the parting of the unfortunate girl from a strange being with whose person and fortunes her affections had become seriously engaged; and then we may look, perhaps not successfully, for a secret panelled door, through which the mysterious Norna conducted him to a subterranean passage. By this she led him to some ruinous buildings not far distant, probably the remains of the Earl's or of the Bishop's palace, — objects of architectural and antiquarian interest second, at Kirkwall, only to the Cathedral. The former dates from 1607, and the latter from the thirteenth century. Both are quite picturesque: the former is in the Scotch castellated style, with large bays and hanging turrets, — all of sober gray stone. The latter is more "gothic" in its features. Its walls are built of broken slate, now dark gray, and have great brackets and dressings of red stone, now worn by exposure.

Hence, Norna guiding and he following, both on horseback, had a sharp trot to the "Standing Stones of Stennis," distant about half of the fifteen miles to Stromness, whither the traveller's course may next be. These stones are the most ancient, and possibly curious, antiquities of Orkney. They are thought to be of pre-Scandinavian or of Celtic origin. They were erected over 900 years ago, and, as pagan relics, are second in Great Britain only to the celebrated Stonehenge, near Salisbury. There are, here, remains of two circles of stones. One is not far from either end of a causeway-like isthmus, parting the Lake of Stennis, and called the Bridge of Broisgar or Brogar. The other, westward, consists now of sixteen erect stones "from 3 to 14½ feet high, and seventeen fragments, each less than three feet, and traces of an encompassing ditch 1071 feet in circumference." The eastward

group has now three erect stones 17 or 18 feet high, flat, squared, peaked-topped, quite separated, and venerably gray, mossy, and mysterious. Two others lie upon the ground. In one of the stones is a circular hole, through which the "Promise of Odin" (repeatedly mentioned in the story) was taken. At this retired, strange place, the lover and Minna parted for ever. Near here is the house of Turmiston, or, as the story has it, "the old mansion-house of Stennis," conspicuous among the story's closing scenes. Hence, "the pirate" is represented beholding a sea-fight (near Stennis), in which his vessel was destroyed, — an instance of romancer's license, apparently founded on the fact that a noble view of Stromness and its surroundings is to be had a couple of miles further on towards it. Wideford Hill may be easily ascended before reaching Stennis, — the slopes are moderate, and covered by heather and grass, and the view is very extensive. A Picts'-house near the bay shore, back of a farm-house, may be also easily visited. It is a fair specimen of those curious little stone-walled, underground, beaver-like houses, suggesting the probability that Picts lived snugly and were very small, impervious to dampness and defiant of rheumatism.

Other places introduced to notice by the story are chiefly the remarkables of Hoy, a considerable island, quite worth visiting, and pleasantly accessible by sail-boat from Stromness, — a queer, rambling little town, with a nice inn. The first of these remarkables is the Ward or Wart Hill of Hoy, one thousand five hundred and fifty-six feet high, one and a half miles from the eastern shore, and two and three-fourths from the northern. It is of domical form, bare and shrubless, steep and rough, scarred and torn by rock and earth slides, and puzzling enough in surface during the driving mists frequent here, in one of which the writer was caught alone on it. In clear weather, its summit commands a panoramic view that extends over nearly all Orkney and much of the northern part of Caithness. Two miles south-east, in a deep valley separating this hill from others, is the "Dwarfie Stone," alluded to by Norna in her narration of her own history. It is a sandstone block, eighteen feet long, fourteen feet broad, and from two to six feet high above the ground. It is hollowed by art, and has two doors and rude berth-like excavations. Neither record nor tradition tells of its exact origin or use. It has been thought to have once been a heathen altar, afterwards transformed to a hermit's cell. The

huge cliffs of the western coast of Hoy are, however, its most wonderful features. They rise from five hundred to nine hundred feet above sea level, often sheer and smooth as walls of masonry, opposing their mighty fronts to the tremendous surges of the North Atlantic that ceaselessly roll unchecked from over its immense expanse. The best approach and view is, perhaps, by water, and from Stromness. The first view gained in this approach of them is of a lofty hill broken into very ragged profiles, towards the sea precipitous, impending, or steeply sloping. One of these profiles resembles that of a human face with a prominent nose, and this, whether in satire or questionable compliment, is termed the bust of Sir Walter Scott! From an elevation on land about a mile and a half west of Stromness is said to be a better prospect of this image, or craggy precipice, called the Kame of Hoy. As one quite rounds the northern end of the island, the sublime range of cliffs opens upon the sight. Westward rolls the broad sea, generally most "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and eastward it dashes, white and foaming, and with steam-like spray, upon these tremendous rock-piles, that rise for miles, boldly confronting it. Their forms are wonderfully varied, and magnificently tinted and shaded by full sunlight. The strata are distinctly defined, like huge courses of masonry, and colored reddish brown or gray, diversified by russet-orange lichens, by soft, green mosses, or patches of verdant grass on slopes of the surfaces presented. Here and there, among these great walls, appear threatening rifts; here and there, indeed, the cliffs seem undermined; and again, here and there, are cavernous recesses beneath them. The loftiest mass is a tower-like pile, rather flat, a little advanced from the main frontage, and grandly bastioned and buttressed. Perhaps the most prominent mass, however, is one called the "Old Man of Hoy." It is an isolated rock, very high, squared, coursed by strata, slightly inclined, and, at its base, pierced by natural arches. It is three and three-fourths miles south-west of the Ward Hill, and may be seen even from the coast of Caithness. The views from the tops of these cliffs are, of course, wide and noble; but, as with nearly all cliff scenery, the better views of the cliffs themselves are from below,—necessarily here, from the sea. In very few places, is any coast scenery, of this description, of such stupendous magnitude, so easily accessible. Travellers by the small steamer from Stromness to Thurso (on the main land of Scotland) pass directly before the whole range, near

enough for seeing well, and respectfully far enough off for keeping safe.

It may be remarked, that Gow or Smith, "the pirate" of this story, belonged to Stromness (as also did George Stewart, the "Torquil" of Lord Byron's "Island"). Details of the former's history may be found in Peterkin's "Notes on Orkney." The novelist's "Introduction" (December, 1821) also narrates these.

Scott, in his "Introduction" (1831), gives description of his yachting cruise among the northern islands previously alluded to in this chapter. Tourists who explore these islands, will, if they think of the great novelist, as they can hardly help doing, compare their own route with his by calling his to mind.

On the 29th July, 1814, Scott left Leith, by invitation, with a party of "Commissioners for the Northern Light-House Service" (to whom Robert Stevenson was engineer). The party consisted of old friends. The yacht was an excellent one; and the great man himself was not troubled by a malady incident frequently to inferior mortality when at sea. August 3d (as previously mentioned) they reached Lerwick in Shetland. Twice Scott visited the Loch "Cleikhim-in," and saw the Picts' Castle. On the 6th, by boat, he went around Capes Hammer, Kirkubus, and Ving, "Bard Head" and "Giant's Leg," to the Isle of Noss, and around the Noup of Noss or "Hang Cliff,"—the "highest rock we had yet seen," he wrote. It is about six hundred feet high. He saw, from below, the celebrated Cradle of Noss,—that slender connection between two immense cliffs, formed by a couple of slight ropes and a basket, pictured in old school-geographies, but removed now. "I have," Scott wrote, "gleaned something of the peculiar superstitions of the Zetlanders, which are numerous and potent." On Sunday, the 7th, he rode to Tingwall to church, and reached Scalloway, and saw its old castle. On the 8th he dined at the Town Hall with "Notables," and departed. On the 9th, in the yacht, he reached the Island of Mousa, and went ashore there and visited the castle, and then experienced an attempt to beat around Sumburgh Head (for delights of which experience the unnautical are referred to an attempt to do the like in that disagreeable, unquiet Roost of Sumburgh). At ten o'clock on the 10th he reached Fair Isle. On the 11th, the Start of Sanda, first land of Orkney, was made. On the 12th and 13th he was at Kirkwall. On the 14th, at sea, Dun-

cansby Head was passed, and on the 16th he arrived in Stromness Bay, and visited the Standing Stones, and, by long boat, Hoy Island (chiefly the Dwarfie Stone,—there being no record of his ascent of the Ward Hill or the Cliffs, so far as the writer knows). On the 17th, again under way, he saw the "Old Man" and other objects on the west coast of Hoy. There is no record, also, that he "sat for his portrait" on the Kame of Hoy. During the 18th, Cape Wrath was doubled. Thence he went to the Hebrides.

From Stromness and Orkney the usual route is, as before intimated, by a small steamer to Thurso in Caithness, the most northerly considerable town on the mainland of Great Britain. Thence, travellers may go by mail, or by posting, to Wick, and southward to Inverness by the way described at the beginning of this chapter. Or, travellers may visit the grand and remarkable cliff scenery of the north coast, particularly of Cape Wrath, and then go from Tongue to Dornoch Firth by mail-gig, and thence as before to Inverness. Thence travellers may advance southward by the "Highland" line of rail, mostly along the old mail road (after going around by once witch-haunted Forres), and through Strath Spey, Glen Truim, Glen Garry, Blair Athol, Killiecrankie Pass, famous in Highland history, and Dunkeld, with its ruined cathedral and grand ducal grounds of Athol, to Perth, one hundred and forty-four miles. Thence the way may be by rail through Cupar Angus (branching by Blair Gowrie), to Arbroath, where travellers will again find scenes associated with Scott's creations. From Blair Gowrie travellers may most readily visit Craighall, an original of Tully-Veolan in Waverley (described on page 142), as also is its Glen the prototype of the hiding-place of the Baron of Bradwardine (page 145). From Glammis station, not much further onward, may also be visited the grand castle of that name, where Scott was first a guest during that tour of 1793, when he did so much towards "making himself," by becoming acquainted with Old World memorials. Indeed, the whole of this region is a mine of antiquarian and legendary riches. Or, travellers leaving Inverness, have another expeditious route by rail through Elgin, where may be seen the beautiful though shattered remains of its once magnificent cathedral, perhaps the richest and noblest of Scotland, and thence, also by rail, through interesting country near the east coast, to Aberdeen,—a neat, handsome, thriving town, celebrated for polished

granite, clipper ships, and "cauld kail." From this place a capital excursion may be made up the valley of the river Dee, by Banchory and Ballater and Balmoral, the Highland residence of Her Majesty, to Braemar, from which Ben Macdhui, long time reputed to be the highest mountain in Britain, may be ascended. From Aberdeen the route is by rail to Arbroath, already mentioned, near which are the chief scenes of Sir Walter's third novel, "The Antiquary."

XXVI.

"THE ANTIQUARY."

Third Novel of the Series, written 1815–16; *Published early in May*, 1816; *Author's age*, 45; *Time of action*, 1798.

THE scenery and objects associated with this novel are chiefly at or near Arbroath. The opening scene is, however, at Edinburgh, where, in the High Street, Mr. Lovel, the hero, and Mr. Jonathan Oldenbuck, or (popularly) Oldbuck, the Antiquary, first met, and whence they together journeyed to the Hawes Inn, Queensferry. Mr. Lovel soon became a friend of Mr. Oldbuck, and also his guest at his seat, Monkbarns, where, among other attractions, was the very valuable and curious museum of the celebrated and learned *savant*. Near that place was the famous Roman Camp, the Prætorium of the Kaim of Kinprunes, so interestingly described by the Antiquary to Mr. Lovel and that intrusive but very entertaining vagabond, Edie Ochiltree. The writer cannot, in American dialect, "locate" this object of antiquity. It does not even appear to be shown by Major-General Roy in his ponderous folio on the "Military Antiquities of the Romans in Britain." Mr. Oldbuck's exposition of its topography and characteristics may, however, be considered sufficiently exhaustive and graphic, and is too exquisite to be damaged by abridgment.

Lovel, engaged in some affairs not immediately comprehensible to every one, was spending time at Fairport, an *alias* of Arbroath,

the town to which travellers are supposed to have been conducted. It is a neat, thriving place, chiefly notable and visitable because it contains the remains of St. Thomas's Abbey, the St. Ruth's Abbey of this novel. Previous to any especial notice of it, however, the story again conducts us to Monkbarns. The knowledge of the writer does not afford means of identification of this residence; accordingly he cannot, in reference to it, become a means of prompting to invasion of any specified private property. The only clew to the place seems to be, that Lovel went to it, as the story informs, "by a footpath, leading over a heathy hill and through two or three meadows;" and, furthermore, that the house stood upon the side of a hill, commanding a fine prospect of "the bay and shipping;" and that it was an "irregular, old-fashioned building" of no great beauty, "surrounded by tall, clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the *topiarian* artist, and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figures of Saint George and the dragon." There is a supposition extant, that the house of Mr. Constable, formerly of Dundee, and prototype of the "Antiquary," was its original. However, on the 17th of July (1798), Lovel once more went to Monkbarns, and there found, as guest, "Sir Arthur Wardour, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune," and also of Jacobitical politics and proud spirit. A dinner-party, then and there holden, unhappily terminated in a quarrel between Sir Arthur and his host, so violent that the former — the latter's almost only social associate — departed irate, taking with him his daughter, Miss Isabel Wardour, a reserved but pretty and interesting young lady. It was discovered, after awhile, that the two had gone toward their home — Knockwinnock Castle (another unidentifiable place) — by "the sands," at the base of the cliffs along the sea-shore, and that the state of the tide then existing rendered this route very dangerous. Thus we are led to an exciting scene at Red Head, situated about six miles east of Arbroath. This head "is the promontorial termination of the Sidlaw spurs, and falls almost sheer to the sea in picturesque porphyritic precipices of two hundred and seventy feet." Other cliffs near by may also furnish scenery similar to that referred to, that witnessed the rescue of Miss Wardour and her father from drowning beneath the tide as it overwhelmed their pathway below almost entirely insurmountable rocks. Along the coast, there is not only much cliff scenery of this sort, but also other that has become

quite curious, where caves, worn by the sea, penetrate inland a long distance under the fields. In one, a cannibal is said to have lived in the fourteenth century! Another cave, nearer Arbroath, called the Geylet Pot, is described by Pennant as "the most astonishing of all, that almost realizes in romantic form a fable in 'the Persian Tales.' The traveller may make a considerable subterraneous voyage, with a picturesque survey of lofty rocks above and on every side; he may be rowed in this solemn scene, till he finds himself suddenly restored to the sight of the heavens; he finds himself in a circular chasm, open to the day, with a narrow bottom and extensive top, widening at the margin to two hundred feet in diameter. On gaining the summit, a most unexpected prospect appears: he finds himself at a distance from the sea, amidst cornfields; enjoys a fine view of the country, and a gentleman's seat at a small distance from the place out of which he emerged." Thus one may continue discovering varieties of the wonderful coast scenery of Scotland, unsurpassed by any, readily accessible, of equal length. Naturally enough, Lovel was engaged in the rescue of the Wardours. From it, he retired to Monkbarns, where he slept in a certain haunted chamber. Naturally and properly enough also, he found himself decidedly in love with Miss Isabel, and also experienced, in that strange lodging-place, some peculiar dreams. The next day, with Mr. Oldbuck, he walked among the fishers' huts by the shore, — huts quite similar to many now on the coast described, and that might introduce one to episodes of life as touching as those of the Mucklebackets so pathetically described by Scott. Other incidents of the story ensued, and then a picnic party of the gentry of the novel, given at St. Ruth's Priory, described, as before remarked, from the Abbey at Arbroath.

This once magnificent and sacred structure was founded in 1178, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket by King William the Lion, who was buried in its precincts in 1214. The monks were Tyronensians first from Kelso. It became perhaps the most richly endowed ecclesiastical institution in Scotland, except Holyrood. In 1530, for instance, with but about twenty-five monks, its wealth permitted its hospitalities — extended to all, high or low or rich or poor, — to supply "800 wethers, 180 oxen, 11 barrels of salmon, 1200 dried codfish, 82 chalders of malt, 30 of wheat, 40 of meal," besides other produce of its extensive lands and tenantries. Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, — the Scottish Wolsey, — was

one of its latest Abbots. Great and especial privileges were conceded to it and to the town. It was within an area of 1150 by 706 feet, enclosed by a lofty wall, battlemented, and turreted, a single, stern, square tower of which, 70 feet high, remains, the only entire portion of the abbey. The material used was a dark-red stone, unfortunately very friable. The church, of course cruciform, was 270 by 132 feet. The central part of the nave was 35 feet wide, the aisles each 16½ feet, and the total width 68 feet. The nave was 148 feet long, and the choir and chancel 76½ feet. The transept had an east aisle 16½ feet wide, and a main aisle, making a total width of 45½ feet. The side walls were 67 feet high. There were two western towers, and a lofty central tower or spire.

Devastated at the Reformation, it was allowed to fall into decay. A century ago a considerable part was standing, but much of this fell at about that period. Billings writes that "there are few buildings in which the Norman and the early English are so closely blended, and the transition so gentle." But the wear of time and neglect and fanaticism have sadly dilapidated it. "The mouldings and tracery" (writes the same author) "are thus wofully obliterated; and the facings are so much decayed, as to leave the original surface distinguishable only here and there." Latterly, the Exchequer has interposed; and some repairs, very commendable if not picturesque, have been made to arrest the rapid decay. Remaining now, are a tower of the enclosure, 70 feet high; perhaps one-half of the west front, including the main entrance, — a grand round-arch transition door-way, — and the lower parts of two square corner towers; a lesser portion of the chancel end; considerable of the chapter-house or vestry, and of the south wall and gable of the south transept, with some once beautiful transition work. The bases of the interior pillars alone remain.

And in such condition we find this abbey, another holy and noble temple of Scotland allowed to perish, to be succeeded only by insufficient and comparatively contemptible religious "accommodations."

The romantic or entertaining adventures and the picturesque scenes represented by the Great Magician within these ruins, or near them, while uncommonly pleasing, show that his exuberant imagination created a great deal besides incident and character. At Arbroath, as at the Holy Island, we must now suppose that subterranean passages described by him, though once not only pos-

sible but probable, are filled or destroyed. Memory or reading, however, during the hours of a pleasant twilight or moonlight at this "St. Ruth's," and reanimation of its recesses with scenes of "The Antiquary," will enable one to spend such time pleasantly and well, and to find a wonderful addition to the interest of the novel, while recalling the incidents of the picnic; of the duel that was subsequent; of search at midnight for buried treasure (when the deluded baronet was the dupe of a German adventurer — prototype of more modern "mining" swindlers — who endeavored to deceive him concerning imaginary or fictitious wealth that could be dug here); and of the supervision of this search by secreted observers, and of the startling manner in which they haunted the ruin and the treasure-seekers; and, finally, of the impressive spectacle of a stealthy yet formal funeral by torchlight, — incidents all seemingly real, as are so many others described by Scott.

"The Antiquary" is associated with other places, but of minor importance and imaginary, although with some resemblance to recognizable extant objects. One will, however, probably be made as well acquainted as possible with its localities, during an afternoon ramble along the sea-shore near Arbroath, and during a visit later in the day to the venerable remains of the Abbey of St. Thomas.

The novel introduces one historical incident with a graphic and interesting description of an event that occurred during Scott's earlier years, and that, in some form, more than once engrossed his attention, with more cause than we trust it will ever again engross the thoughts of his countrymen. This incident is an alarm of a French invasion, — a bugbear, or a possibility, or a probability, more conceivable by a Briton than by an American or other alien to British land (if one is to judge by comparatively recent demonstrations). Whatever may have been witnessed or thought necessary at later dates, in "'98," time of the story, Jonathan Oldbuck valorously armed himself for the defence of home, as ardently patriotic, if not as advisedly appointed, as a member of the volunteer corps would be now. And the worthy man went forth in his panoply to find that the alarm was — as may it always prove — baseless.

The prototype of Mr. Oldbuck, the Antiquary, was, as already mentioned, Mr. George Constable, with whom Scott first became acquainted in 1777, at Prestonpans. Scott recorded in his "Auto-

biography," that he "was an old friend of my father's, educated to the law, but retired upon his independent property, and generally residing near Dundee. He had many of those peculiarities of temper which long afterwards I tried to develop in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck. It is very odd, that, though I am unconscious of any thing in which I strictly copied the *manners* of my old friend, the resemblance was nevertheless detected by George Chalmers, Esq., solicitor, London, an old friend both of my father and Mr. Constable, and who affirmed to my late friend Lord Kinedder, that I must needs be the author of 'The Antiquary,' since he recognized the portrait of George Constable. But my friend George was not so decided an enemy to womankind as his representative Monkbarns," &c.

The prototype of Edie Ochiltree, that example of a peculiar style of old Scottish beggars, a "blue-bonnet," and one of the remarkably live human beings created by the Great Magician, has been thought to have been one Andrew Gemmels, or Gemble, once a rude old soldier and afterwards a beggar, who resembled Edie. His haunts were mostly in southern Scotland.

From Arbroath the route of this tour leads to Edinburgh. Travellers may go thither by rail through Perth, Stirling, and Linlithgow, making from Perth an excursion to Falkland and Loch Leven, scenes of important incidents in two of the Waverley novels (and of some Scottish history, also, readers may suggest). This route will be sketched in the next two chapters.

XXVII.

"THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH."

Twenty-sixth Novel of the Series; Written 1828; *Published Autumn,* 1828; *Author's Age,* 57; *Time of Action,* 1402.

ALMOST every one now approaches Perth by rail, and thus hardly, at first, realizes the beauty of its position. Quite differently first came Scott, as he informs us in the opening chapter of this story. "I was not above fifteen years old," he wrote, when occurred "the first excursion which I was permitted to make on a

pony of my own;" the route of which led over a now disused road crossing the Ochils at a spot called the Wicks of Baiglie, southward from Perth. This, he added with patriotic devotion, "is one of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford," from which the traveller beholds "stretching beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows or Inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncreiff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian Mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape." "I recollect," he continues, "pulling up the reins without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift like those in a theatre." "The recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind, and retained its place as a memorable thing when much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection. It is, therefore, natural, that, whilst deliberating on what might be brought forward for the amusement of the public, I should pitch upon some narrative connected with the splendid scenery which made so much impression on my youthful imagination."

This city, Perth, is one of the most ancient and celebrated in all Scotland. It is indeed said to have been built and fortified as early as the time of the Roman Emperor Agricola, in the year 81, when the eagles of his wonderfully aggressive power flew thus far, and, with his legions, came, it is narrated, over almost the very pass that Scott has described. Its charms affected the old Romans much as they have moderns, as Scott has told us in his own "anonymous" lines:—

> "'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side:
> But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

From an indefinite mediæval period, until the latter part of the fifteenth century, Perth was capital of Scotland. It had a Parliament House and a Castle, and, prior to the Reformation, no less than four monasteries, two nunneries, and other religious establishments. Continually a scene of historic events, it is well known as that of some of the earliest attacks on the ancient church by the

reformer Knox, and, later, of the strange Gowrie conspiracy. Furthermore, in early times it was a place of great trade, particularly with the Netherlands; and so prosperous was it, that an English writer (Neckham), over six centuries ago, noticed the fact in a distich: —

"Transis, ample Tai, per rura, per oppida, per Perth;
Regnum sustentant illius urbis opes."

Stranger than any other incident, is perhaps that, very illustrative of wild mediæval periods in the Highlands, chosen by Scott for a prominent feature in the plot of his story of Perth, — the combat of the two Highland clans, concerning whose identity various opinions have existed.

Travellers, once established in the old city, are supposed to sally forth for observation. Leaving, possibly, the "George Hotel," that is or was the most respectable and the dearest (having been honored by a night's patronage of the Royal family), they may soon learn, that, although one of the prettiest towns of North Britain, Perth has lost most of its relics of former renown. From time to time, a series of municipal dignitaries appear to have exercised baleful influences on them. Gowrie House, scene of the plot that implicated King James VI. and the two brothers Ruthven in 1600, has been supplanted by a jail; perhaps the magistrates deeming such change retributively indicative of the desert of one of these illustrious parties. Some of the baronial and ecclesiastical structures have disappeared, to make room for certain "Greek" county buildings. The eminent church of St. John, scene of Popish pomps, early Knox exhortations, consequent iconoclastic ravages, and of notable incidents in Scott's story, has been partitioned, by a sort of Scottish Cerberean style, into three churches at once. Continued investigations lead to a statue of Sir Walter Scott, that, says the local guide-book, "is scarcely to be regarded as a public testimonial to the memory of the novelist: it was accidentally acquired by the magistrates, at the sale of a local sculptor's stock." These magistrates, in expiation, did thus, for once, sacrificially labor to retain for their city some token, some relic, suggesting the attention lavished upon it by the most glorious genius their country has produced. The statue, of brown stone, is a standing figure, holding a manuscript; while, at the feet, is a dog looking up. The base is square, and Scotch shrewdness (or other quality) has, if the writer remembers correctly, placed no inscription thereon.

However, one cannot naturally expect to find, outside of books, much artificial illustration, or even suggestion, of domestic life of the fifteenth century, in a stirring place; consequently one should not be disappointed at the little visible evidence of the streets and buildings that knew the "Fair Maid of Perth." Nor, perhaps, when investigating the scenes of the opening of the story, should one be surprised on reaching a corner of the town, not far from the bridge over the Tay, and on entering Curfew Row, where the heroine dwelt. Yet it is necessary to be warmed by a degree of noble enthusiasm, it must be confessed, to properly experience a view of almost the only trace of her times that remains there, and sentimental explorers may find that triumph of imagination over vulgar senses is required there, as it is more than once in life, and even in historic research. They may realize that Katie Glover, the "Fair Maid," was daughter of Simon Glover, and that he is said to have lived in this Curfew Row, a glover; and that in it also, apparently, during the intervening generations, have lived and labored incessantly, dressers of skins. For, in it, smells that affected Coleridge at Cologne superabound with suggestions of old Simon's trade. The "Row" is a narrow, crooked, dingy little street. Its architectural antiquities are few, — the vestiges of a castle (to which the legend "Castle Gable" is affixed); and a niche in an ancient chapel, where, until recently, a curfew-bell hung. Not far distant, in Watergate and Skinnergate, are or were a few very old houses, that, with the prevailing aspects of certain vennels, may be adequate examples of the ancient civic style, plain and strong, hardly cheerful, yet perhaps fitted for the rude times in which they originated.

The story of the fortunes of Katie Glover begins on the eve of St. Valentine, when the Fair Maid, attended by her father, went from home to evening service at the Blackfriars' Monastery. It was not distant, but even its site is now uncertain. Behind the two, walked a "tall, handsome young man," plainly dressed, named Conachar, a Highland apprentice to old Simon, and a partially undeclared admirer of his daughter. On the way, they were accosted by a disguised gallant, whose attentions were so little acceptable, and so returned, that he parted with threats that they should rue slighting him. Returning from the church, they were followed home by another disguised man, who, however, proved of a different sort, — Harry Gow, an uncommonly stout smith, a great favorite of the father, and lover of Katie. He had the pleasure of taking

supper with them, and, afterwards, the mild stimulus of an altercation with Conachar, his rival; but the fair cause of it interposing with counsels of peace, a truce ensued. Later yet, old Glover, the more avowed admirer of Gow, after various confidential discourse, assured him, that, if he would come under Katie's window at next break of day, it should be contrived that she should look out upon him first, and thus he should become her Valentine for the remainder of the year, "which," continued old Glover, "if thou canst not use to thine own advantage, I shall be led to think that, for all thou be'st covered with the lion's hide, Nature has left on thee the long ears of the ass." Acting on this rather palpable hint, and coming to the house again at the designated time, Harry Gow discovered a party of men breaking into an upper window. And here we may vividly imagine the vicissitudes to which a very pretty girl was liable at the time of the tale. Her watchful lover, instead of beholding her picturesque advent as his beloved Valentine, was obliged to rush to defend her from violence, and from — one can't say what. Of course a little street-riot at once ensued, neighbors assembled confusedly, and, after some skirmishing, the assailants were driven away, — thanks to the lover for his presence.

There was one incident attendant on the riot, and a very mysterious and awkward incident, — a hand, discovered cloven from one of the chief assailants, — a strong but delicate hand, that of a courtier; suggesting, as some one sagaciously said, "there be hard laws against mutilation," when a burgess mutilates a noble, — laws to be felt when citizens, although on the defensive, should settle with the then unknown proprietor of this severed member. But quiet was, for the time, restored; and Katie retired, after she had, in a delightful manner, thanked her defender.

He remained for the rest of the night in a lower room of her house, where he apparently was soon asleep in a chair. Katie, meanwhile, grateful for his service, and determined that he should not fail becoming her true Valentine, with charming propriety crept into this room, — quietly, in order not to disturb his necessary repose, — and then she kissed what she supposed his unconscious lips. But, though the kiss was light as a falling rose-leaf, the lover's sleep was lighter. Electrically aroused, he seized her, and attempted to return the salute; but she struggled, and escaped him, only to meet her father, an ecstatic beholder of the incident. More love was made than lost by the affair, it is good to know.

Soon afterwards, Conachar disappeared, Miss Katie declined certain decorous overtures from the Gow, and publicly occurred a Council of the citizens about the street affray. Some high personage was to be settled with for the detached hand, and regulations were plainly needed to prevent adventurous gallants from intruding unseasonably into young women's chambers. The citizens selected as their advocate, before any implicated superior beings, the Provost of Perth, Sir Patrick Charteris, whose seat was Kinfauns Castle, a few miles distant eastward, whither we are led, as were delegates appointed to confer with him, to find one of the pleasantest places in the vicinity of the city. The scenery remains much as it was then; but the old castle must be imagined from others contemporaneous, that now existing being an elegant modern structure, seat of Earl Grey. Sir Patrick received the delegates in a friendly manner; and with them went to town, where the important subjects about which they were engaged introduce us to important persons,— King Robert III. and his Council. During an interview between these various parties, the famous Earl Douglas produced the detached hand, taken from the city cross, and an uncommonly animated scene ensued, respecting the member, and affairs pertaining or not to it.

The King, gentle but feeble, was sadly tried by his eldest son, Duke of Rothsay, a spirited, talented, young Prince, but wild to the extreme of license. The misfortune of a political marriage had rather increased his irregularities. The Earl of March's daughter, once betrothed to him, had been set aside, and, by influence of the tremendous Archibald, Earl of Douglas, he had been married to the latter's daughter, "Marjory Douglas, a woman whom Rothsay could not love. No apology was offered to the Earl of March," and thus a feud arose between these powerful nobles. The King's brother, the Duke of Albany, an aged, dignified, cool, crafty man, was very high in power in the kingdom, and acted an important part in its affairs and in several affecting this story.

An incident, that had just transpired, intensified the excitements of this Council, and illustrated the relations of some of its members. The Duke of Rothsay, approaching, had met, outside the doors, a glee-maiden from Southern Europe, whom he induced to sing a ballad, and whom he rewarded with money and a kiss. This conduct was seen by both Earl March and Earl Douglas, his father-in-law, a man of no mild emotion, who took the act, and subsequent

manner of the Duke to him, as deep insult. Rothsay secured Harry Gow, who happened near, for a protector of the maiden (who had, unwittingly, incurred the bitter displeasure of Douglas), and then, with the Lords, entered the Council, while the smith introduced his charge to his own home.

The chief business with the Council was, however, respecting the feuds of the Highland clans, Chattan and Quhele, each, the King said, a great confederacy of tribes banded together to support their own separate league, and by whom the whole country was distracted. Discussion was held respecting settlement of their quarrels, in trial by combat,—a trial that, eventually, is very conspicuous in the story, and shows a very mediæval mode of righting wrong.

After this meeting of the Council, the King, more in private, elicited from his son information about the detached hand. It belonged to Sir John Ramorny, a chief assistant of Rothsay in his adventures, and an actor in a dark tragedy that closed them.

The next chapter of the story shows Katie Glover confessing to a Carthusian monk, Father Clement, on the hill of Kinnoul, "at the foot of a rock which commanded the view in every direction," over "one of the most beautiful prospects in Scotland," and one that the traveller should see. This hill, two or three miles eastward from Perth, has a frontage of massive, craggy cliffs, rising six hundred feet in height. The most westerly of the Sidlaw range, it presents precipices consisting, curiously, of grayish combed and contorted lava, and commands wide views up and down the broad valley of the Tay and over the hills of Kinross. The good monk Clement, it appears, was reflective and reformative, and obliged to avoid existing powers, who suspected him of heresy. Katie advised that Highland Conachar should find him a retreat, for Conachar's father was "a man of consequence among those hill-men." But this and other considerations were rather suddenly interrupted by an episode very illustrative of the times. Near as the two were to the Royal Burgh, they were surprised by a party of Highlanders, led by this very Conachar; then "Ian Eachin MacIan, son to the chief of the clan Quhele." The "Hill-men," instead, however, of making the two prisoners, according to their practice, promised protection to the monk, and, also differing from their wont, allowed the Fair Maid to quietly return home.

Disturbance and intrigue continued in the town, as it always did

in "the good old days." One Bonthron, a follower of Ramorny, was instigated to murder Harry Gow, whose interference with the raid on Katie Glover's chamber had rendered him very obnoxious to more than one of "noble" position. Bonthron, attempting the act, by mistake killed a boasting bonnet-maker, Oliver Proudfute, who was returning home late one night, rashly disguised in some of Harry's armor. Next morning, discovery of Oliver's dead body lying in the street raised great uproar among the citizens, and no little distress in Katie's heart until she found her lover safely at home, the right man in the right place. The Town Council met, and trial for discovery of the murderer was appointed, according to a custom of the times. Ramorny's followers were suspected of the crime, proof of which was to be obtained through trial by "bier-right," that is, by the bleeding or not of the dead man's corpse when touched by his murderer. And in St. John's Church, by royal appointment, this trial occurred. This church is situated near the centre of the old town, of which it is the chief mediæval relic. It is cruciform, erected at different periods, partly modern, 207 feet long, "and surmounted by a grand old square tower 155 feet high," including a spire. The material is a dingy red sandstone, showing various degrees of age and wear. The style is of course pointed Gothic, — of the peculiar heavy Scotch sort, yet relieved by some good tracery in the windows. "When," says Mr. Morrison, "the three churches into which" the interior "is now cut down were in one, the ceilings high and decorated, the aisles enriched by the offerings of the devotees to the various altars which were reared around it, and the arches free from the galleries which now deform all these Gothic buildings, it must have formed a splendid theatre for such a spectacle as that of the trial by bier-right."

Bonthron's escape had been planned by his abettors, but a certain confederate apothecary, distinguished by the name Henbane Dwining, caused the dead body to bleed as Bonthron approached it. The murder would out; and its perpetrator, refusing this ordeal by touch, demanded another then used, — that by combat. The demand was granted. Stout Harry Gow appeared as champion of Proudfute's widow; and in the Skinners' Yards, near Curfew Row, occurred his consequent conflict with Bonthron. "Till lately, there were sufficient remains to show that this place was formerly the court-yard of a castle. All that remains of this now is the name of the street, 'Castle Gable,' off Curfew Row." The murderer was

very properly defeated, and confessed his guilt, declaring that he was instigated by the Prince. Thereupon, the King's brother, the Duke of Albany, who had private and political hatred of Rothsay, procured his arrest; commencing thus the enacting of one of the darkest tragedies of Scottish history. Harry Gow came from the fight to a dinner with the Town Council, and to municipal thanks. Meanwhile, Bonthron went to execution. He was, however, during the night, cut down by the confederate apothecary, and restored to life; for, having influential connections, he had been only suspended by trick, and by cords under his dress.

The "Fair Maid" and her lover, thus far escaping ill from the revenge and not strictly virtuous purposes of some high personages, had yet to experience that there were other modes by which these superior beings could then interfere with them. Her connection with the reformative confessor, Father Clement, exposed her and her father to a charge of heresy,—a charge of such a nature, and of such an origin in this case, that it could not be disregarded. It caused her father to find refuge in the hills with his former apprentice (as before stated, then become a chief), while the daughter, proposing retreat to Elcho Nunnery (now a ruin not far south-east of the town), was ultimately induced (through what strategy soon appeared) to take refuge, as she supposed, with the Duchess of Rothsay, who lived at Falkland Castle. Ian Eachin used his opportunities to urge upon old Simon his suit for Katie; only, however, to meet refusal. Meanwhile, the arrested and then confined Duke of Rothsay was also beguiled to Falkland, where, in his characteristic adventurous fancy, disguising himself as his Duchess (after she had been withdrawn from the place), he attempted to obtain possession of his present object of admiration, Katie, on her arrival there. But this was his last adventure, as the story tells us, and as we may read at Falkland, after we leave Perth, where its last scenes were enacted,—those of the combat of the two clans, that was, all along, gradually developed, to settle characteristically their feuds.

This combat was on the North Inch, or island, so called because water in some way environs it. It is about a hundred acres in extent,—an open, meadow-like common, covered with grass and scattered trees,—situated close to the town, and beside the musically flowing Tay. It is a delightful place for an evening walk. The plain, the wide river and the great hills east, and perhaps

belts of trees southward, are little altered since the time of the story. One sees pleasant villas and houses nestled around; the quaint old arched bridge; and, in the northern vista, two miles distant, the park and modern palace of the Earls of Mansfield,—Scone, where stood that ancient seat of the Kings of Scotland, where, for generations, was that famous stone (described page 210), now at Westminster, on which so many Kings in Britain have been crowned.

Sir Walter's account of the combat can hardly be abridged. The musters of the two opposing clans, Chattan and Quhele, after attending mass, met for encounter. Harry Gow, discovering a man from the former missing, with alacrity seized the opportunity for equalizing the numbers of the combatants, and thus for fighting Eachin, chief of the other, whom, as his rival for Katie, he had held continually as an enemy. The struggle was desperate. Eight foster-brothers and their father, while parrying the attacks of the redoubtable Smith, successively fell in Eachin's defence. One after another died on each side, until but a few wounded Chattans held the field, and Eachin, who had been heroically served by his clansmen, found himself alone, and confronted by his terrible enemy. His heart failed; and the contest closed by his flight across the river. We learn of his final destruction; while Harry Gow, declining the honor of knighthood from Earl Douglas (who had been an admiring spectator of the strong lover's valor), sought his true Valentine.

We may, finally (by slightly changing the order of the scenes in the story), while on our way from Perth to Edinburgh, by the Fife and Kinross Railway, visit the place where the "Fair Maid" was involved in the Duke of Rothsay's last adventure.

Rothsay, it is said, went from Perth to Falkland, by boat down the Tay to "the fishing village of Newburgh," and thence by horse. Now, the easiest route is by the railway just mentioned, about twenty miles, to Falkland-Road station, and thence by a drive of about three miles to the town. It is a very "antique and sequestered" town, "at the head of the beautiful vale known as the Howe of Fife, traversed by the Eden;" and it is, also, "a curious specimen of the Scottish burghs of the sixteenth century." It "consists of a principal street, from which diverge most primitive streets and alleys in all directions." "The old thatched dwellings have never been replaced by more substantial tenements, and only a few are

slated and of modern erection." The inhabitants, mostly weavers, "live contented in the homes of their fathers, practising the same trades, eating the same food, entertaining the same ideas, and at last sharing the same graves."

Of the predecessor of the existing palace, the old castle or "Mar" to which Rothsay went, "no vestige is preserved," "and the precise site is unknown." The building is supposed to have occupied a mound immediately on the north of the present palace," and derived "its only historic notoriety" from associations with him. It was, probably, like some rude, strong towers one sees elsewhere in Scotland. The palace is, however, venerable enough to inspire one, not too analytically antiquarian, to feel it the scene of the ending of the Prince's life. Completed by James V., it became a royal hunting-seat, where several romantic events occurred. The palace, although partially destroyed by fire in Charles II.'s time, still presents a "singularly beautiful fragment, justifying the boast that all the Scottish royal residences, though not of great extent, exhibit remarkable architectural beauties." Its "western front has two round-towers, which are a diminutive imitation of those of Holyrood; and stretching southward is a range of building, with niches and statues, which perhaps bears as close a resemblance to the depressed or perpendicular style of the English semi-ecclesiastical architecture, as any other building existing in Scotland. The east side is diversified by Northern renovation of classical" styles,—the most Northern *renaissance*,—indeed, slightly French, thus influenced by Scotch relations with that people. The east side, also, is the remaining portion of a former quadrangle.

At this palace the dying James V. heard of the birth of his celebrated daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, and exclaimed, referring to the kingdom, "It came with a girl, and it will go with a girl." Thence, James the Solomon set out for Perth, to become involved in the Gowrie plot. There, also, Queen Mary sometime lived, even in happiness. "The original garden," says Mr. Mackie, once her "favorite retreat, . . . is situated on the opposite side of a little rill, to the north of the palace, and is now converted into a ploughed field."

The Duke of Rothsay, as intimated on a previous page, made, at Falkland, his experiment upon the susceptibilities of Katie Glover, and found that he could not trifle with them. He then, retired in defeat from this his last adventure, dined with his companion and

master of horse, Sir John Ramorny; and then ensued that memorable act of the Duke of Albany's ambition and "mortal cruelty." Ramorny and the apothecary Dwining, instigated by Albany, drugged Rothsay's wine, and dragged the soon unconscious Prince to a deep dungeon under the old Mar, or tower, there to undergo a predetermined and dreadful death, by which his person should show no mark of violence, but by which he should simply "cease to exist," through the sure but slow process of starvation. It was reported that the Prince was seriously ill of some emaciating and malignant disorder; but the glee-maiden whom he had met at Perth, and whom he had recently encountered and brought with him to Falkland, accidentally strolling near the tower, heard moans, and soon learned the horrible truth. Immediately, she and Katie Glover, two ministering spirits, attempted to succor him; but in vain. The humanity of woman to Rothsay, in his distress, is historical. The glee-maiden, in order to accomplish all that was possible for the Prince, sought and found, through stratagem and disguise, the Earl of Douglas, then not far from Falkland. He, hearing her story, hastened thither, and entered the palace suddenly and decisively, as was his custom; but he found himself too late to save his son-in-law, yet not too late for wild justice. Adopting the good old rule of executing in haste and judging at leisure, he quickly made Ramorny, Bonthron, and Dwining hang as examples of it. Report of the dreadful crime committed on the Prince became public. His failings were forgotten, and his better qualities, not few, were remembered. Great indignation arose against Albany, who desired, through Rothsay's tragic death, to reach high power. But no one dared accuse a man so powerful; and, as time passed, rumors of coming war dispelled these emotions, and Rothsay rested, unrevenged by man upon his real murderer. The story of his sad fate, and, seemingly, his spirit, yet linger in the ruined palace, scene of many departed pleasures, as well as of his suffering, — a scene, says Mr. Mackie, "the most curious and interesting, but perhaps the most neglected, haunt in the wide circle of Scotland."

And, finally, Katie Glover, released, and Harry Gow, without a rival, met as true Valentines, and "were married within four months after the battle of the North Inch;" and many a distinguished person has since, with pride, owned descent from "The Fair Maid of Perth."

XXVIII.

"THE ABBOT."

Twelfth Novel of the Series; Written 1819–20; *Published September,* 1820; *Author's Age,* 49; *Time of Action,* 1567–8.

TRAVELLERS, moving from Falkland towards Edinburgh, can easily visit the chief scenes of this novel, — Kinross, and Loch-Leven Castle, — by going from Falkland-Road station, twenty miles by rail, to Kinross town, a pretty little place at the western end of the Loch.

Sir Walter Scott told Mr. Lockhart, "that the idea of 'The Abbot' had arisen in his mind during a visit to Blair Adam" (a few miles south of Kinross), the estate of the Right Hon. William Adam (one of Scott's life-long friends, a man with Scott's own *bonhommie*). There, indeed, nine intimates, forming a "Blair-Adam Club," met for many years, — Sir Walter with them, from 1816 to 1831. "They usually contrived to meet on a Friday; spent the Saturday in a ride to some scene of historical interest within an easy distance, enjoyed a quiet Sunday at home, duly attending divine worship at the Kirk of Cleish (not Cleishbotham); gave Monday morning to another antiquarian excursion; and returned to Edinburgh in time for the Courts of Tuesday." Thus Scott visited many celebrated scenes. To one of these excursions must be ascribed his dramatic sketch of "Macduff's Cross" (described in chapter xlix.), "and to that of the dog-days of 1819, we owe the weightier obligation of 'The Abbot.'"

This novel is partly a continuation of the one he had written immediately before it, — "The Monastery," the localities of which are chiefly in the Southern Midland Border of Scotland, where the action of this one also begins, at a place prominent in that, — Avenel Castle, described from his boyish haunt, Smailholm Tower. It is a place deserving a visit, and is described in chapter xxxiv. There the childless lady of the Knight of Avenel, one sunset time, pacing the battlements and awaiting the knight's coming, saw a boy, who had been playing in a little lake below, rescued from accidental drowning. After her husband's arrival, this boy, Roland Græme, an orphan, was retained as her page. He continued to

live, during several years, in the family, until, at length, he became involved in a quarrel, and, in disgrace left the castle, to seek and meet an aged grandmother, Magdalen Græme, a devoted Catholic who lived not far distant. She welcomed him from the Protestant family of Avenels, in which he had been bred, and soon rendered him better acquainted with herself than he had yet been. The ancient power of the Roman Church was in that region broken, and its devotees were scattered and repressed, even as Rome had scattered and repressed others, and Magdalen Græme thus became a persecuted, outcast, religious enthusiast. She endeavored to inspire her own sentiments in her grandson, and, by degrees, introduced him to a design, that, in her weird eloquence, she assured would bring him for partners "the mighty and the valiant, the power of the church, and the pride of the noble. Succeed or fail" in this design, said she to him, "live or die, thy name shall be among those with whom success or failure is alike glorious; death or life, alike desirable. Forward, then, forward! life is short, and our plan is laborious. Angels, saints, and the whole blessed host of heaven, have their eyes even now on this barren and blighted land of Scotland — what say I? on Scotland? — their eye on us, Roland, — on the frail woman, on the inexperienced youth, who, amidst the ruins which sacrilege hath made in the holy place, devote themselves to God's cause and that of their lawful Sovereign. Amen, so be it!"

The aged but enthusiastic and determined woman, devoting her grandson to this great and mysterious design, took him, as a means of securing him in it, to an ancient mansion, where privately dwelt adherents of the Roman faith. There he was peculiarly assisted to a rather strange and romantic interview with "a girl apparently not much past sixteen," whose "eyes were at once soft and brilliant," who had "an excellent shape, bordering perhaps on *embonpoint*," "but beautifully formed," and "a very pretty foot," and "round arms and taper fingers." Roland was a modest youth, and it was only by stolen glances that "he contrived to ascertain these interesting particulars." He thought, meanwhile, that he could, once or twice, "detect the damsel in the act of taking similar cognizance of his own person." A sort of duenna, who attended the young lady, — Catherine Seyton, — soon left her with Roland, addressing her the mysterious injunction, "Remember, Catherine, who thou art, and for what destined." And thus began one of the

most romantic acquaintances that the Great Magician has described. The next notable turn to Roland's history was a visit, with old Magdalen, to "St. Mary's Abbey of Kennaquhair," described from the beautiful but, at the time of the story, despoiled Melrose, where the monks, yet suffered to remain, were silently and privately engaged in electing and consecrating an abbot. Their solemnity was interrupted by a profanity characteristic of those times, when venerable sanctities were ruthlessly violated. A rabble of masked mockers, headed by one called the Abbot of Unreason, burst into the church, and were making sad havoc, when Sir Halbert Glendinning, Knight of Avenel, appeared attended, and dispersed them. Roland, recognized, was retained in his train; and in it went to Edinburgh, where he again met Catherine Seyton, and became acquainted with her father, Lord Seyton. But greater events than even this were interviews that he had at Holyrood with the Earl of Murray, brother of Queen Mary and Regent of Scotland, one who "held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress." The result of these interviews was that Roland eventually went with an embassy sent to Mary, then confined at Loch-Leven Castle. There he was presented to the Queen, and placed in her service, by direction of Murray. This "most illustrious, most unhappy lady," as Murray is reported describing her, was there "sequestrated from state affairs, and from the business of the public, until the world" was "so effectually settled that she might enjoy her natural and uncontrolled freedom, without her royal disposition being exposed to the practices of wicked and designing men." It was that sort of precautionary charge much practised towards her, and from which she, in this instance certainly, privately revolted and desired escape, — a confinement that led to one of the most romantic episodes of her tragic life, — one inseparably associated with this castle. The Chief-Commissioner Adam, in a little privately printed book, says: "This castle, renowned and attractive above all others in my neighborhood, became an object of much increased attention, and a theme of constant conversation, after the author of Waverley had — by his inimitable power of delineating character; by his creative, poetic fancy in representing scenes of varied interest; and by the splendor of his romantic descriptions — infused a more diversified and a deeper tone of feeling into the history of Queen Mary's captivity and escape."

Loch Leven has an irregularly roundish outline, and is now about

eight and a half miles in circuit, though formerly nearly fifteen miles. From an area of about 3300 acres, it was reduced in 1836 to less than about 1100 acres of its previous extent. It is celebrated for its excellent trout. Although a portion of its shores are low, there are from it, especially southward and eastward, views of high hills.

In the lake are a few islands. One southward, about eighty acres in extent, contained a priory dedicated to St. Serf. About half a mile from Kinross, and towards the centre, is another, lesser in size (now only about five acres in extent, and formerly smaller), but more celebrated, bearing Loch-Leven Castle. Originally a royal stronghold, and celebrated for a siege sustained in 1335, this castle was, at the time of the tale, held by the widow of Sir William Douglas, who, by James V., was mother of the Regent Murray, and who then was directress of the castle, and, indeed, of its royal occupant.

Examination of topography or of architecture in detail may become interesting to any one, at least when, through intricacies of either, the escape of a captive, always an interesting adventure, is to be traced. And the remains of the Castle of Loch Leven become unusually attractive and worth exploring, since through them we can, even now, follow the romantic departure of a woman fascinating as Mary Queen of Scots.

This castle, now partially ruined, is nearly square, and about 585 feet in circuit, presenting rather regular and not lofty walls of gray lichen-stained stone, and two conspicuous towers, the chief of which, the keep, is near the north-west corner. This tower is square, and has a dungeon-like basement containing a well, above which is a vaulted common-room, and over this three other stories. Its walls are upwards of six feet thick. Its top was once gabled and turreted. At the south-east corner is a lesser tower, nearly round, and three stories high, with a sort of stone-vaulted cellar, into which the water once flowed. It projects beyond, and thus flanks, the eastern and southern sides of the castle. In the main story of this lesser tower is a rudely decorated window, overlooking the lake, that formerly, probably, flowed to the tower, at a level about six feet beneath this window. The island, nearly flat, and now, as before noted, nearly doubled in size since the time when the Queen was on it, extends a little distance on all sides beyond the castle walls. The entrance was at the north, admitting to a court-yard; at the western

side of which was, apparently, a chapel. On the side opposite the entrance, and adjoining the round-tower, were the Queen's apartments, said to have been three in number, — a small "anteroom, within which opened a large parlor, and from that again the Queen's bedroom. Another small apartment, which opened into the same parlor, contained the beds of the gentlewomen in waiting." The vaulted room in the base of the tower is represented to have been occupied by an armorer and his forge, and, afterwards, by Roland Græme for other purposes than sleep. The Lady of Lochleven and her garrison lived, probably, in the square tower or keep.

Roland soon found that he was established as the Queen's only male attendant; and that the embassy, with which he had come, visited her to enact their part in a strange and trying exercise of power upon her. During an earlier portion of a year of the story (1567), she had surrendered herself to a body of her nobles, confederated and insurgent, at Carberry Hill (about half a dozen miles east of Edinburgh, a memorable spot easily visited from Dalkeith). Conditions then made were imperfectly observed by her opponents; and she found afterward, through life, scarcely an interval of personal liberty. In furtherance of the ambitious projects of the nobles, she was placed, as has been stated, at Loch-Leven Castle; and there the embassy, accompanied by Roland, seemed about reaching the limit, indeed, of their power over her. In an interview, — account of which should be read on the site of its occurrence, as the great master has delineated it, — Lords Ruthven and Lindesay and Sir Robert Melville extorted her abdication of the crown, in favor of her infant son, (James VI. of Scotland and I. of England), under a regency.

"Few descriptions in fictitious narrative can be compared, for graphic delineation and intense pathos, with" this scene, correctly says one who has written respecting it. "The leading features of" the "picture are, no doubt, historically true; but the filling up is entirely the work of" Scott's "own creative fancy. Who that has read this narrative, and looks upon the ruins of the Castle of Loch Leven, can fail to recollect this admirable piece of historical painting, for so we are entitled to call it, — the tears of the defenceless Queen, the determination of Ruthven, and the stern rudeness of old Lindsay of the Byres?"

After this event, Mary's position continually became less endurable. The Lady of Lochleven, not of the mildest character, felt

keenly that her own son, although his father was King, could not succeed to that exalted rank for which the son of her captive was destined. Little enough of pleasant society did she afford Mary, but fully enough of watchful *surveillance*. Roland Græme's isolated life was consoled by the presence of Catherine Seyton, who had been appointed lady-in-waiting to Mary. But a change came over this too happy consolation. Becoming on good terms with Lady Douglas, he found that he correspondingly lost favor with the fair Catherine, and with her royal mistress, and that a son of Lady Douglas — George, a young man — seemed attaining intimacy and influence with the former. The keepers of the castle, finding Roland apparently tiring of his mode of life, employed him on commissions to Kinross town. During his first visit, for which he had arrayed himself quite brilliantly, he attended a village festival held at just that time, and there, to his intense surprise and secret delight, had an opportunity to dance on the green with Catherine, whom he knew, although she was carefully disguised. Romance seemed grown reality, as this lovely girl continually appeared to him wherever he went. A mystery of her departure from the island-castle and of her presence in the town, began, however, to suggest even secrets that then were more profound, and the design to which his grandmother had devoted him, when, after further interview with Catherine, she led him to a cottage to see one Mother Nicneven, an old witch. In this person he recognized Magdalen Græme herself, and then, gradually, other Catholics, disguised and haunting the place. He was, evidently, becoming involved in a plot, then maturing, for Mary's escape, and, possibly, for her restoration to power and the wide religious and political consequences that would attend such restoration. He was, indeed, gaining a clew to the mystery of Catherine Seyton's peculiar movements.

It is sufficient to observe, that a plan for the Queen's escape was formed, and that the first attempt to realize it failed; but that another plan was soon arranged.

Discovery of an apparent attempt, by the castle steward, to poison the Queen (and Roland Græme), by means of material obtained from Mother Nicneven, became means for the introduction of that strange person into the castle itself; and of an interview there, in which the Lady of Lochleven hoped to elicit from her knowledge how to counteract this poison supposed to have been taken by the Queen. In this interview, however, the Lady simply

learned that the steward and herself were the only persons deceived; and that the material he had used was harmless, and its apparent effects were feigned. The Lady had also to listen to a wild prophecy from the excited old woman, proclaiming Mary's speedy release, not only from enthralment there, but anywhere in Scotland.

The steward was then sent from the castle, on an odd mission, that related to treatment for his deserts, for which he did not go far. At a "change house, as it was termed, not very distant from a romantic dell, well known by the name of Keirie Craigs," he was killed in an altercation with Henry Seyton, brother of Catherine. While dying, he confessed his attempt at poisoning to George Douglas (the son of the Lady), who appeared there.

"I failed in my attempt to take away that Moabitish stumbling-block and her retinue," he said. "I did chiefly purpose for love of thee." "Hast thou not, despite the honor thou owest to thy parents, the faith that is due to thy religion, the truth that is due to thy King, been so carried away by the charms of this beautiful sorceress, that thou wouldst have helped her to escape from her prison-house, and lent her thine arm again to ascend the throne, which she had made a place of abomination?" The steward declared that he had acted only to save a Douglas, believing that he was doing righteous service against a Papist enemy of Scotland, and one bewitching, to ruin, the heir of the house he served. The Queen, indeed, with that fascination she always possessed, and could exercise most powerfully, had gained entire control over the susceptible son of her vigilant guardian, and even permitted him to indulge the most delightful and ambitious hopes in connection with herself; and thus she had farther gained an important assistant towards her escape, whose aid might be rendered available at the very place and time where then much needed. For, as she told Roland, her plans of escape were "indifferent well laid" on the mainland; but the difficulty, in accomplishing them, was that of passing the castle locks, and of reaching the land. To obviate this difficulty, young Douglas might be used; and to assist in removing it, Roland, devotedly attached to the Queen, used his greatest ingenuity. And thus he performed his part in that glorious design, and almost holy cause, to which his aged grandmother had introduced him, and which the Queen and her adherents strove to consummate at the earliest practicable time. Already, Mary corre-

sponded, or telegraphed by means of lights, with the inmates of the hut at Kinross that Roland had visited, — a secret business he was allowed to learn. Meanwhile, he practised an art with which he had become acquainted at Avenel Castle, and, by use of an otherwise deserted forge in the cellar beneath the royal rooms, fashioned a bundle of keys to closely resemble that carried by Lady Douglas, and mastering the important locks of her prison. A farther development of the design was effected by introduction into the castle of a man-at-arms who was recommended to the Lady by her son. This man was engaged as a guard by her, after she had examined him, and learned from him that he was Edward Glendinning, nearly related to the Knight of Avenel, — a well-known, earnest Protestant. The Lady did not, however, quite comprehend then, that, although he was so nearly related to the knight as to be his brother, he had very different politics and religion, and was no other than the Abbot of Kennaquhair, disguised and serving his sovereign.

At length an eventful night came, — that for trial of meditated and elaborated plans of escape. The new military retainer was posted sentinel. Two lights in the cottage informed that all was ready on the mainland. The Lady, as had been her custom since the steward's attempt at poisoning, came to Mary's apartment to taste the dishes provided for the Queen's supper. Just then, leaving her keys a moment upon the table, and being skilfully thrown off her guard, she "forgot her charge for one second; and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance:" during it, Roland substituted his forged keys for hers, that were genuine. Awaiting "the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle," he began the final act of the Queen's escape. He first opened a postern door to a little external garden, exchanged a word with the disguised abbot, and learned that a boat was ready, close under the walls. The guard upon the tower, who had received proper attention, had drunk deeply of ale, and was asleep. Immediately the queen and her maid of honor, Catherine, and another person, and the disguised abbot, were stealthily embarked in this boat, commanded by Henry Seyton. During a moment's delay, Roland locked gate and wicket behind the escaping party, and then away the boatman pulled. But the dash of their oars aroused the sentinel on the tower, who at once sounded an alarm. Thanks, however, to Roland for his precaution, doors of oak and bolts of iron kept the garrison within close bounds, from which, although harque-

buss balls rained around the fugitives, the Queen went safe, shielded by the body of George Douglas interposed between them and her person. Soon, however, the boat and those within it were securely at land. Mr. Mackie tells us that "A spot called Mary's Knowe, upon the shore of the lake of Loch Leven, is still pointed out as the place at which the Queen, young Douglas, and a female attendant landed on the night of the escape." At the shore a dozen horses were ready. "The Queen and her ladies, with all" others who came from the boat, were instantly mounted. "Holding aloof from the village, that was already alarmed by the firing from the castle, with Douglas acting as their guide, they soon reached the open ground, and began to ride as fast as was consistent with keeping together in good order." "Long before daybreak they ended their hasty and perilous journey before the gates of Niddrie, a castle in West Lothian, belonging to Lord Seyton." The proposed route of this tour towards Edinburgh leads, less directly, from Kinross to the same place, by way of Dunfermline (with its noble abbey) and Stirling (with its many attractions already described). Niddrie, now ruinous, is accessible from the road between the latter and Edinburgh, from which it is distant about a dozen miles. It stands near the railway, whence the passing traveller may have a glance at its great, grim tower. The restless fate that seemed always to control Queen Mary, only permitted her to remain there long enough to greet some assembled loyal subjects, and briefly time for Magdalen Græme to appear and declare Roland Græme true heir of Avenel. The Queen, on the morning after her arrival, departed for the strong castle of Dumbarton,—a castle well known, to those who pass along the lower Clyde, for its mighty rock and commanding outlook. But the opposing Regent, Murray, was already in the field to meet her; and, from a spot called "the Court Knowe" (about three miles south of Glasgow), it is said, Mary beheld, on the 13th of May, 1568, the battle of Langside, that decided her history, and finally deprived her of her crown. This field is about two miles south-west of Glasgow. South-easterly of the field, near Cathcart Castle, is, or was, an upright stone, bearing a carved crown and the inscription, "M. R. 1568," marking the Queen's position, that overlooks the field sloping to a considerable distance below it. There are remains of a small Roman camp in the neighborhood, sometimes, though erroneously, called "Queen Mary's camp." Scott represents that she viewed the battle from Crooks-

ton Castle (where it is popularly asserted she was betrothed to Lord Darnley, and lived some days after her marriage with him); but such a position may be thought to involve some topographical uncertainty, and Scott himself sufficiently explains this by notes. Both Henry Seyton and George Douglas perished on that unhappy day. The queen was obliged to flee southward. Local tradition asserts that in a lane, near Langside, called Din's Dikes, two haymakers threatened to kill her with their scythes if she did not surrender, but she escaped them.

Her first halt was at the Abbey of Dundrennan, upon the south-west coast of Scotland, and nearly sixty miles distant from the field of battle. In that remote quarter of Galloway, the Reformation had not yet been strictly enforced against the monks; and a few still lingered in their cells unmolested. Their prior, with tears and reverence, received the fugitive Queen. The interesting remains of this abbey, situated in the "Guy Mannering" country, can be visited when the scenes of that story are explored, and can be found described at the beginning of chapter xx. At Dundrennan, Mary, Queen of Scots, made the fatal decision to leave her own land, with its captivities and defeats and trials, behind her, and to commit herself to Elizabeth of England. Thence she departed for ever from her kingdom. And long her dismissed followers thence watched her going; "and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents and to the shores of Scotland."

Happier times ensued for Roland — become Roland Avenel — and for Catherine Seyton. He, at length lawful heir of an ancient house, and she, a free maiden, grown to know each other well through strangely romantic trials, were united as true lovers should be.

Thus, romances of Scott are supposed to have led successively through south-western, western, far northern, and eastern central parts of Scotland, to its capital, where are found many places of interest associated both with his life and with portions of several of his works, and especially with the most important scenes of one of his most celebrated and charming novels, sketched in the thirtieth chapter.

XXIX.

SCOTT'S EDINBURGH.

"MINE own romantic town," "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," "Queen of the North," exclaimed the poet, with enthusiasm that may well be inspired by view of this noble and beautiful city, to which this tour is supposed to conduct us now, and in which we may pleasantly make many explorations. While these are made, we may find ourselves assisted by having in mind a more complete sketch of Edinburgh than that given in the Introduction (page 14). Accordingly, even at risk of describing what may be very familiar, a mental view of the city may be traced here.

On the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, and about two miles from its broad waters, is a narrow and not very deep ravine, extending nearly east and west, formerly called the "North Loch," and now traversed by a railway, the station of which is about midway in it. Above this ravine, on the south side, abruptly rises a rocky ridge, the crest of which gradually ascends from low land eastward, about a mile, until it attains an elevation of 445 feet above sea-level, and abruptly terminates in precipitous crags of trap-rock. On this ridge is built the Old Town, ancient, lofty, crowded, smoky, with tall, dark stone houses, the Victoria spire, the crowned tower of St. Giles, and, chiefest of all, at the highest point westward, the great and famous Castle. At the end and base of the ridge, eastward, and in a rather wide and low vale, is Holyrood, with its square palace and turreted angles, and its ruined abbey. Almost north of it is Calton Hill, an irregular eminence, with steep, rocky, or grassy surfaces, reaching a height of 344 feet, crowned with monuments, and girdled with castellated or modern classic buildings. From this hill, the wide and imposing Princes Street, one of the noblest in Europe, extends westward, bounding the northern side of the ravine already described, and presenting towards it a long array of often elegant modern houses and shops, — the front of the New Town, that stretches northward from it over comparatively level ground. Gardens or public buildings line the southern side of the street, and partly occupy the ravine. Out of these, most conspicuous and beautiful of all objects, rises two hundred feet an elaborate brownstone Gothic spire, in the style of a mediæval cross, and noblest

example of that style ever reared, — indeed, one of the noblest open-air monuments on earth, — the just and honorable memorial of Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. And there, between the Old Town and the New, that both look on it, sits the gloriously canopied marble form of the genial man and manly genius who loved them both so well, and who, in the spirit allowed to abide upon earth, watches over them and fills them with a strange and pleasant fascination.

If we would obtain a wider and more complete, and perhaps the best, view of this his "own romantic town," and of the not less romantic country around it, we should obtain the view from some commanding height. The most commanding in or near the city, we shall find south-eastward from it. Not far beyond Holyrood, and in that direction, rises, nearly six hundred feet above sea-level, a vast range of dark crags sweeping in bold curve forward towards the town, and presenting, along their tops, precipitous walls, from which steeply slope long trails of *débris*. These, the Salisbury Crags, composed of greenstone interposed among successively upheaved layers of sandstone, are the shattered ends of mighty strata thrown up at a sharp angle, and dipping as sharply eastward. Directly beyond the Crags, and rising yet higher, is Arthur's Seat, a huge double-headed hill, presenting, from some directions, peculiar resemblance to the form of a recumbent lion. Its summit, eight hundred and twenty-two feet above sea-level, the highest in or near Edinburgh, should, if possible, be reached by travellers.

The ascent is not difficult, either from Salisbury Crags, or by an easier route from Dunsappie Loch, on the other side, — that traversed on foot by Queen Victoria herself. The hill is a worthy, even if a merely traditional, memorial of the great British Prince, Arthur, who is said to have defeated the Saxons on or near it. Composed largely of porphyry, veined with jasper; of basalt, and trap-rock breaking upon sandstone formations, and bearing upwards of four hundred species of plants, — it presents much of interest to the naturalist, while the view commanded from its summit, embracing a wonderful variety of picturesque natural objects, and of historical and legendary scenes in chorographical comprehensiveness, is pleasing to almost every one.

One who, on a clear day, looks out, over its bare grassy or rock-bound slopes, sees a panorama of great extent and of really

national character. Nearly westward, in the middle distance, rises the nobly picturesque Castle, dominant over the city, and reached by the ascending crest of the Old Town, with its dark-gray tone of coloring, and the smoky veil suggesting its name, — Auld Reekie. There, too, are seen the sharp lofty spire of Victoria Hall and the crowned tower of St. Giles and the long ranges of the High-Street buildings. Left of these are George Heriot's magnificent Hospital, and the green trees of George's Square, where Scott lived in early life, and the "meadows" and Bruntsfield Links. Just at the foot of the slope of the Old Town, and seen over the crest of the Crags, appears Jeanie Deans's Cottage. A little to the right is the fresh, stately New Town, athwart which rises the glorious spire of the great monument to Sir Walter Scott. Further on, to the right, is the Calton Hill, studded with monumental structures. Then, yet farther, in a deep, quiet valley, is Holyrood with its palatial quadrangle and ruined chapel. Beyond it are seen, in more distant range, the broad, bright waters of the Frith of Forth, bordered, northward, by the hills of Fife, — among these, the East and West Lomonds, near Loch Leven, and, left of them, the dim, gray Ochils. Towards the west, over Linlithgowshire, the smoke of Stirling (more than thirty miles distant) may be seen, and, far beyond this, the pale-blue summits of Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond. South-west, rising perhaps most prominent of all the many heights in sight, are the green, forest-grown Pentland Hills, abounding in ravines. And nearer and more southward are Braid Hills, at the eastern end of which is the pretty village of Libberton (Reuben Butler's home), with its little square, pinnacled, gray church-tower and cottages nestled among trees. Nearer is Blackford Hill, whence Marmion saw arrayed the army of James IV., before its march to Flodden, and the hill of which Scott wrote: —

> "Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
> Among the broom and thorn and whin,
> A truant boy, I sought the nest,
> Or listed as I lay at rest,
> While rose on breezes thin
> The murmur of the city crowd."

Not far eastward are places suggesting the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." There is the reputed farm of Dumbiedikes, with its house imbosomed among dark-green trees, upon a slight knoll. And there, also, is the very fork of the roads where the Laird, pursuing Jeanie Deans when she started for London, offered her "siller" and

his heart and hand. South-east are the church and hamlet of Duddingston, with its pretty loch. Farther away are the heights around Lasswade, where Scott lived during his early married life. Closely east of these is Dalkeith, where is a seat of the great Scotts of Buccleuch. Far away, over these, towards the south-eastward, is the long, broad range of the bare, green Lammermuir Hills, that gave name to the "Bride" of one of Scott's most perfect compositions. Throughout these many scenes extends one of the richest, greenest, and most peaceful of rural countries. Far away, more duly east, gleams the wide German Ocean, out of which towers the distant, precipitous Bass Rock. Near it stands the conical North-Berwick Law; and northward are the distant Isle of May, and, again, in sight, the hills of Fife and waters of the Forth. Close by and near the shore is the long gentle slope of the field of Prestonpans, perhaps yellow with grain, where, in 1745, Prince Charles Edward routed the "Hanoverians," under Sir John Cope; where Scott lived in 1777; and where a portion of the action in "Waverley" occurred. Near by, also, is Banktown, where lived the noble Colonel Gardiner, who was killed in that battle. The whole country, indeed, is crowded with historical sites, that render recital of their names almost an epitome of Scottish history. Not far south from the field so important to the Jacobite cause is Carberry Hill, where, in 1567, Queen Mary found herself betrayed to the captivity that ended at Loch Leven. Almost in the range of Prestonpans field, and nearer, is Pinkie, where, in 1547, the Scottish army was defeated by the English, under command of the Duke of Somerset. On heights south-east, Romans encamped; south-west encamped opposing Picts; and on more than one site visible have Cromwell's forces been posted. On one side of the spectator is the lofty, dominant, well-kept Castle of Edinburgh; on the other is retired and ruined Craigmillar. In another direction, and visible in almost a single glance, are Holyrood and Linlithgow and Stirling; the last two faintly marked, it may be, but yet combining, in this single panoramic glance, to present thus at once the three chief royal palaces of the old kingdom. And many and brilliant or exciting are the names of the men and of the women whose fame lingers amid these wide scenes, and yet animates or glorifies them. With honest pride may natives regard them; and one, even though foreign to the country, can but join in Scott's intensely patriotic outburst: —

"O Caledonia!
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of the mountain and the flood,
As I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
I love them better still."

Proudly and truly might all Scotchmen exclaim with him,—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

Many places or objects within the city of Edinburgh are described or mentioned in various chapters of this book, relating to works of Scott, with which they are associated. Besides these places or objects are others connected with the story of his life. Among all the scenes that suggest his living or his creating there are variety and space enough for more than one excursion. The first may be, quite properly, to the site of his birthplace, in College Wynd (page 14), reached from the New Town (where travellers sojourn), by the North and South Bridges: the former of which crosses the ravine described on page 255; and the latter, another similar valley on the opposite (or southern) side of the Old Town. Farther on in the same direction (southward) is George Square, "built in 1766, in rivalry to the scheme for forming the New Town," then being developed on the other (the northern) side of the city. In the last century, this square was occupied by persons of rank. At No. 25, Scott's father lived many years. The house, like most of those on the square, is built of rough stone, with smoothed yellowish sandstone window-cases, quite plain, and with rustic quoins. Each side of the front door is a pillar supporting a small entablature, of no particular style. The height is three stories; the plan, that of many common block-houses. In front, in the area of the square, are trees and shrubbery; but the whole neighborhood bears a cool, severe aspect, not stimulative to imagination. Here Scott informs us, in his autobiography, was his "most established place of residence until" his "marriage, in 1797." On the sunk floor of this house was a little "den," a room that was young Scott's own peculiar domain, where he commenced his museum of curiosities and relics, that afterward became so remarkable at Abbotsford. Close to the site of his birthplace stands the College, where he was a student during the four years 1789–92, when he was studying "with great ardor and persever-

ance" "for the bar." The edifice is altered from its appearance in his time, and is now a large and interesting edifice.

On the crest of the old town is another neighborhood where Scott spent much time, — Parliament Square and the court rooms around it, associated with his professional occupations, so remarkably engrossing when connected with his voluminous literary work, places where he continually met many of his earliest and life-long friends. The chief object of interest here is the great hall in which the Scottish Parliament sat until consummation of the treaty of union in 1707. This hall is now a sort of promenade or exchange for the lawyers and the public, and forms an anteroom to adjoining courts. In it one can imagine Scott surrounded, as he often was, by a group of well-known men. It is a room, says Mr. Billings, "which none who have seen can fail to remember." Built towards the middle of the seventeenth century, it is "one hundred and twenty-two feet long, and forty-nine feet broad," with simple, plastered walls, and an oaken timber roof showing beams and pendants, — Gothic in arrangement, but Jacobean in detail. There is a modern floor of inlaid oak; and there are also portraits, statues, and a few monuments and some painted glass. In one of the adjoining rooms sits "the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland," before which Effie Deans was tried. The aspect of the square, outside, is much changed since her times. During the winter of 1797–8, Scott, soon after his marriage, "carried his bride to a lodging in George Street." Thence the bridegroom and bride soon removed to 19, South-Castle Street, where they occupied the "second flat." In 1798, Scott purchased the house No. 39 North-Castle Street, — a street a little west of the centre of the New Town, and leading from Princes Street, opposite the castle. This house is on the east side, a little north of George Street, and is pleasant and respectable. It continued to be his town residence until it was sold in the summer of 1826, after his financial troubles. "Here," says William Howitt, "a great portion of the best of his life was passed. Here he lived, enjoyed, worked, saw his friends, and felt, in the midst of his happy family, the sense of the great name and affection that he had won amongst his fellow-men." Here he occupied, as his "den," a small, square room, behind the dining parlor (on the second floor, and at the back of the house, the writer thinks). "It had," recorded Lockhart, "but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself."

"The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos; and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania;" a "large proportion" bound in "blue morocco, — all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis and its motto, *clausus tutus ero*, — being an anagram of his name in Latin." Every thing was excellently arranged for literary work, and kept in fine order. Even the silver furniture on the desk, was in such condition, "that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." In this snug retreat he wrote wonders of quantity and quality, received only a few friends, and was generally attended by his great dog Maida, or his venerable cat, "Hinse of Hinsfeldt."

At the east end of Princes Street, in what is, or was, the Crown Hotel, was the business place of Constable, who published many of Scott's works, and where is, or was, a little room in which the "Great Unknown" occasionally wrote. After the business failure (Jan. 17, 1826), when Scott had become, as he said, "The Too Well Known," he took lodgings at Mrs. Brown's, North St. David's Street, opposite the monument, and was there in May, June, and July of that year. At that place he heard of the death (May 15) of Lady Scott, at Abbotsford, respecting which he wrote most touchingly in his diary. During the winter and spring of 1826-7 he had six months of hard labor in Walker Street, a street situated in what then were the western outskirts of the New Town. Scott's last sojourn in Edinburgh was at Douglas's Hotel, St. Andrew's Square (near his monument). He arrived there exhausted, almost dying, from his tour in Italy and Germany, and left, on July 11, 1832, for Abbotsford, and the close of his long, eventful career.

The object in Edinburgh around which now chiefest gather associations with Sir Walter Scott is, however, that noble memorial cross, the architectural glory of the good town, by which it has so honored itself in honoring its greatest genius. Set in the very centre of the old and of the new of his storied native city, it is first, and continually, and last, before us in graceful majesty of form and of expressiveness.

Soon after the death of Sir Walter Scott, efforts to erect an appropriate memorial to him were begun. Much time was occupied in procuring funds and plans, and in deciding upon a site; consequently the corner-stone of this structure was not laid until "the fifteenth day of August, in the Year of Christ, 1840," as the words

of Lord Jeffrey, inscribed beneath it, record. At that date, continues the inscription, the corner stone was "Deposited in the Base of a Votive Building," covering a "Graven Plate," that,

"—never likely to see the light again,
Till all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust
By the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence,
May then testify to a distant posterity that
His Countrymen began on that day
To raise an Effigy and Architectural Monument
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
Whose admirable Writings were then allowed
To have given more delight and suggested better feeling
To a larger class of readers, in every rank of society,
Than those of any other Author,
With the exception of Shakspeare alone," etc.

On the 15th of August, 1846, the monument was publicly inaugurated. The entire cost of it has been over sixteen thousand pounds sterling. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., was perhaps the chief agent in procuring its erection. Subscriptions came from every class, and from many places, showing £100 from Her Majesty the Queen, and £3, 7*s*. from "the poor people of the Cowgate." Out of fifty-four plans presented, that by John Mickle Kemp was adopted. Mr. Kemp was then a working mechanic, in humble condition, and unknown to the world. But he had genuine love for mediæval art, and had studied many examples of it. In about five days he drew the plan and design, that, with some modifications, are now realized. A curious story is told of his only interview with the great man to whose memory his chief, his almost only, creation is dedicated. He was, it is said, when a youthful apprentice, walking with a heavy basket of tools, during a hot day, from Peebles to Selkirk. A carriage, conveying an elderly and plain, yet benevolent-looking, gentleman was passing him in the same direction, when this gentleman, seeing him, offered him a seat with the coachman. Kemp mounted to the box and went to Selkirk, and thus took his first drive in a gentleman's carriage, and for the only time met the great genius with whose name and fame his own were to acquire an immortality.

The foundations of the monument rest upon solid rock fifty-two feet below the level of Princes Street; and its summit is two hundred feet six inches above that level. The entire superstructure is built of fine-grained, mediumly toned, brown sandstone, from Binney quarry, in the pointed style developed at Melrose Abbey.

It is also built in stories. The first consists of a noble groined vault, open on four sides and flanked by large, richly decorated, and pinnacled turrets. Beneath this arch is a statue nine feet high, cut from a single huge block of Carrara marble by John Steell, and representing Sir Walter Scott, seated on a rock, and wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, holding book and pen, and attended by "Maida" lying at his feet. The second story has also a groined vault, enclosed however, and forming a small but lofty room, lighted by a tall window, filled with brilliant, colored glass, in each of its four sides. That to the north bears the figure of St. Andrew; that opposite to it, St. Giles; that to the east the arms of Scotland, with their motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit;" and that to the west, the arms of Edinburgh, inscribed "Nisi Dominus frustra." In this room relics of the poet may be kept. Around the exterior of the second story, and of that above it, are galleries from which view can be had of the elaborate sculpture with which the monument is enriched, and, especially from the upper, of the city and its vicinity. Fifty-six niches are said to be provided for statues, about a dozen of which latter are in position. Among them are "Prince Charlie," "The Lady of the Lake," "Dandie Dinmont," "Meg Merrilies," and "Dominie Sampson" (who is looking upon the railway beneath him, and evidently about to exclaim, — according to his custom, — "pro-di-gi-ous!"). "Meg Dods" of "St. Ronan's," and "Mause Headrig" ("Old Mortality"), also appear. In the architectural sculpture are portraits of Scottish personages distinguished in literature or history. The material, it is gratifying to observe, retains, thus far, a smooth, hard surface (with slight exception), and indicates durability. Thus pre-eminent, in the very centre of his "own romantic town," enduring and majestic, stands this incomparable cross, a worthy shrine of the Wizard of the North, whose kind and chivalrous spirit seems enthroned within it, watching the places that knew him so well, and warming the hearts and cheering the memories of generations as they come after him.

The many local guides or guide-books will direct travellers, with more or less care, to the manifold objects of interest within or around Edinburgh. The number of its attractions and remarkables is too great to be even enumerated here, and to these authorities named explorers must be referred. Places or objects associated with Scott may, however, be, at least, mentioned here; and they

are many. If travellers make but one excursion in the environs of the town, it should be to Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, already described, and again mentioned in the next chapter in the story Scott has associated with them. This excursion should also include the whole of the Queen's Drive, an excellent road, two or three miles long, encircling these heights, and commanding views of such unusual variety as to render it one of the most remarkable of all suburban drives.

At its entrance from the lower end of the Old Town is perhaps the widest-known structure in Scotland, — the combined abbey and palace of Holyrood. Many persons who have not visited that country, know, indeed, its aspect, — a quadrangle with a court-yard having three sides composed of high and rather modern buildings, and a fourth side formed by a lower screen, uniting two large, ancient, square towers, with pointed-roofed turrets at their angles. On the north side of the palace is the gray or blackened, decaying abbey. On the main floor of the northern side of the palace is the great gallery described in "Waverley," page 145. In the large square tower in front of the gallery are the well-known apartments once occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots, — an audience chamber, bedroom, dressing-room, and supper-room. In the last — small, narrow, and rude — Rizzio was attacked. In these older portions of Holyrood we may imagine the scenes of "Marmion" (page 44), and of Roland Græme's interview with the Regent Murray, or other scenes of "The Abbot" (page 247).

From Holyrood, the Canongate — associated with sundry famous, if fabulous, "Chronicles" — leads to the recesses of the Old Town. Among these are many of the localities associated with Scott's chief story of Edinburgh, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," that will be sketched in the next chapter. Among these recesses also, in "Lady Stair's Close," is the original house of Lady Forester of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" (chapter xlix). In more open area is the princely Jacobean "Heriot's Hospital," nobly suggesting its founder, "Jingling Geordie," portrayed in "The Fortunes of Nigel" (chapter xliii). At the Castle, that is monumental record of many stirring chapters of Scottish history, are, also, not a few associations with Sir Walter Scott.

In the vicinity of Edinburgh many excursions may be made to portions of his Lands. Along the sea-coast may be visited North Berwick, the Bass Rock, and Tantallon (described in "Marmion,"

page 46), and Preston Pans ("Waverley," page 145). South-east is Crichton Castle ("Marmion," page 43); Carberry Hill (pages 249 and 258); and Dalkeith and Lasswade (chapter iv.), from which the way of travellers should be to Drummond's Hawthornden, and Roslin Glen and Castle and Chapel (page 17). Westward, seventeen miles, is Linlithgow with its palace, "excelling" all other Scottish "royal dwellings," a story of which is told in "Marmion." On the way thither may be seen Niddrie (page 253), where Queen Mary rested during the night after her escape from Loch-Leven Castle. Nearer town, and in this direction, are Ravelston and Craigcrook, interesting old mansions, mentioned on page 141, supposed prototypes of Tully-Veolan in "Waverley." Another original of the same residence, in this vicinity, is Traquair House, Peebles-shire, described in chapter xxxi. Routes for the tour southward from Edinburgh are mentioned at the close of the next chapter.

XXX.

"THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN."

Seventh Novel of the Series, written 1817–18; *Published June*, 1818; *Author's age*, 47; *Time of action*, 1736–51.

ALTHOUGH many incidents of this eventful and pathetic story are represented to have occurred in many widely scattered places, yet Edinburgh, as the title suggests, is the locality with which it is chiefly associated; indeed, it is peculiarly Scott's story of his "own romantic town." In order to visit the scene or the site of the earlier portion of its action, one should go to the upper part of the High Street. This, among the remarkable streets of Europe, is moderately wide, and marks the crest-line of the ridge on which stands the Old Town. It leads from the Canongate and a great deal of squalor, through general comfort, or even neatness and grim picturesqueness, to the Castle. Towards the latter, and on the south side of the street, is the church of St. Giles, originally cruciform, and a good example of early pointed, and now, although altered, an interesting building. It has a conspicuous tower (one

hundred and sixty feet high), crowned by pinnacles and a small spire borne by flying buttresses. Close to this church, a little in front of it, and encroaching upon the street, stood a massive, turreted, five-storied stone structure of various ages, in which Queen Mary and others held parliaments and justiciary courts. At a later period the structure served for a prison, once under name of the Old Tolbooth, but since, and probably for coming time, distinguished as the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." It was demolished in 1817, after the new castellated prison was built on Calton Hill. The entrance door and the huge padlock and key were removed to Abbotsford, where they now appear among the many curiosities collected by Scott.

During Tuesday night, Sept. 7, 1736, the main action of the story commenced at and near this Tolbooth, in an exciting affair that had more than local celebrity. Captain John Porteous, of the City Guard (a sort of police), had been pettily insulted while, shortly before, conducting the execution of two men for what, at that period of the union of Scotland with England, was popularly felt the very excusable offence of smuggling. In his provoked temper, he obliged the troops under his orders to fire upon an assembled crowd, and thus several persons were killed or wounded. For this conduct he was tried and condemned to death, but received reprieve, to the great disgust of the populace. The effect of the reprieve became evident upon the night mentioned, when a powerful mob, under remarkable organization, took him from the Tolbooth and executed him, by hanging, as it was thought he ought to be executed. Two persons beside Porteous appeared rather prominent in this lynching affair. One was a very active leader of the rioters, a young man, disguised as a woman and called Wildfire. The other was also a young man, but of very different character, — Reuben Butler, a Church probationer, seized by the mob to perform the last rites of religion over the doomed captain. There was yet another person prominent in the story, but scarcely more than introduced at this time, — Effie Deans, younger daughter of Davie Deans, a cow-feeder of St. Leonards (near the Queen's Park). She was then confined in the Tolbooth, awaiting trial for murder of her own infant child. These three persons, so differing, and apparently separated, unite with one of Scott's most admirable characters, Jeanie Deans, — the simple, heroic, true-hearted sister of Effie, — to develop this story.

This was founded on a narration that was communicated to the author by a friend, and that related to the history of Helen Walker, who, in 1786, was, according to Mr. Chambers, "a little, stout-looking woman, between seventy and eighty years of age," living "by the humblest means of subsistence," in the neighborhood of Dumfries. In early life she had "charge of a younger sister named *Tibby* (Isabella), whom she endeavored to maintain and educate by her own exertions." Sorely to her surprise, this sister was arrested and held for trial on a charge of child-murder, and she herself was summoned principal witness against her. "The counsel for the prisoner told Helen that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparation, however slight," or had given her any intimation on the subject, that "such a statement would save her sister's life," as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." "Isabella was found guilty and condemned; and, in removing her from the bar, she was heard to say to her sister, 'O Nelly! ye've been the cause of my death!'" In Scotland, however, "six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution." Before a day had passed, Helen, with a suitable document, was on her way on foot to London. In her country tartan, she there presented herself to John, Duke of Argyle, "who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it on foot, just in time to save her sister." Isabella afterwards married the father of her child. Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, "died in the spring of 1791," and was buried in the churchyard of Irongrey, near Dumfries. No stone marked her grave until 1831, when Scott himself caused a modest monument to be erected to her, and inscribed with a beautiful epitaph, his own composition.

An interesting account of the Porteous mob, and of persons in some manner connected with it, introduces the main story of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" and to see the scenes associated with this, one had best go from the High Street, down the Canongate, to the Queen's Drive, and ascend the path winding around the Salisbury Crags.

"If," wrote Scott, in the eighth chapter of this novel, "I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path wind-

ing around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city; stretching itself out beneath in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now, a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now, a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But, as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied, — so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, — is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite author, or new subject of study."

When Scott wrote this graphic description, the path was small and neglected; but soon afterward it was made wide and firm and smooth as it may now be found. Certain agitators for political changes were employed upon the work, whence it acquired then the name of the Radical Road. David Hume, and other writers, have, like Scott, used it as a place for mental as well as bodily exercise. The magnificently colored landscape shown us in the thirtieth stanza of the fourth canto of "Marmion" (and quoted pages 43, 44), although taken from another point of view, shows the remarkable prospect from Salisbury Crags, with wonderful correctness and beauty, in Turneresque lines quoted by Mr. Ruskin as an illustration of Scott's strong and true feeling for color, and of his powerful and masterly description by it, rather than by the less vivid characteristics of form and dimension.

When one is near the most northern and loftiest portion of the path, one gains a view not only of this imposing landscape pictured in "Marmion," but also of no small part of the scenery of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian."

At a short distance south-west from Holyrood may be seen St. Leonard's Hill, a low ridge there bounding the Park. A century ago it was a retired spot, although the city has now encroached upon it. On the east brow of this hill, overlooking the Crags, is a low, small, gray stone cottage, with a red tiled roof, and a little cow-house built in the same style. The cottage is half sunk in the hill behind it. In front of it is a little garden enclosed by a neat hawthorn hedge. This dwelling is popularly designated St. Leonard's Crags, the home of David Deans. There his daughter Jeanie lived the simple life of a dairy-girl, devoted to its humble labors, and to care of a younger sister, Effie, called from her beauty "The Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person." "Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts." Jeanie had, for years, endured the admiration and constant gaze of a silent, and not over-witted, small proprietor, — to us the delightfully stupid Laird of Dumbiedikes. Effie was generally admired. At length, taking service with a family in town, she lost much of her elder sister's care, who knew little the acquaintanceships into which she drifted there, and only too late the result of one of them. Time wore on, "Effie's cheek grew pale, and her step heavy." The good woman with whom she lived became ill, and saw less of her. Effie grew paler and sadder meanwhile, until, by plea of health, she obtained permission to visit home for a short time. "It was afterwards found that a period of a week intervened betwixt her leaving her master's house and arriving at St. Leonard's. She made her appearance before her sister in a state rather resembling the spectre, than the living substance of the gay and beautiful girl who had left her father's cottage." It was with terrible effect upon both David and Jeanie, that soon officers of justice arrived and apprehended Effie for the appalling crime of child-murder. While she was consequently confined on this charge in the Tolbooth, we first learn of her, during the Porteous riot.

Butler escaped his remarkable position in that affair, and wandered out among the Salisbury Crags, during many succeeding hours. There he discovered, in a remote nook, a young man, perhaps twenty-five years old, who wore a morning dress, and whose appearance, although dissipated, was yet handsome, and not ungentlemanly. The stranger knew him, and gave him peremptory direction to seek Jeanie Deans, and let her know that she alone must meet the speaker, "at the Hunter's Bog," that night, while the moon arose behind "St. Anthony's Hill." Butler, who was a rival of the Laird of Dumbiedikes (and though in some respects less eligible, a far more active and creditable lover), had thus a peculiar mission to Jeanie and her father, both of whom, for reason of it, he soon visited. His desire to help his sweetheart's sister caused him next to visit Effie in prison, only to undergo arrest, examination, and commitment thereto, upon charge of complicity in the last night's riot. Jeanie, thus deprived of his aid and further counsel, deeming it impolitic to inform her father of the meeting proposed for her near St. Anthony's, set out alone upon her dark, strange errand to a mysterious man, who in some fearful way seemed to possess influence over her sister's fate. She had a wild and most exciting walk through the gloom of night, and over the desolate park, attended as she was only by vague and dreadful fancies of things invisible and supernatural, or criminal, in a district haunted by many associations with all these terrors. She reached the place assigned for the ominous conference. It was situated in the depth of the valley behind Salisbury Crags, a valley that "has for a background the north-western shoulder of the mountain called Arthur's Seat," on the north-eastern descent of which "still remain the ruins of what was once a chapel or hermitage dedicated to Saint Anthony the Eremite," "situated among the rude and pathless cliffs," in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a populous capital. Beneath the steep ascent to this site was a small heap of stones marking the spot where a wretch, Nichol Muschat, murdered his wife, "with circumstances of uncommon barbarity." The Hunter's Bog, mentioned, lying between the Crags and Arthur's Seat, is now drained and made a field for target practice. There is yet a heap of stones called Muschat's Cairn, near "Jock's Lodge" entrance to the Park. The chapel, now presenting a portion of broken walls, and fragments of a groined ceiling, built of small, rough stones, was of simple, but

pleasing pointed style, "43 feet long, 18 broad, and 18 high. At its west end was a tower 19 feet square, and about 40 feet high." A Hermitage, once attached to it, but now demolished, was described, in 1752, to have been in length "16 feet 8 inches, in breadth 12 feet 8, and in height 11 feet." Much more of the chapel existed at the time of the tale, than now exists.

Near these objects courageous Jeanie Deans encountered the stranger. He assured her that Effie's child was murdered, but not with Effie's knowledge or assent; but that Jeanie alone could save her sister, and by giving false testimony at the approaching trial. He even urged Jeanie so strenuously to commit perjury, that he threatened to shoot her if she refused. At this critical moment he was interrupted by the approach of police. The city authorities had, it appeared, arrested and examined a half-crazed gypsy girl, Madge Wildfire; and her evidence and that of Butler had induced them to attempt the arrest of the stranger, at this place of rendezvous. The result of attempting, however, was, that he escaped among the ruins of the Chapel, and down the hill, and that Jeanie fled home.

The sad story of the trial of Effie Deans, so powerfully described in the novel, and so effectively presented, at its catastrophe, in the well-known painting, by Mr. Lauder, need not be sketched here. The world knows the fortitude of Jeanie Deans in resisting the strongest temptation to commit what she felt a crime, by testifying the untruth that Effie had in any manner apprised her respecting the child, although a few false words would save her sister's life. The trial consequently ended in the condemnation of Effie to death, under a harsh law. The far more cruel trial of principle and affection that Jeanie endured was succeeded, as the world also well knows, by her noble and devoted efforts and her worthy triumph, in accomplishing by honor the liberation that she would not secure by criminality. One of Scott's most exquisite passages in prose is his description of the interview in prison between the two sisters. Immediately after it, Jeanie was provided by Butler with credentials to the Duke of Argyle; and by the jailer (an old thief), with a pass for use among outlaws who then infested the roads; and, by Dumbiedikes, with "siller" (and a less opportune and appropriate offer of marriage). She then set out courageously to walk to London, and to procure there from the Queen, a pardon for her doomed sister.

Great mystery surrounded the history of Effie's child. The father

was scarcely identified. The fate of the child itself could not yet be ascertained. But an incident occurred to Jeanie, on the road, that assisted to dispel many uncertainties. She had reached the vicinity of "Gunnerby Hill about three miles from Grantham," in southern Lincolnshire. In this then wild spot, of which she had been warned, she was almost overtaken by night, and actually and startlingly by two highwaymen, who pitilessly obliged her to leave the main road, and who took her to their haunt. At this latter place she was enabled to hear much of their talk, and that of two strange gypsy women, who, it appeared, were Madge Wildfire and her mother Meg. Jeanie, feigning sleep, listened, and discovered that these persons not only knew her name, but the object of her mission to London, which, to Jeanie's distress, the old woman was determined to stop. The reason for interposing thus was that Madge was a victim of the same man to whom Effie Deans owed her ruin. "And he'll marry this jail-bird if ever she gets her foot loose," said the hag; "and she'll hold my daughter's place, and Madge crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him." So strongly indeed was the hag's jealousy excited, that all Jeanie's great courage was required to avoid a fatal interruption to her mission. But she listened most anxiously to an allusion made to a child of Madge's, and to another, of which one of the robbers said:

"So Madge, in her daffin' threw it into the Nor'-lock, I trow."

"Indeed, mother," replied she, "that's a great lie, for I did nae sic thing."

And this hint was all that Jeanie could learn then, but it was very suggestive. On the next day, a Sunday, Jeanie, willing to encounter any reasonable risk to escape from this den, where it appeared she was to be kept, consented to accompany Madge, and, secretly take a walk. Thus she was led to a Parish church, into which she and her companion entered during service, — the latter to show a fantastic assortment of old finery that she crazily wore, and Jeanie to effect release from such companionship. Jeanie was the more successful; for Madge was taken in charge by the Beadle, while she was conducted by the rector, Mr. Staunton, to his home. The church mentioned is in the vale of Belvoir, on the borders of Nottinghamshire, and is a handsome structure dedicated to St. Mary. The rectory may be supposed to have been Staunton Hall, a large and handsome house upon an old estate long held by a family bearing its name. There Jeanie was curiously summoned to a

private interview by the rector's son, George Staunton, an invalid in his chamber. During this interview he confessed that he had caused Effie's ruin. Jeanie soon left Grantham, with a guide to Stamford, and at length safely reached London, where she abode with a friend and relative, Mrs. Glass, a tobacconist at the sign of the Thistle, in the Strand. She soon found her way to Argyle House, residence of John, the great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, so distinguished in his time, and whose monument is now prominent in the South Transept of Westminster Abbey. Argyle House, of which little or nothing remains, is said to have been a plain structure that stood across the present Argyle Street, near where it enters Regent Street. There Jeanie obtained a satisfactory interview with her exalted countryman, who afterwards took her to the garden of the Lodge, in the Great Park at Richmond, where she had an audience with Caroline, Queen Consort of George II., — Scott's narration of which, in the thirty-seventh chapter of the novel, cannot well be abridged. This Lodge has been taken down and the grounds are changed, but the surrounding park contains forest and rural scenery seldom surpassed in beauty; and commands that celebrated panoramic prospect over the Thames vale, known as the view from Richmond Hill, — one of the most lovely simply rural landscapes in the world. The result of these audiences, with Queen and Peer, was that Jeanie in due time received assurance from the Duke himself, that Effie's pardon had been transmitted to Edinburgh. Thither she herself was despatched, in company with certain of his servants, and there she witnessed the execution of the old gypsy woman Meg; and, in a hospital, had an interview with Madge, who died soon afterwards, but without giving any additional clew to the fate of Effie's child.

If one's position, while reviewing the scenes of this novel, is still supposed to be upon Salisbury Crags, one may there, after following in imagination the route of Jeanie to London, also recall the remaining scenery of the story, since it is so scattered, that all of it cannot well be visited connectedly. Effie, liberated by the pardon, revisited her father's house, but soon disappeared from it. Butler became ordained minister of Knocktarlitie, at the head of Gare Loch, — one of the beautiful and picturesque salt-water lochs easily accessible down the Clyde from Glasgow. At Knocktarlitie he married Jeanie Deans, and there they lived and were visited by the Duke of Argyle, one of whose family seats, Roseneath, was, and

is, upon the shore of the loch. The Duke then incidentally spoke of a Lady Staunton, in London, as "the ruling belle — the blazing star — the universal toast of the winter." Afterward, Jeanie met with a confession, by old Meg, declaring that Effie's son was not killed. Sending the confession to her sister, she received a visit from this same brilliant Lady Staunton, and Sir George Staunton, — persons who proved to be her sister, and the father of her sister's child. He had married Effie, and, changing from a wild, dissipated, and even outlaw-life, had taken a position of high respectability, that he had inherited, and to which he had thus raised his wife. The continued mystery of the still-lost child was soon cleared. During an excursion near the manse, Butler and Sir George were waylaid by robbers, and the latter was shot by a fierce, gypsy-like boy, called "the Whistler," who proved to be his own son, — an outcast from birth among the companions of old Meg and similar characters. In such a course of life as that in which he had been placed, he had recently become allied with a band of robbers. With them he had been attracted by report of the presence of a rich Englishman at Knocktarlitie, and with them had made this fatal attempt upon one unknown to him, — his own father. The wretched boy was arrested; but, through assistance of Jeanie, he escaped execution, only ultimately to meet a death as wild as his life. His widowed mother returned to London society, and, "after blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, and hiding, like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanor, after declining repeated offers of the most respectable kind, for a second matrimonial engagement," retired to severe penance and seclusion in a Continental Convent. "Meanwhile," Jeanie and her husband, "happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honor of all who knew them," "lived beloved, and died lamented."

And Sir Walter closes his masterly composition, with this reflection: "Reader, this tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."

There are several places named in the story, and associated with subordinate particulars of it, that have not been described here. These are the West Bow and Grassmarket, scenes of the execution of Porteous; the old Ports, or gates, secured by the rioters at that time, but now not existing; Parliament Square, where Effie Dean's trial was; Portobello, where she disappeared three days after her pardon; Libberton, earlier residence of Reuben Butler; Peffer Mill, three or four miles south of Edinburgh, the supposed residence of Dumbiedikes (to be distinguished from a real place thus named in the lower part of the old town); York, Newark (with its Castle), and other places passed by Jeanie during her London journey; and some quiet little scenes around the Gare Loch, where the latter portion of the action of the novel occurred.

The route of this tour, southward from Edinburgh, may be first to North Berwick, and scenery of "Marmion," near there; and then, from Cockburnspath station, to Fast Castle, on the sea-shore, — the "Wolf's Crag," and chief reputed locality of the "Bride of Lammermuir," described in chapter thirty-sixth. If this route is taken, the places described in the next two chapters must be visited during an excursion from Edinburgh. Travellers, by whatever route they reach the Eastern Border of Scotland, should (and probably will), however, of all regions, select for a visit the one most attractive in the lands of Scott, — the one most abounding in associations with him and with his works, situated about forty miles south from Edinburgh, and including Melrose and Abbotsford. This region, sometimes called distinctively "*The* Land of Scott," is described in chapters xxxiv. and xxxv. It may be conveniently reached during an expedition to scenery of two novels sketched in the next two chapters, and of a region famous in minstrelsy, forming the subject of the thirty-third chapter. The end of this expedition may be at Edinburgh, and thence the route may be to England by the coast as already suggested.

XXXI.

"SAINT RONAN'S WELL," AND ASHIESTIEL.

Eighteenth Novel of the Series, written 1823; *Published December,* 1823; *Author's age,* 52; *Time of action, about* 1800.

ONE may ride most of the way from Edinburgh to Innerleithen, by rail, in an hour and a half or two hours, and find the latter a quiet, pretty, and considerably frequented watering-place, situated in a wide, meadowy, secluded valley, environed by high, green hills, and traversed by the Tweed, there a considerable river. Innerleithen is, also, a convenient and pleasant stopping-place from which to visit many delightful scenes, several of which are associated with Scott. The place itself, a mere hamlet until the latter part of the last century, has become recognized as his "St. Ronan's Well," and the place of action of most of this story. Thus rendered attractive, its healthy climate, the scenery of its environs, and its waters (resembling those of Harrowgate, and healing, though not delicious, to those unaccustomed to them), have developed it to the thriving town and interesting visiting-place one now finds it. Sundry woollen-mills also have increased its resources, if not its beauty. There is a main street, of rather new, good-looking houses, and an older street, extending up a hill-crest to the well, if the writer remembers correctly. In the former, was pointed out a square, two-story house, built of rough stones, painted slate color, with white, cut-stone quoins and window finishings; and this house was said to have been the Old St. Ronan's Inn, kept by that celebrity among landladies, Mistress Meg Dods, — elderly, maiden, strong-minded, quick-tempered, strong-prejudiced, and strong-armed, — where she did according to her notions of the customs of her father before her, and where she anathematized the growing rival public-house, that she denominated the "hottel" by the "Spa-well."

Mr. Frank Tyrrel opened the action of the story, at this old "Cleikum" inn, by appearing and sojourning there. He was a young gentleman with affinities to the neighborhood, and a knowledge of it then mysteriously great. He was soon described at the "Spa," and was invited to it; and thus the mixed company

there assembled became introduced to him and the world; and the author, as he states, was enabled "to display a species of society, where the strongest contrast of humorous characters and manners may be brought to bear on and illustrate each other with less violation of probability than could be supposed to attend the same miscellaneous assemblage in any other situation." Among various persons, we learn of Miss Clara Mowbray, heroine of the novel, and sister of the "Lord of the manor," Mr. John Mowbray. She invited the company to her family seat, Shaw's Castle, where, before the end of the story, not a few strange incidents occurred. Investigation rather perplexes one about the identity of this edifice. It is said to be designed from Raeburn, near St. Boswell's Green, many miles down the Tweed, and beyond Melrose. But as castellated structures abound in the vicinity of Innerleithen, the reader may possibly prefer right of private judgment, and thus be suited in the local habitation of these incidents. The story, to be sure, describes this seat as being about three miles from the village; and thus a clew is given to the archæological explorations of an inquiring sojourner at the Spa.

Besides this place, the story is associated with so few distinct localities, that it need not be described here, in order to indicate or suggest them; and this chapter may state enough by conducting the traveller to its general scene, where, if there is a long stop, or one of even a day or two, it will be a subject of local interest and desirable entertainment. There is, however, one spot prominently described in the novel, that will naturally be visited, and that may be mentioned here, — the old castle of St. Ronan's, that stands "on a rising ground immediately adjoining the village," and that, with its works of circumvallation, covers more than an acre. An immense quantity of uncemented stones were used in its material construction; but imagination is required to fashion them into quite the castle of the story. The curious history of Clara Mowbray, its heroine, can there, or in any other place very adapted to reading such a history as hers, be found, as the great novelist has told it, and as Mr. Lockhart describes it, — one of "the highest efforts of tragic romance."

Along the Tweed, for a considerable distance below Innerleithen, is a narrow, pastoral vale, rather more than half a dozen miles down which, on the south bank, is ASHIESTIEL, now a strictly private residence. It was occupied by Scott from the earlier part

of 1804 until the end of May, 1812, when he removed to Abbotsford. "A more beautiful situation for the residence of a poet could not be conceived," wrote Lockhart. "The house was then a small one, but, compared with the cottage at Lasswade, its accommodations were amply sufficient. You approached it through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges, and broad, green, terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands, only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose." "There was hardly even a gentleman's family within visiting distance." "The country all around, with here and there an insignificant exception, belongs to the Buccleuch estate; so that, whichever way he chose to turn, the bard of the clan had ample room and verge enough." "Ashiestiel," says William Howitt, "occupied as an abode a marked and joyous period of Scott's life. He was now a happy husband, the happy father of a lovely young family. Fortune was smiling on him. He held an honorable, and to him, delightful office, that of the Sheriff of the County of Selkirk; which bound him up with almost all that Border ballad country, in which he revelled as in a perfect fairy land." "He was acknowledged, though Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Coleridge were now pouring out their finest productions, to be the most original and popular writer of the day." At Ashiestiel he composed "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser works. "There was to be one fresh and higher flight, even by him, that of 'The Great Unknown,' and this was reserved for Abbotsford. There the fame of his romances began," "but here the sun of his poetic reputation ascended to its zenith. In particular, the poem of Marmion will for ever recall the memory and the scenery of Ashiestiel. The introductions to the different cantos, than which there are no poems in the English language more beautiful of their kind, are all imbued with the spirit of the place. They breathe at once the solitary beauty of the hills, the lovely charm of river, wood, and heath, and the genial blaze of the domestic hearth, on which love and friendship, and gladsome spirits of childhood, and the admiration of eager visitors to the secluded abode of 'The Last Minstrel,' had made an earthly paradise."

The house, considerably altered since Scott's time, was made out of an old Border tower. "In the room looking down the Tweed, a beautiful view, Scott wrote." In his little drawing-room here, at least on a single occasion, "he entertained three duchesses at once." Revisiting this place in 1826 (after his financial troubles), Scott wrote in his diary: "Here I passed some happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere? None that I remember, save those at the High School, which I thoroughly detested on account of the confinement." The estate is charmingly kept, and is, or lately was, in possession of a branch of his family.

XXXII.

"THE BLACK DWARF."

Fourth Novel of the Series; written 1816; *Published December*, 1816; *Author's age*, 45; *Time of action*, 1708.

TRAVELLERS, while at Innerleithen, can easily visit places reputed to have witnessed some of the more important action of this story, and by there recalling it, can find not only an appropriate introduction to the Border Country that they are supposed to be approaching, but also agreeable illustration of characteristics of the last generation of those turbulent but picturesque persons who so peculiarly pertain to that region. Scott, when publishing this work, attempted, with little success, to divert from himself reputation of its authorship, in order to maintain his fancied disguise. It appeared as the First Series of the "Tales of my Landlord," and was dedicated—

"To
His Loving Countrymen
whether they are denominated
Men of the South, Gentlemen of the North,
People of the West, or Folk of Fife;
These Tales,
Illustrative of Ancient Scottish manners,
and of the
Traditions of their respective districts,
are respectfully inscribed
By their friend and liege fellow-subject,
JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM."

"Harold the Dauntless," by "Walter Scott," was almost simultaneously published; but this strategy did not render the disguise more impenetrable, and the poet generally received the credit due "The Great Unknown."

The opening scene of this story introduces "The Black Dwarf" on "Mucklestane Moor," a "dreary common," "in one of the most remote districts of the south of Scotland," a tract that can be recognized as a generic description of much of the wild "Midland Border." The Dwarf, called "Elshander the Recluse," or "Cannie Elshie," had built there a stone hut, where he lived entirely alone. Halbert, or "Hobbie Elliot of the Heugh-foot," a farmer, and the young Laird of Earnscliff (the former living in that vicinity) discovered him one night, while they were returning from a hunt. Thinking him a spirit, they then and afterward watched his movements, but their investigations did not immediately dispel the mystery attending him. When the season advanced and became more genial (as we are told), he sometimes sat outside the door of his hut, and thus was one day surprised by a party on horseback. Three of the riders — young ladies — succeeded in preventing his retreat; while "the best mounted, best dressed, and incomparably the best-looking of the three," began conversation with him. He recognized her, — Isabella Vere, daughter of the Laird of Ellieslaw, and thus he began to make us acquainted with one of the secrets of the story. She soon departed with the company in which she came. In this was "a dark, stiff, and stately Sir Frederick Langley," a great favorite with her father, but not the least with her. Nevertheless, for some strange reason, he was her companion and suitor; and she seemed doomed to become his bride. The party with which she was riding, after travelling over a rough country, came duly to the castle of her father, named like his title, Ellieslaw.

The original of this structure is said, by the wise, to be Traquair House, seat of the Earl of Traquair, across the river from Innerleithen; and if so, one, when at "St. Ronan's," may read pleasantly this story of its older stirring and picturesque times.

"Traquair House or Palace" "as it is sometimes called," says Chambers, "received its present character from John, first Earl, since whose time little has been done." "Originally it was nothing more than a border tower," to which have been added "edifices of the reign of Charles I." It stands "at the head of a green meadow, where it rises amid the trees with its back towards the river." The

front (three or four stories high, capped by a heavy roof and "pepper-box" turrets) "faces southward," along a broad avenue. This terminates in a "gateway" flanked by two heavy square posts, each surmounted by a bear in stone, executed in 1747, thought to suggest Tully Veolan in "Waverley," and the multitudinous bears of the Barons of Bradwardine. "The walls of the house are of great thickness and the accommodation is that of a past age. The library contains an interesting collection of books."

The place recalls the lines by James Hogg, — "Over the hills to Traquair;" and a neighboring stream also recalls those by Rev. James Nichols, — "Where Quair rins sweet amang the flouirs," while one of the older of Scottish ballads sings of the forest of birches once here. The forest was, long ago, reduced to a few trees, and is now represented almost wholly by modern growths. Crawford's "Bush aboon Traquair" is another metrical flower of its poetic garland.

So celebrated, indeed, is the place for its charms, and in local poetry, that another bard of this region, Dr. Pennecuik, has written the assertion, that, —

> "On fair Tweedside, from Berwick to the Bield,
> Traquair, for beauty, fairly wins the field:
> So many charms, by nature and by art,
> Do there combine to captivate the heart,
> And please the eye, with what is fine and rare,
> Few other seats can match with sweet Traquair."

An anecdote, related in the Third Part of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," respecting an Earl of this House, illustrates curiously the times "of the very last Border freebooter of any note, — William Armstrong, called also "Christie's Will." The Earl, when once at Jedburgh, procured release of this worthy from confinement for horse-stealing. "Some time afterward a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided at the Court of Session" (Edinburgh); "and there was every reason to believe that judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavorable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the

air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation." He thus succeeded in decoying him to a lonely spot, muffling him in a large cloak, and, by unfrequented paths, bearing him to the Tower of Graham, in Annandale, near Moffat, where he imprisoned him until the lawsuit was decided in favor of Lord Traquair. Will was then "directed to set the president at liberty;" and the latter, accordingly, was replaced on the sands of Leith, so cunningly that many years elapsed before he was able to learn the mode of his abduction, — both he and his friends, meanwhile, being persuaded that it was effected by witchcraft. A clever ballad describes this lively affair.

There is another specimen of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," relating to a fight said to have taken place near Traquair in an adventure of a Lord Lochinvar, "Out frae the English Border," very like that told in "Marmion." The ballad is entitled "Katherine Janfarie," — "a weel-far'd may," "courted by mony men."

Miss Vere was left at home with the "dark" Sir Frederick whom she detested, and with her mysterious father (for he grew stranger on acquaintance). Meanwhile, incidents elsewhere illustrate the social life of the times.

Hobbie Elliot had, somehow, given real or pretended offence to a very wild neighbor, "Willie of Westburnflat;" an example of the last of the Border Reivers, who demonstrated his sentiments by burning Hobbie's house and barns, and by carrying off — beside lesser plunder of cattle — Grace Armstrong, an extremely nice girl to whom Hobbie was soon to be married. Hobbie, with friends and allies, was soon seeking his lost treasure, at Willie's stronghold. This was an example of the style of structures inhabited by the "gentlemen" who practised such expressions of feeling, structures of which many remains continue to exist through the Border Country. The one here described is considered Goldieland, a well-known "peel" standing on a bank overlooking the road southwest from Hawick, and not far from Branxholm Castle of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." "The tower," says the story, "was a small square building of the most gloomy aspect. The walls were of great thickness; and the windows, or slits which served the purpose of windows, seemed rather calculated to afford the defenders the means

of employing missile weapons, than for admitting air or light to the apartments within. A small battlement projected over the walls on every side, and afforded farther advantage of defence by its niched parapet, within which arose a steep roof, flagged with gray stones. A single turret at one angle, defended by a door studded with huge iron nails, rose above the battlement, and gave access to the roof from within, by the spiral staircase which it enclosed." From this turret, Hobbie saw a fair hand wave a handkerchief. Summons to the garrison, brief siege, and parley for terms ensued, when Willie agreed to deliver up the young lady, whom he at length confessed he held prisoner. To the astonishment of the besiegers, he produced Miss Vere, and protested that he held no other. Hobbie and his allies retired, to make the best of this unexpected result; one quite as good as could be, it appeared, however, when Grace was discovered at the Heugh-foot, released voluntarily by the predatory Willie. But strange as these affairs seemed, they were less strange than those that occurred at Ellieslaw Castle.

On the day before this raid, Mr. Vere had caused his daughter to accompany him during a walk to a lonely portion of his estate, she fancying that he thus intended opportunity for a quiet and effective argument towards the suit of Sir Frederick. But while thus away from the castle, they were suddenly beset by four armed men, two of whom engaged Mr. Vere and a single servant attending him, while the others seized Miss Vere, and hurried away on horseback. Meanwhile, Mr. Vere fell. Both the fighting robbers then retreated precipitately. The servant found that his master had simply stumbled, and was unwounded; but no little time was lost before pursuit of the abductors was organized from the castle, and then it was directed towards Earnscliff Tower, seat of a family between whom and Mr. Vere a feud existed. The young laird of this family, obnoxiously to Mr. Vere, presumed to cherish attachment to his daughter; and she, quite as obnoxiously, in private reciprocated it. Of course Mr. Vere's party found nothing, having gone quite in an opposite direction from that taken by the robbers. The original of Earnscliff is said to be Garvald Tower, a few miles rather south of Linton station in Haddingtonshire, and a rather entire and romantic Baronial relic, picturesquely situated and illustrated in Scott's "Border Antiquities."

After explorations had been ingeniously made in every direction except the right, Mr. Vere at length assented to a proposition by

friends, to go that way, and then young Earnscliff was encountered attending Miss Vere. The affectionate father's first impulse was to display this obvious proof of his own expressed hypothesis, that Earnscliff had abducted her. But the hypothesis was not much confirmed by immediately subsequent revelations. Out of this not publicly explicable affair Miss Vere got safely back to Ellieslaw and additional attentions from Sir Frederick Langley. Many guests, almost entirely masculine, arrived; and among them, oddly enough, the bold proprietor of Westburnflat Tower. There was a great deal of eating and drinking, and of very private conversation, leading into evidence of a conspiracy of the Jacobite party for a rising in favor of the "Pretender," Prince James Francis Edward. The plots of this party were favorites with Scott, since they gave him many romantic and historical subjects for his pictures, as one readily remembers. "Redgauntlet" relates to the last of the attempts of the Stuarts to regain their forfeited crown; "Waverley" to that of 1745; "Rob Roy" to that of 1715; while this relates to efforts that were made previous to the great "affair" in the last-named year.

The action of the remainder of the story was almost entirely at Ellieslaw Castle; and as it is described in only five not very long chapters, it may readily be traced; and with quite enough interest, for these chapters contain the continued history of that strange old house; of the results of plotting and treasons hatched in it; of the career of Mr. Vere and Sir Frederick Langley; and more especially of what came to young Earnscliff, and to Miss Vere, when, in the chapel of her father's castle, she was forced to meet Sir Frederick, her detested, at the marriage service, and when the hitherto almost entirely mysterious person giving name to the novel effectively appeared in his own name and right, and, after important attention to the proposed bride, and exposure of snares and secrets around her, as effectively disappeared. All these fortunes, and a ramble among the pleasant places where they are supposed to have been developed, certainly can but satisfy one with spending the short time required for gaining acquaintance with the times, the story, and the scenes of "The Black Dwarf."

XXXIII.

THE MIDLAND BORDER.

TRAVELLERS from Innerleithen to the "Land of Scott," can easily make an excursion through the district sometimes named the Midland Border, and visit scenes described in several passages of Scott's works, and almost everywhere invested with the charms of ballad and memorial poetry. Private conveyance of some sort is necessary. The route is up the vale of Quair Water, and across the hills to the "Gordon Arms" Inn, and thence up the Yarrow to the Loch of the Lowes, at the head of St. Mary's Loch, about sixteen miles distant from Innerleithen (described on page 192). Thence travellers may turn back and go down the vale of Yarrow to Selkirk and Melrose, or, across the hills and vales to Hawick, and thence by rail to Melrose. Both these excursions lead through the very heart of the romantic, legendary, and storied pastoral districts of the Border.

No words describe better one's thoughts about the celebrated Yarrow than Wordsworth's three well-known poems. After one passes the rather lonely country of the Quair, and at the "Gordon Arms" first looks upon the vale that there opens on either side, one may exclaim with him in his lines written when this scene had been "Unvisited,"

> "What's Yarrow but a river bare,
> That glides the dark hills under?
> There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder."

And perhaps even the traveller may recall others of those lines, and feel that it might have been well to have kept unrealized a vision of fancy like that apt to be associated with this vale as with other spots unseen by the eyes, but in imagination pictured scenes of earth's most eloquent beauty, —

> "Enough if in our hearts we know
> There's such a place as Yarrow."
> "We have a vision of our own;
> Ah! why should we undo it?"
> "Should life be dull, and spirits low,
> 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
> That earth has something yet to show,
> The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

And if Wordsworth himself could commence his "Yarrow Visited" as he did, uninspired mortals may with him continue saying,—

"And is this — Yarrow? — *This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!"

But, before this region is left, one of feeling will exclaim in the final words of the poet, — peculiarly the poet of nature, —

"I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee: —"
"The vapors linger round the Heights,
They melt — and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow."

Or, again, one may recall Washington Irving's thoughts when first gazing upon this Border scenery. "I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills," he wrote, "monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile." Yet, withal, he farther tells how this scenery finally charmed him.

The excursion proposed to this portion of the Border, touches, as will be noticed, the northward route of the tour at St. Mary's Loch, whose wild and lonely, yet strangely fascinating, scenery has already been partly described in the twenty-second chapter in a sketch of its many associations with the Covenanters, to whom this scenery will always be an eloquent memorial.

One can now, more perceptibly, feel not only the spirit of the region itself, but also feel how the mountainous wilds westward seem filled with forms and memories of those persecuted and martyred worthies who there endured heroically or suffered sadly for conscience' sake. One can there remember a bride like Mary Stewart crazed on her wedding morning when she saw her husband murdered; an almost weird Renwick preaching among the mists; or a true-hearted girl like Keatie, of Chapelhope, enduring obloquy that she might help him whose hunted life was one of those originating the popular invention of supernatural beings said to haunt so many spots in this Border land, — that Brownie of Bodsbeck, so

mysterious and yet so real, of whom more persons might read with interest than perhaps now read.

Throughout the country eastward and southward from the Loch of the Lowes, almost all the associations are different. In those directions lie (as mentioned on page 192), not the land of the Covenanter, but of the Reiver and the raid, — just as Scottish and characteristic, but very different in style of life. And one is supposed to explore these latter regions by starting from the hospitalities of Tibby Shiels. Southward from that snug place one at first sees, curving towards one, hills that rise abruptly, bare and grassy; and opposite to them others more receding, bearing grass on some parts, but examples of heather and whin-grown Border heights, rather than of those that are smooth and pastoral. Between these ranges of hills, and yet more noticeable, extend the lonely yet beautiful waters of St. Mary's Loch, that delightfully suggests Scott's graphic and charming lines in his Introduction to the Second Canto of "Marmion:"

"Ione Saint Mary's silent lake,
Thou know'st it well, — nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills."

And one may continue saying with Wordsworth, —

"Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted:
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted."

Or a Scotsman, with the patriotic Dr. Leitch's apostrophe, may say in passing, —

"Sweet Lake! I ne'er again may see
Thy sunny bosom glowing,
Nor e'er beneath her mountain green
Behold the Yarrow flowing;
But when my spirit freed shall be,
If I on earth must tarry,
I'll seek the lofty hills that crown
Thy lovely shores, Saint Mary!"

Every nook of the land seems to bear poetic flowers, and to be garlanded with them as with its own indigenous heather. First, one sees the new statue to "James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," and can read beneath it, that —

"Oft had he viewed, as morning rose,
The bosom of the lonely Lowes;
Oft thrilled his heart at close of even,
To see the dappled vales of heaven,
With many a mountain, moor, and tree,
Asleep upon the Saint Mary."

Farther eastward, one sees, to the left, the glen of the Megget, penetrating gloomy and very wild highlands. There were once royal hunting lodges, that, with the country around, were scenes of famous sport.

"Of such proud huntings many tales
Yet linger in the lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick, and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow."

About a mile from the Loch, up this glen, is the ruinous Henderland Tower, where Percy Cockburn, its proprietor, and a noted freebooter, was summarily hanged over his own door by James V. "The Lament of the Border Widow" is upon this event, his wife singing, —

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair."

A little way farther along the Loch was the old Forest Kirk of St. Mary's. As Scott wrote, —

"though in feudal strife a foe
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallow'd soil
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd."

Within this kirk, remote as it is, at least one important meeting has occurred. An old poem, relating to Sir William Wallace, guardian of the kingdom, informs us that,—

"At Forest Kirk a meetyng ordand he;
Thai chesd Wallace Scottis wardand to be."

There expiatory offerings were made, and atonement for rapine and crime was sought. In the little church-yard many bold riders were buried, and, since other fighting times, not a few Covenanters. As a rather irreverent ballad states,—

"St. Mary's Loch lies slumbering still,
But St. Mary's kirk-bell's lang dune ringing!
There's naething now but the grave-stane hill
To tell o' a' their loud Psalm-singing!"

There, also, were interred "Lord William and Fair Margaret" of "The Douglas Tragedy,"—the chief scenery of which is farther eastward.

"Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier."

The church-yard is also celebrated in Hogg's ballad "Mess John," relating to John Binram,—

"That wizard priest whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust,"

and buried outside the enclosure. Another of Hogg's ballads, "Mary Scott," is associated with this place. In the chapel, she, the "forest flower," strangely awoke from supposed death to be "borne a bride to Torwoodlee."

"A foot so light, a form so meet,
Ne'er trode Saint Mary's lonely lea;
A bride so gay, a face so sweet,
The Yarrow braes shall never see."

The verses that crown the spot are, indeed, more numerous than even the memorial stones. One more quotation of them, from another poem by Hogg, may be sufficient here to tell its history,—

"O lone St. Mary of the waves,
In ruin lies thine ancient aisle,
While o'er thy green and lowly graves
The moorcocks bay, and plovers wail;
But mountain spirits on the gale,
Oft o'er thee sound the requiem dread,
And warrior shades and spectres pale
Still linger by the quiet dead.

"Yes, many a chief of ancient days
Sleeps in thy cold and hallow'd soil;"—
"Here lie those who, o'er flood and field,
Were hunted as the osprey's brood;
Who braved the power of man, and sealed
Their testimonies with their blood."

Across the lake (on the southern side) is the mountainous Bowerhope Law, also celebrated by Hogg, in the lines,—

"But winter's deadly hues shall fade
On moorland bald and mountain shaw,
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope Law."

Hogg also relates a story of a farmer who lived on it, and a water-goblin that lived in the lake. To the left of the traveller's road, near the end of the loch, stands Dryhope Tower, the early home of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," daughter of Philip Scott, and wife of a furious admirer, Walter Scott of Harden, a noted gentleman freebooter. Allan Ramsay composed in her honor a song in which are the lines (sung to an old local air that bears her name),—

"looking o'er the rolls of fate
Did you there see, mark'd for my marrow,
Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow?"
"I'll not despair:
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crowned, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky,
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow."

Two other songs also celebrate her,—one of them saying,—

"forgetting sorrow,
I wandered owre the braes of Yarrow,
Till then, despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart my own secure;
But Cupid's dart did then work sorrow,
And Mary's charms on braes of Yarrow."

Dr. Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy," relates the story of a child, captured by Walter of Harden, the husband of Mary Scott, who is said to have become a ballad poet, and

Who "lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier."

In later times, this lady's romantic title was borne by Mary Lilias Scott, of whom verses are, or were, sung (to the air "Tweedside"), beginning — "What beauties does Flora disclose."

Farther eastward, two miles to the left, up Douglas Burn, is Blackhouse, chief scene of "the ballad of 'The Douglas Tragedy,' one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality," according to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It is a wild, solitary glen. Opposite to its opening, and at some distance south of the route of this excursion, is James Hogg's home, "Altrive Lake," where he died in 1835. Not far beyond (and six miles from Tibby Shiels), is the Gordon-Arms Inn, and, beside it, the road over which the traveller is supposed to have come from Innerleithen. Lower down Yarrow dale, and close upon the traveller's road, is Hogg's other home, "Mount Benger," where he lived less time. About four miles beyond these places, and upon a hill-side near Yarrow Kirk, is the scene associated with that famous old ballad, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." The hero of the tragic affair it describes was a brave knight, — a Scott, — said to have been of Kirkhope. He once, according to the ballad, departed from home, saying to his lady, —

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

He went to his death, and his lady mourned him "wi' a sigh" that "her heart did break," —

"A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

This ballad suggests another more recent composition, by Mr. Hamilton, of Bangour, that it is, indeed, said to have inspired, —

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.
Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

The influence of the scenery in this vicinity is said to have originated, with Wordsworth, much of his three poems relating to Yarrow, especially the last, — "Yarrow Revisited," — when in September, 1831, he accompanied Sir Walter Scott through the country,

described only the day before the latter left Scotland for Italy. How earnestly, but how sadly in vain, he invoked health and happiness for his great companion; and how eloquently, poetically, and truthfully he addressed Scott in the verses, —

"For THOU upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

"Flow on forever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine;
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine."

About three miles beyond the kirk is Hangingshaw, the site of the ancient baronial castle of the "Outlaw Murray," that, destroyed during the latter part of the last century, now presents only fragments. The ballad "Sang of the Outlaw Murray" tells how royally he ruled in his domains, where he entertained even the king.

Many other poems, less known, are also associated with this romantic stream. Among them are Logan's "Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream;" Macdonald's "Yarrow Vale," and the "Yellow-haired Laddie;" "Willie's drowning in Yarrow;" Mr. Scott Riddell's song, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow;" Professor Wilson's poetic prose, "We called thee, Yarrow, the Beloved of Bards of Old!" All these, and other poems, have their local attractiveness; but all pale their lesser lights before one, far greater and more brilliant, shining from beyond, — the first of the works of the "latest" Minstrel of Newark Tower, to which the traveller by this route is supposed to be approaching. And all other interest around it becomes little indeed before the fame and the influences of the first magic spell sung by that Minstrel, when, with his Lay, he spread the Great Magician's charms over the Border Lands around Newark, and revived their former people and their stirring life.

One crosses the Yarrow into the pleasant grounds of "sweet Bowhill," and then soon arrives at "Newark's ancient pile" "renowned in Border story," and among the scenes described fully in the fifth chapter, in which the scenery and action of the "Lay" are sketched. That chapter informs how a traveller, if omitting this excursion to Innerleithen and St. Mary's Lake, may go directly from Edinburgh to Selkirk and Newark. After leaving Newark, the traveller bound on either excursion may go to Selkirk, and through more of this Midland Border Country, into, *par excellence*, The Land of Scott, around Melrose and Abbotsford.

On the way to Selkirk and close to Newark, one may see across the river the cottage of Mungo Park, the traveller in Africa, and — after passing through the pleasant grounds and by the ducal mansion of Bowhill — Philiphaugh, seat of the Murrays, descendants of the "outlaw" celebrated in ballad literature, and site of portion of the battle named from it. The spot was occupied by a camp of the great Marquis of Montrose, who, in September, 1645, was moving southward towards England, after he had achieved memorable successes in Scotland. While he was writing despatches at Selkirk, his army was surprised here and routed by the Parliamentary and Presbyterian forces under Sir David Leslie; and thus ended the splendid military career of the great royalist. There is an old song, "Lesly's March," not always very piously worded, addressed to another Presbyterian corps, —

> "March! March!
> Why the devil do ye na march?
> Stand to your arms, my lads,
> Fight in good order;"
> "The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming:" etc.

There is also a ballad about the battle, commencing, —

> "On Philiphaugh a fray began,
> At Hairhead-wood it ended;
> The Scots out o'er the Græmes they ran,
> Sae merrily they bended."

It is a Presbyterian ballad-song of triumph over "great Montrose, our cruel enemy." Another ballad, "The Gallant Grahams," is a lament over his fall, styling him, —

> "Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
> Courageous in the best degree."

A monument designates the most important portion of the field, that where the battle was decided. Nearly opposite Philiphaugh,

at the confluence of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, is the Carterhaugh, the supposed scene of the fairy ballad "Tamlane," and of Scott's song "on the lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch at a great football match on Carterhaugh."

Three miles of good road leads to the clean and rather pretty town of Selkirk, standing high on the south side of Ettrick. There, after the excursion just sketched, — example of one only of the excursions into romance-land, easily practicable in a single day from Scott's home at Abbotsford, — there, at Selkirk, one may pause briefly, certainly long enough to see the statue in front of the court-house, and to do one's heart good by looking upon him whom it portrays, and by reading the inscription on the pedestal, stating that it was

"ERECTED IN AUGUST, 1839,
IN PROUD AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY
FROM 1800 TO 1832.

"BY YARROW'S STREAM STILL LET ME STRAY,
THOUGH NONE SHOULD GUIDE MY FEEBLE WAY,
STILL FEEL THE BREEZE DOWN ETTRICK BREAK,
ALTHOUGH IT CHILL MY WITHERED CHEEK."

On another side are Scott's arms and mottoes, "Parabit cornua Phœbe," and "Watch Weel;" and elsewhere thistle-wreaths, the Virgin and Child, and the sculptor's name, "Alex. H. Ritchie, Musselburgh." There is also at Selkirk a statue to Mungo Park. From this town there are a variety of routes to Melrose, only about half a dozen miles distant down the river, — Abbotsford being about half way. Travellers are, however, advised to go less directly, and visit the scenes of the "Lay," and of many Border forays.

Up the Vale of Ettrick, and south-west from Selkirk, may be found a long reach of pastoral country, varied by several places of interest. A few miles up, is Oakwood Tower, sometime residence of Michael Scott, that wizard of power who "cleft the Eildon Hill in three;" whose magic book had such influence in the story of the "Lay." Farther on are the rough, boggy pastures, constituting "the lands of William of Deloraine," the stout rider, who sought the "book of might" at Melrose, and bore it to the Lady of Branksome. And yet farther up, stands Tushielaw Tower, once

stronghold of Adam Scott, who was so bold as to be called the King of Thieves; and of whom strange tales remain. Thence, to the left, extends the vale of "lonely Rangleburn," penetrating in that direction ranges of vast heights rising all around. Beyond, is the "cleuch," where, as a ballad tells, a "buck" was killed; and thus was created the titular name of one of the greatest dukedoms of Britain, — the Buccleuch; and beyond the Rangle, — a trout stream associated with the ballad "Maid of the Rankle Burn," — lies Borthwick Valley. One will have realized the meaning of "border wilds" after passing, through these places, miles of high or low, undulating, grassy hills, varied only by patches of whin bushes. No hedge confines the narrow road or the wide country, neither does a house intrude. All the region is one immense, open sheep pasture. To the left, on the way to Hawick, is "Wat' of Harden's Den," situated on a bank at the head of a deep, contracted, wooded glen. It is a long, narrow house, known in the "Lay," and home of Mary Scott, Flower of Yarrow, after she married its reiving Laird.

A brief turn aside into Teviot dale, leads to Branxholm Castle, described in chapter v., represented to be the scene of much of the story of the "Lay." A mile back, towards Hawick, may be seen, on high ground, near the confluence of the Borthwick and Teviot, and commanding good views of the vales of both, the russet-gray ruin of the Tower of Goldielands. It is without gables or parapet now, and stands among the haystacks and buildings of a farm. It was an unpeaceful enough place in its old days, however, as its reputed associations with Willie of Westburnflat in the "Black Dwarf" (page 282) illustrate. The region around it, and higher up the vale, and at Harden's Den, is, with its raiding people of old, celebrated in the long ballad, "Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead."

Two or three miles down the Teviot is Hawick, a not uninteresting town, with an odd, good, old inn, — The Tower, — that includes the former stronghold of the barons of Drumlanrig, afterwards occupied by Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, so well known. From Hawick is a railway to Melrose.

XXXIV.

"THE LAND OF SCOTT."

THE capital of the district peculiarly "The Land of Scott" may be considered Melrose, — a neat, pretty, and rather quaint town, deserving more attention than fugitive tourists are apt to give it. They should remember what Scott said to Washington Irving: "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper. It takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld-world trumpery." A couple of sunshiny days can certainly be rendered very delightful there. Of course one's first visit will be to the venerable ruins of the famous abbey that was founded by King David I., in 1136, restored by Robert Bruce in 1326, and decorated through two succeeding centuries. The sketch of it given in the fifth chapter renders any long account of it unnecessary here. In "The Lay" it is described as it appeared during its completeness and glory, when its ancient Cistertian holders kept it fair and sacred; when "service high and anthem clear" resounded along its aisles and "embowered roof," with solemn effect that we may know in happily preserved churches. In "The Abbot" (chapter xxviii.), we find it again described by Scott, as the St. Mary's of Kennaquhair, but sadly changed to the condition in which it was when devastation was being visited upon it, marking it for ruin, — when its last abbot was stealthily installed where his predecessors had taken office with triumphant service. And now, though we find this "holy and beautiful house" empty and desolated, yet beautiful and eloquent in its "proud decay," we can reanimate it with the beings and the action a greater magician than Michael of Ettrick Vale has created within it. We can admire the original of all that has hitherto been sketched, and, from the quiet church-yard, south and east, look at the chief architectural wonders spared it. These latter are the two gables, in the directions named, with their elaborate and elegant canopies, decorated buttresses, and traceried windows with

> "slender shafts of shapely stone,
> By foliaged tracery combined;" —

we can, indeed, fancy that

> "some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,

In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."

The world knows those celebrated lines, introducing the Second Canto of "The Lay," and describing the abbey when, in its present condition, it appears to best effect; and one cannot but recall them whenever it is thought of:—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

In Scott's time, the ruin was guarded and shown, by "a worthy little man, honest Johnny Bower," an humble but hearty admirer of its great poet. Washington Irving, in his delightful chapter on "Abbotsford," has described him, and his minute attention to passages of "The Lay" describing the Abbey. The moonlight effect, for which there was great demand by tourists, sorely puzzled him, as a shining moon is a rare phenomenon in that region. Accordingly, he devised what is not now (the writer thinks) extant, — a great candle on a pole, as a substitute. "It does na light up a' the abbey at aince, to be sure," Johnny would say; "but then you can shift it about, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side." There is, however, extant a very neat and excellent little local guide-book, by "John Bower Melrose," abounding in spirit creditable to him or another, especially a quotation from Scott, referring to destroyers of this pile. "There is no doubt," says this authority, "that the humor of demolishing monuments of ancient piety and munificence — and that in a poor country like Scotland, where there was no chance of their being replaced — was both useless, mischievous, and barbarous."

A variety of indifferent apologies for this "humor" have been put forth; a verse from a once popular ballad is a sample, —

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale
As lang's their neighbours' lasted."

But the "arguments" of the destroyers were their deeds; and those are sufficient to illustrate their motives, expressed by demolishing "storied windows," defacing ancient art, perverting venerable charities, and overthrowing — not reforming — institutions that had long been "lights in dark places," preserving better than their times elsewhere preserved; preserving amid storm and violence without, the sacred "peace on earth," — institutions that were memorials of Christianity almost from its foundation in the countries of the iconoclasts.

And while these once sacred walls condemn fanaticism, and almost equally fatal cold indifference, they, with startling eloquence, are monumental of the judgment and the doom that decaying piety and spiritual sloth or debasement, inevitably bring upon unfaithful stewards to whom ministration of divine truth is committed.

Yet, while we linger at Melrose, or in other scenes that bear like history and relics, may we now, remembering the good and loving the beautiful, not refuse, with true affection to say that we

"do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history!"

The next visit after that to the abbey should certainly be to the summit of EILDON HILL, for that comprehension of a region new to us, to be best obtained from some elevated point, whence it can be overlooked. Unenterprising loungers know little the exhilaration as well as instruction and pleasure of climbing a high hillside, and gaining its breezy summit and the wide outlook from it. The Eildon Hill commands decidedly the best view of this region, — indeed, one of those rare and truly national views, of which that from Arthur's Seat (page 256) may be considered the first in Scotland, and this the second. The ascent is not a long or difficult walk, so as, in the old rhyme, —

"Three carles with one consent
To the geeen cone of Eildon went —
A hill for weirdly deeds renowned,
With ancient camp of Roman crowned," —

so we may now go. The hill, composed mostly of whin-stone and felspar, and hard soil covered by little else than grass, has three summits, the highest of which is thirteen hundred and sixty-four feet in altitude. Various reasons, not strictly scientific, have been given why this hill (for it is really one, with a base half a dozen miles in circuit) has these three summits. It is said that the wizard, Michael Scott, who had a deal to do in this region, spoke "words that cleft Eildon hills in three," through the agency of a certain spirit, — who, furthermore, endeavored to remove the mass on a shovel, when the hill was cracked from the top, the attempt at moving it frustrated, and the triple head formed. One on the eastern summit may recall more of Scott's words to Irving: "Now I," said Scott, "have brought you, like the pilgrim, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts;" and goodly indeed they appear, as one surveys them in the delightfully varied panoramic landscape commanded from this point of view. All eastward extends the wide, exquisite vale of the lower Tweed, softly diversified, beautiful as any rural land on earth, traversed by that sparkling river, from where its curves first appear in the deep foreground to where they disappear among the purpled and violet-blue low hills by Berwick, on the eastern horizon. South-eastward to south, over a rolling, intermediate country, stretches the range of Cheviots, — the long form of the dominant Carter Fell above them all, bounding that horizon. Nearly south, are the broad, pyramidal, prominent Ruberslaw and the Minto Crags. Into the south-west, extends the Cheviot range, growing more broken, and blending with the Liddesdale and Eskdale hills. Westward interposes the highest peak of Eildon, — for the traveller is supposed to be upon the lower and more easterly point, — its summit grass-grown, its great side bare and gravelly. Westward, also, is the company of strangely romantic hills of Ettrick and Yarrow. Northward from them rise lesser and wooded hills, and smoky manufacturing and prosperous Galashiels, with bare heights beyond. Far along, north and north-east, is an open agricultural country, bounded by the lonely Lammermuirs. Then the turning eye gazes along the receding vista of the Tweed-dale hills, till it again sees those near Berwick. With these diversified forms of nature are blended a wonderful variety of historic, poetic, and romantic scenes. Close to one are remains of a strong camp, planted by the conquering Romans, who gave the

name Tremontium to this hill. In the distant east is that Berwick, during centuries fought for by English and Scotch; and near it, is the field of Halidon Hill (1333). Indeed, all this country thence, around to the south and south-west, was their foraying ground during hundreds of years.

On a dusky hill, far away, almost east, is Flodden Field, where, in 1513, Scottish power was laid low, as sung in "Marmion." South-east, among the Cheviots, is the almost fabled Chevy Chase. In nearly the same direction, but not so far, by the tall Waterloo Column, is the battle-field of Ancrum Moor (1545), where the Amazon Lilliard fought till death in the Scottish ranks. Almost northward is the field of Melrose fight, in 1526, for possession of James V., — the last great clan-battle of the Borders. To the westward, just over the hills, in the middle distance, is Philliphaugh, where the defeat of the great Marquis of Montrose, in 1645, with the English defeat at Naseby, ruined the cause of Charles I. And through this scenery is enshrined many an association with religious faith and history. Eastward, the remains or positions of the four great ecclesiastical establishments of southern Scotland remind one of the best aspects of the ancient church. Closely below is "fair Melrose;" a little farther, by a bend in Tweed, the solemn park-woods of Dryburgh, and, in the dimmer distance, Kelso and Jedburgh, each once having its magnificent abbey; while, looking westward, one is reminded, by the hills where Covenanters were chased, of the degenerate agents who last exercised church power in this region, and of the changed character faith has hereabouts assumed. Of Scott, this whole land is an abounding record. North of east, half a dozen miles distant, conspicuously rising above a deep-green-grassed, and gray, rock-varied tract, is the old tower of Smailholm, where he played when a boy, and that he afterward celebrated as scene of his ballad "The Eve of St. John." Down in the broad Tweed valley is the scene of much of "Marmion." All around are the scenes of the "Lay." Among the Liddesdale hills westward, he made his early raids, and found prototypes of honest Dandie Dinmont. Between hills, and over a saddle-shaped crest of green woodland, west-north-west, stands Abbotsford itself (unseen). Northward extends the agricultural vale of Allan Water, scene of much of "The Monastery," and the earlier portion of "The Abbot;" while in the distance rise those hills whose name is alway associated with perhaps the most complete, the most mourn-

ful, and the most exquisite of his novels, — "The Bride of Lammermoor." Between Melrose and Galashiels is the village of Darnick, whence Scott, among his familiars, received the title "Duke of Darnick." More generally associated with legend and romance, appear many other objects or sites. Down the hillside stood the "Eildon tree," sung about by Thomas the Rhymer. East, just over where Tweed is winding into sight close below, is Bemersyde, with its dark-green tree plantations, home of the Haigs for many centuries, where "fair Thomas" prophesied they always shall be. To the left of it comes down the Leaderwater through Lauderdale, up which was his tower. Close to this dale, in the middle distance, is a high conical hill with a belt of dark-green trees winding up it, and a scar of bared red earth below its grassy point (as the writer saw it); and that is where grows the poetic "Bonnie, bonnie broom of the Cowdenknowes." Over towards Abbotsford, in a rather extensive, irregular, long tract of dark-green woods, is Rhymer's Glen, scene of Thomas the Rhymer's meeting with the Queen of the Fairies. In the west and southwest are those weird Midland Border hills, haunted with tales of their wild inhabitants, and with teeming creations of ballad literature, as the traveller may learn by but one excursion made among them. Like that delightful view from the Drachenfels, so fascinating to Lord Byron, and like his general thought of Rhine-land, this enchanted panorama indeed combines "the brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days." Truly, this is a view worth walking up a hill to see! And clear weather and an admiring heart to many who shall go up to it!

That shrine in the Land of Scott, to which, however, the greatest number and variety of pilgrims resort, is his celebrated residence, ABBOTSFORD. It is situated about three miles west of Melrose, upon a terrace overlooking a broad meadow northward, through which the Tweed flows musically over a pebbly bed. Beyond, in this direction, are moderate hills; while, southward from the house, the ground rises a little distance to the public road, and then, in longer reaches, till it blends with the great Border hill-country. Thriving park-like plantations now ornament the estate, — a large one, — and cover no inconsiderable portion of its surface.

In 1811, Scott's lease of Ashiestiel (page 278) ended; and therefore, for a home, he "resolved to purchase a piece of ground sufficient for a cottage and a few fields," as he wrote to his publisher

Ballantyne. The result was, that he purchased of an old friend, Rev. Dr. Robert Douglas, a farm, now forming a north-eastern portion of the present Abbotsford estate, and consisting of a "rich meadow or haugh along the banks of the river, and about a hundred acres of undulated ground behind, all in a neglected state, undrained, wretchedly enclosed, much of it covered with nothing better than the native heath." The small buildings on this farm were correspondingly poor, and the whole "had derived the inharmonious designation of *Clarty Hole.*" The realization here of the great Magician's "romance in lime and stone," and of subsequent beauty developed from such beginnings, is by no means one of the least of his marvellous creations. But these lands had from the first interest to him. They had belonged to the abbots of Melrose, and were near the ruins of the abbey once also belonging to those lords. Upon them is the site of Cessford's fight, — "the last great Clan-battle of the Borders," — and also a portion of a Roman road from the camp on Eildon. Across the river, fully in view from them, are the chief traces of that early British barrier, the Catrail.

The first accommodations at Abbotsford were simple. About the end of May, 1812, Scott and his family "flitted" thither from Ashiestiel. In the summer of 1813, he obtained possession of the region around Cauldshiels Loch, then a lonely lake. It is perhaps a mile in circumference, and is situated south from the river. In 1815, he added the lands of Kaeside. In 1816, the estate had increased to about one thousand acres, mostly bought at high prices from surrounding "cocklairds," or small proprietors. During the autumn of 1817, he purchased, for the sum of £10,000, the lands of Toftfield, a property containing an excellent new house, to which he gave the name Huntly Burn. He was then master of Rhymer's Glen, and the places where "True Thomas" "had interview with the Queen of Fairy," and of the whole ground of the battle of Melrose, from Skirmish Field to Turnagain, and also of heights commanding views of Melrose and the highlands of Ettrick and Yarrow, as, — for example, that height north of Cauldshiels, of which he wrote exquisitely during the autumn of this year, —

> "The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
> In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet:
> The westland wind is hush and still —
> The lake lies sleeping at my feet."

In 1820, he bought, for £2,300, more land towards Eildon. During the period in which these various purchases were made, the larger portion of the house itself was slowly built. Nearly all the foundations and a portion of the superstructure had been built in the summer of 1817. By the summer of 1821, the details of the finished design were mostly determined; but it was not until three years later that the last touches were put upon it, the curiosities and other internal matters arranged, and the general effect, as we now see it, attained. Indeed, it may almost be said, that the year 1825, Scott's last year of uninterrupted prosperity, was reached before the entire completion. During most of the summer of 1824, he was agreeably occupied in arranging the library and museum. Much of the furniture and fittings were made by local workmen, — thorough lovers and admirers of their great patron. The large, complex, and beautiful table, in the library, was made by Joseph Shillinglaw of Darnick, — "the Sheriff planning and studying every turn as zealously as ever an old lady pondered the development of an embroidered cushion." The internal painting was by a *protégé* whom he found printing. During this year also (1824), arrived many of the rarest presents, such as the chair made of the only remaining wood of the house where Wallace "was done to death by felon hand," and one hundred and forty volumes, octavo, of Variorum Classics, from Mr. Constable, his publisher, and, from his king, George IV., a superb copy of Montfaucon's Antiquities, — fifteen folios, in scarlet velvet. The subsequent fortunes of the famous house are well known; how the commercial reverses of January, 1826, appeared to threaten to deprive Sir Walter of this heart treasure; how his heroic efforts — time and he against adversity — enabled him to conquer pecuniary misfortune, though at the sad cost of health; how he at last knew his great life-dream was realized, and this Abbotsford estate was secured to his family; how that family has gradually passed away, until now a remote descendant holds the estate, and keeps it honorably, — all is known well, as one is supposed to approach, to view, to enter, and to examine, this perhaps most remarkable existing home of Genius.

As has been stated, it is reached by a moderate descent from the public road, whence it is hardly visible. Travellers have lately been admitted by a postern to the basement, an approach that hardly allows as impressive effect as the front entrance. The general ground form of the house is a parallelogram, about one

hundred and fifty by fifty feet, with irregular outlines, to which additions have been made westward within a few years past. One longer side of the house is upon the terrace overlooking the Tweed. The opposite side, facing a court-yard south, is the main front, to which there is access through a castellated gateway, furnished with the *jougs*, or emblems of feudal authority from Thrieve Castle in Galloway, an ancient stronghold of the great Douglases. This gateway gives access to the court-yard, that is perhaps half an acre in extent, and bounded on two sides by embattled walls, and on the third (opposite the entrance) by a stone screen of pointed arch-ways filled with light iron net-work, — one of Scott's own designs. Beyond this screen is seen another square area, — a large flower-garden. Green turf, *parterres* of flowers, mantling ivy, and sculptures, decorate both enclosures. On the fourth side of the court-yard is the house front. The general style of the edifice, externally, is the Scottish Baronial. Several architects were consulted, but Sir Walter probably had a directing supervision. There has been not a little unnecessary criticism of the design; but, withal, the effect of it is rich, picturesque, and original. The material is a purplish or chocolate-red sandstone, with quoins, parapets, and ornaments of smoothed ashy-gray stone. The more exposed surfaces are beginning to show weather-stain and lichens, but the work appears to wear well. Zigzagged gables, pepper-box turrets, sundry irregular towers and shafted windows, and also several curiosities and inscriptions vary the exterior design. At the western side of the main entrance, and high up in the wall, is the door of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, surmounted by the words "The Lord of armies is my protector; blissit ar thay that trust in the Lord, 1575." Over the great gateway is a sculptured portcullis with Scott's own motto, "Clausus tutus ero." On the front gable of the dining-room is, —

SO
LI DEO
GLORIA

On the east side of the house appear a rudely carved sword and the words, "Up with ye sutors of Selkyrke, A.D. 1525." In another place, on the same side, is inscribed, —

"By night, by day, remember ay
The goodness of ye Lord;
And thank his name, whose glorious fame,
Is spread throughout ye world." A. C. M. D. 1616.

Over the library window, towards the Tweed, is a stone, originally over the entrance to the hall of the old college of Edinburgh, bearing the sentence from Seneca, —

"Virtus Rectorem Ducemque
Desiderat: Vitia sine Ma-
gistro Discuntur. Anno 1616."

In the court-yard, supposed to have been already entered by the traveller, is a stone fountain from the cross at Edinburgh. To the east of the door is a white marble statue of Scott's favorite dog Maida, inscribed, —

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida.
Ad Januam domini; sit tibi terra levis."

Through an arched porch, designed from the entrance to Linlithgow Palace, the house is entered. A single-leaved door, surmounted by a huge pair of stag's horns, admits to the hall, a sombre, rich, and picturesque apartment, extending to the right nearly its entire length, — about forty feet. Its width is about twenty feet, and its height perhaps fifteen. Nearly opposite the entrance is a lofty, dark-brown sandstone chimney-piece, copied from a portion of the cloisters at Melrose. Around the apartment is a high wainscoting, of dark oak carved in low relief, from the dismantled Palace of Dunfermline. The floor is laid with tiles of black and white Hebridean marble, — the latter in large octagons, the former in small squares, set lozengewise at the angles. This pavement near the door is losing its surface finish, and at the time of the writer's visit was the only portion of the interior showing wear noticeably. Two square-headed windows, glazed with plain and colored glass, charged throughout with armorial devices, open upon the main court-yard. The ceiling appears to be nearly flat, but is made to have the effect of a depressed pointed arch by rafters that are placed closely, and shaped thus by having the ends turned in curves from corbels, and the undersides bevelled from these curves to the centre. Along this centre of the ceiling, on each rafter or beam, are shields, sixteen in number, bearing quarterings of the poet's pedigree, except the eastern three that are clouded and inscribed, "Premit nox alta." Upon the fronts of the corbels are thirty to forty other shields, emblazoned with the arms of the great Borderers. On the cornice, extending along the room, in very black letter, is the running inscription, "These be the Coat Armories of the Clannis and Chief Men of name wha keepit the

marchys of Scotland in the aulde time for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendit." There is much curious armor exhibited on the walls. At the east end hang the ponderous keys of the "Heart of Mid Lothian." At the centre of this end is a square-headed door, with a bordering of shields bearing memorial escutcheons of Sir Walter's friends and companions. Each side of the door is a canopied niche. Through this door-way one passes to the main staircase, of good though not great size, built of clay-colored stone, and winding, from the basement to the chief chamber floor, within a half-octagon sort of turret, lighted from the main court. Directly in range eastward of this hall door is another, opening to the *sanctum sanctorum*, — the study, — said to be a cube of about twenty feet size. Here, says Dr. Dibdin, "breathed, and for a while lived, the greatest of intellectual mortals in this country [Britain], after Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Newton. You walk into Sir Walter's study, sit in his chair," and "gaze upon the motley furniture. . . . You cannot fail to be sensibly affected. I own that I felt more than when I was standing by his grave-side. Criticism were an ungracious, if not an almost unhallowed task." Here he wrote some of the most brilliant portions of his prose compositions. Here he sat, in many respects, the most successful of authors. Here we realize him, as it were, the Great Magician enthroned, exercising not only the higher influences of literature, but also that most difficult phase of its power, — the magic spell by which he made "the barren hills of Parnassus — trodden bare with the feet of glorious paupers" — become to him "rivals of the teeming heights of Mexico and Peru, of California and Australia." And, as one looks over the strangers' book in the room below, and sees how from world-wide places pilgrims of all classes have come to this shrine, his nobler power is again most suggestively told us, and we realize, as expressed by Howitt, "a proud test of the never-dying curiosity connected with every thing attached to the name of SCOTT."

The only furniture in this study is a small folding box-writing-desk in the centre, — inscribed "Afflavit deus et dissipantur," — and a plain, easy arm-chair, covered with black leather, and facing the door. Oak book-cases, containing works of reference, line the room, — one of these cases being a carved antique, mated by a modern duplicate. Around three sides of the room is a light gallery. It is reached by a stair in one front corner, while in the

other, at the corner of the house, is a little room on the same level as the study, and opening from it. Here, beneath a small window, is a case of precious relics, — the last clothes worn out of doors by Sir Walter, — a forester's suit — thick, neat shoes; drab gaiters; black and white check woollen trowsers, stout and clean; a rather thin vest of white and dark narrow-stripe pattern; a dark-greenish coat, with plain, bright, steel buttons; and a white hat, old and stained. In the study are also a small, full-length portrait of Sir Walter, by Raeburn, and some curiosities. The doors and windows are double, to exclude sound; and, for further convenience, there is, by the gallery, access to the chambers above, and otherways privately to the grounds outside. Turning to the left (as one has come from the hall), the great library adjoining the study is entered. This apartment, the largest, perhaps thirty by fifty feet, and fifteen feet high, extends parallel to the study, the staircase, and the hall. There is a door of communication to the hall, another to the drawing-room westward. Three windows open northward, giving views over the meadow, the Tweed, and the hills beyond. The central of these three windows is a very large bay, with five faces, two holding cases of curious books, and the others glazed with plate-glass. Opposite this bay is the chimney-piece, of rather simple gothic, bearing a full-length portrait of the second Sir Walter Scott, in Hussar uniform. Rather flat looking oak cases, or "presses," twenty-five in number, with brass-wired doors, line the room. There are four at the east end, separated by a niche containing a copy of the Avon bust of Shakespeare; four at the west end, where the drawing-room door corresponds with this niche; three each side the fire-place; one in each corner, between the windows, and in each side of the bay, as mentioned. The surface of wall above the cases is painted to imitate green drapery. The ceiling, of stucco, painted in imitation of oak, is flat. It is divided into square compartments by crossed beams, that, at the sides, spring with an easy curve from decorated corbels, and, where they intersect with two main transverse beams, carry rather large and rich pendants, designed from those well known at Roslin Chapel, each pendant having at its lower point a "Star of Bethlehem." The ceiling of the bay is also designed from originals at Roslin. The number of books, variously estimated, amounts to several thousand; and the collection, apart from its history, is one of great value. It is arranged according to subjects. British history and

antiquities fill the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. "The cases along the outer side contain the specialties and treasures." "One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recesses of the bow-window) of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being . . . collections of the rarest curiosity." In a corner is the magnificent set of Montfaucon given by George IV., and previously mentioned. There were few authors, contemporaries of Scott, "of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here." There are "inscriptions of that sort in," perhaps, "every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Dr. Dibdin." Scott began to collect books when a mere boy; and in one of "several volumes of ballads and chap-books . . . he has prefixed this MS. note: 'This little collection of stall tracts and ballads was formed by me, when a boy, from the baskets of the travelling pedlers. Until put into its present decent binding, it had such charms for the servants, that it was repeatedly, and with difficulty recovered from their clutches. It contains most of the pieces that were popular about thirty years since [*i.e.*, about 1789], and I dare say many that could not now be procured for any price.' This note was written in 1810." The grand collection as he left it, is, says Mr. Edwards, particularly strong in "early poetry and early romantic prose fiction, both British and foreign," and "in Scottish history." "But there is nothing more distinctively characteristic of this famous library than its wonderful assemblage of works on Demonology and Witchcraft, and the curious themes allied therewith. Probably no other such collection was ever formed." Towards the close of his life, Scott began a descriptive catalogue of his literary and antiquarian curiosities, entitled "Reliquiæ Trottcosianæ; or, the Gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq." But this work was, unfortunately, never finished. A catalogue of the library, however, was printed for the Maitland Club (Edinburgh, 1838, 4to), and also for the Bannatyne Club, 1839. "Few catalogues have been printed so sumptuously, and none ever deserved fine printing less," says Mr. Edwards. "It professes to illustrate the use Scott made of his library," and might have been made "a valuable contribution to the history of literature;" but it fails in these respects, and is merely a list of books, yet withal a very valuable list. A

visitor to Abbotsford, many years ago, remarked, "that so many of the volumes were enriched with comments or anecdotes in Scott's own hand, that to look over his books was in some degree to converse with him." After his pecuniary disasters in 1826, the library and museum were at length, in 1830, restored to him by his creditors, with the words, honorable to them and to him, stating this to be "the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment of the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make for them." As has been truly written, "Visits to Abbotsford are now paid to the abode not alone of a famous author, but of a man who chose the sacrifice of health and life as preferable to failure in an obligation, the fulfilment of which most even among honorable and sanguine men would have deemed an impossibility. The life was sacrificed, but the task was achieved." There are many curiosities, besides literary, in this apartment, as in each other apartment, indeed, but requiring personal examination rather than description.

The drawing-room opens from the library, by a door at the centre of the western end. It is perhaps twenty-five feet square, and is lighted by two tall windows towards the Tweed. Opposite these is the chimney-piece, rather plainly made of mottled red marble. The walls, the writer found covered with a Chinese paper, and the ceiling painted in clouds. A dado, and foliated scroll cornice, were painted to imitate oak. The furniture was fine, including a set of ebony chairs, presented by George IV., and some well-carved cabinets. There were, also, several interesting paintings, — Dryden, gray-haired and poetic, by Lely; Raeburn's excellent portrait of Sir Walter sitting (over the fireplace); Miss Anna Scott in Spanish costume; Amias Cawood's head of Mary, Queen of Scots, painted the day after decapitation; and eight or ten water-color drawings, a portion of the designs for the "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," including "Fast Castle" (the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor), by Thomson; and several of Turner's earlier works. Opposite to the library door is another that opens westward, and admits to a rather long and narrow room, crossing the house from north to south, lighted by a colored window at each end, and called the armory. In its eastern side, also, is a door to the hall; and in its west side, a door to the dining-room and other apartments. The ceiling is a low pointed arch; the walls are cov-

ered with a very curious collection of arms. The dining-room is handsome, and very snug and sociable, with a grand bow-window overlooking the meadow and the Tweed. The ceiling is flat, of dark oak, panelled square by intersecting beams. On the walls are many pictures. Here, about half-past one, on the afternoon of Sept. 21, 1832, while Nature was calm, and Tweed was heard gently and sweetly rippling onward, Sir Walter Scott, in the presence of all his children, in peace and with holy hope, departed for perpetual rest and joy, —

"Dead he is not, — but departed, — for the artist never dies."

Beyond this apartment is a delightful breakfast parlor, commanding views towards Ettrick, as well as upon Tweed. Yet farther west and south-west are rooms for servants and offices, and also some new private apartments built by the proprietor (about 1858), for retirement from the almost uninterrupted succession of visits by tourists who are shown several of the apartments that have been described. Only a large and elaborate catalogue can give an adequate idea of the many remarkable objects in the museum; and the charm of effect dwelling in this most wonderful of poet's houses, can only be obtained by more familiar acquaintance than is necessarily possible to most travellers, since fifteen minutes only are allowed a visitor for the examination. Almost every thing in the house and grounds remains scrupulously kept as left by Sir Walter. The best view of the house is from the river side. The offices are skilfully screened from sight, so that there is no obstruction before the picturesque forms of the edifice. There are pleasant walks about the estate, much of which, as before remarked, is separated from the gardens and house, by the public road above them, — an ugly, inharmonious road. One will find broad, high, swelling hills of fields varied by belts, thickets, and tracts of plantations of pines, beeches, oaks, and other trees, among which are shady paths. At the western border of the estate will be found Caulshiels Loch (to which the writer was told there is no good carriage road), and eastward the Rhymer's Glen, where Thomas of Ercildoune used to meet the Queen of Fairy. This glen is a charmingly pretty little ravine, through which winds a tiny stream over and among stones or lichen-colored rocks. Beside it is a narrow path. The banks, on either side, oftener present reddish-earth tint than rock forms or colors, and bear many ferns and thickly growing forest trees. In

this quiet nook, one can imaginatively glide into Elf-land, and fancy how when, —

"True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine."

Higher up in the grounds are wider views. In one direction rises the grand Eildon Hill; in another appears Abbotsford itself, and Gala water sweeping into Tweed from busy, smoking Galashiels; and in another Melrose town and Abbey. As even an admiring rambler remarked of this excursion through the estate, — and as "practical" people very likely will remark, — "it is amazing what a large stretch of poor land Sir Walter had got together;" "but," added the admirer already quoted, "Sir Walter saw the scene with the eyes of poetic tradition. He saw things which had been done there, and sung of; and all was beautiful to him." And departing from this home that he loved so well, — that is, so thoroughly associated with his manly living, his affections, and his glorious creating, — one may possibly think with Irving, "Happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage [his first home here], and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable style, in which he lived" while he occupied it. "The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a tax upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him." Indeed, as one looks about the world, it seems as if architectural pomp arises to mark the decadence of power to ruin, whether it be in superb palaces like those of the fading "Bride of the Sea;" or, possibly, in the splendors of cathedrals, demonstrating both the power and wealth and the crumbling of the might of that Ecclesiastical Rome, whose decline their pomp often so closely antedated; or, again, in this elaborated "romance in lime and stone." But this last abides thus far securely, and such a shrine of the affections as few even of those statelier palatial structures are; for this is not a mere suggestion of regret for what it

once was, or for what it cost its builder, profound though the latter regret justly is, but this Abbotsford has become a monument of his honest integrity, of his true nineteenth-century chivalry of character, — a character abounding in all the wealth of picturesqueness and vitality of that of the olden time, yet enabling him to meet the great trial of his life, coming in a form in which it is apt to be shaped at this period, and to fight "a good fight," and to conquer, and here, lying down in the exhaustion of victory, to leave behind him this precious memorial, inscribed by him with the story of his noble spirit, demonstrated in his closing life.

"Won is the glory, and the grief is past."

There is another excursion in the "Land of Scott," very appropriately connected with this, to the home of his latter life. It is an excursion to his earliest rural home, and to his last earthly resting-place, — a varied and pleasant drive from Melrose. The way is across the Tweed, five miles by a charming rural road up Lauderdale to Earlston or Ercildoun, "the prospect hill." There may be seen a broken tower, the life-long residence of Thomas Learmont, — that Thomas the Rhymer so often mentioned in this region. On a church may be seen a stone inscribed, "Auld Rhymer's race lies in this place." There can also be seen, eastward, along this route, where grew the broom celebrated in the old ballad, —

"O the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
Aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes."

Thence one can go across the country to SANDY KNOWE, the farm of Scott's paternal grandfather, where Scott himself spent much time during boyhood, beginning his living there when he was only about eighteen months old. The farm-house is comfortable and substantial; but its chief interest now is given by the neighboring Smailholm Tower. In this region Scott received his first ideas of the great storied past that he was to grow up to illustrate. There, during long days and evenings, his youthful fancy was awakened and delighted, by grandmother and aunt and old servants, with legends and Border stories, and old songs and ballads. There early he began "making himself." Thence he had a wide prospect "over all the border country, with its feudal towers, its haunted glens, and wizard streams. . . . Thus before" he "could walk he was made familiar with . . . scenes of his future stories, . . .

and, from the heights of Sandy Knowe, he may be said to have had the first lookout upon the promised land of his future glory."

SMAILHOLM TOWER, the first old-world edifice with which Scott became familiar, and the objects around it, might well inspire his imagination or that in others at any period of life. It is said to be "the most perfect relic of the feudal keep in the south of Scotland." Certainly there is scarcely one more imposing. Built about 1535 (and formerly held by Pringles of Galashiels, then by Scott of Harden, and latterly by Lord Polwarth), it is an impressive example of the style of defensive domestic architecture at the time, when the Scottish Parliament enacted, for better protection of the country, "Ffor Bigging of Strengthis on the Bordouris," that this should be the sort of house suitable for an important Border proprietor. It stands lofty, square, and massive, on a rocky knoll, so commanding, and visible "at such a distance, as to be a guiding-mark to mariners off Berwick." On three sides are crags, and on the fourth a morass, and a deep little loch, the remains of a larger loch that once environed the height. These, with a strong outer wall, now very ruinous, and called the *barmkyn*, "within which the cattle of the vicinity were driven upon any sudden alarm," protected the tower or chief structure. This is built of broken stones with red sandstone quoins, all now of mouldy gray color. The walls are about nine feet thick, and bear scarcely a trace of ornament. Outside were decidedly close quarters for retainers. Entering by the small door, westward, one finds that the lower story consists of a single, and not brilliantly lighted, room, with a stone, round-arched ceiling. At the south-east corner is a red sandstone turnpike stair, narrow, but in quite good order, by which one can easily ascend to the roof. The next story was occupied by a large hall with a huge fireplace. Above this was a wooden floor, now gone, that formerly made the structure three stories high. The highest of these has a stone roof arched in barrel vault, shaped rather like the smaller end of an oval. The windows are not large, and are, of course, deeply set, owing to the thickness of the walls, and have cosey though hard stone seats each side. Going to the top of the tower, one finds two sides surmounted by the usual gables, and two by broken parapets, from which latter is a rugged slope of mutilated masonry, over the oval arch, to the crest of the roof across the centre of the tower. From this crest may be gained a surprisingly wide view. Eastward, over the broad, level vale of the lower

Tweed, one may even see Berwick; and south about, over undulating country, the heavy, uneven outlines of the blue Cheviots flanking the broad form of the prominent Carter Fell; while westward, in full view, is the "triple Eildon;" and north, are the barren Lammermoor hills above the green fields of the Merse. Indeed, the general view is similar to that from Eildon. The foreground is, however, quite different. Close by, is the little brown loch, and beyond it the snug farm-house of Sandy Knowe, with its shrubby garden. North and west, the ground rises, abruptly, rocky and heathery. Eminent in it, is "the Watchfold," a crag "said to have been the station of a beacon in times of war with England," to arouse the country when forayers approached. Southward, immediately below, is the beautifully varied rural country of the Tweed, with its green pastures, grain fields, hedgerows, scattered trees, and belts and parks of woodland. In the introduction to the Third Canto of "Marmion," Scott has charmingly told his recollections of this childhood haunt, and the influence it had upon him, —

"Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings roused in life's first day,"— . . .
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's waking hour.
Then "was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;

Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the Scarlet ranks away."
. . . thus nurtured,
. . . I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But, half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd."

This tower is also the scene of his fine ballad, "The Eve of Saint John," said to have been thus associated by him, to induce Scott of Harden, then proprietor, to carefully preserve it. The ballad spiritedly begins describing how, —

"The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on" —

and tells how he went, not to a Border fight, — though he went fully armed, — but in search of a strange knight who, when darkness came on, "stood by the lonely flame" on the "eiry Beacon Hill," —

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;"

A mysterious tale of conjugal experience grew of their meetings, till it could be said in the final verses of the ballad, —

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, — who speaks to none, —
That nun, was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron."

This tower is also the supposed original of Avenel Castle, in "The Abbot," and in "The Monastery" (the next novel that will be sketched on these pages), the scenes of both which are nearly all in and around Melrose.

From Smailholm, the traveller may go over Bemerside Hill to Dryburgh Abbey, and thence, crossing the Tweed, return to Melrose. The route is varied, and generally quite pleasant. At *Bemerside* may be found the ancient seat of the Haigs, a stronghold similar to Smailholm, but entire, and inhabited by a family who have held the estate since the time of Malcolm IV., in the middle of the twelfth century, and of whom Thomas the Rhymer made his well-known prediction, that has held true long enough to prove him a respectable prophet, —

"Tide, tide, whate'er betide
There'll aye be Haigs in Bemerside."

From the crest of the hill, not far off, on the route taken, is one of the finest road views in the south of Scotland. One sees from the lofty-pointed Cowdenknows on the right, over a great sweep of country, to the distant ridges of the Cheviots on the left. In front is the triple Eildon, — its summits hence appearing widely spaced, its broad sides covered with loose stones or brown grass and whin. Deep in the foreground, encircling the wooded site of old Melrose, comes the winding Tweed from past Melrose town and abbey and heights of the Abbotsford estate, and, flowing hence far away through its broad vale of beautiful agricultural country, leads one's gaze again to the Southern Border. By a shady path one may gain a point, commanding a portion of this view, where, facing it, stands a great, red sandstone statue, twenty-one feet high. The pedestal is inscribed, —

"ERECTED BY DAVID STUART
ERSKINE, EARL OF BUCHAN.
WALLACE
GREAT PATRIOT HERO
ILL REQUITED CHIEF
A.D. M.D.CCCXIV."

As a work of art, it is ordinary; but it is said to have the merit of being the first monument erected to the hero in this land for which he fought.

DRYBURGH ABBEY is reached through the Earl of Buchan's park, not far distant. Its remains are in a quiet, secluded, and very delightful spot, invested with some of the most sacred of earthly associations. The appropriate effect of these is, however, marred by the approach. The entrance to the grounds is, or was, through an ungraceful gateway, erected by an earl contemporary with Scott.

This admits to an orchard, and is inscribed in Latin, "Hoc Pomarium sua manus satum Parentibus suis optimis sac: D. S. Buchaniæ Comes." Accompanying this classic demonstration of filial affection, is, or was, the very visible English warning, "Man-traps and spring-guns placed in this orchard." Beyond the gate and some ugly fencing are the ruins of the venerable abbey, and that, happily, is in the repose and beauty of its own sanctity, veiled with ivy and green shrubbery, — hoary, solemn, and eloquent even in silent desolation. It is placed where Tweed sweeps around a fresh, green tract of wooded lowland, in one of those retired, beautiful, little vales that the old monks loved and chose so well.

The religious associations of Dryburgh take our thoughts far back, even to Pagan times; indeed, its very name is said to signify, "settlement of the Druids." On its site, as early as the beginning of the sixth century, dwelt Christian missionaries, one of whom, Modan, was revered as a saint.

But ravages of the dark ages swept over the spot; and it was not until about the middle of the twelfth century that Hugh de Morville and his wife, Beatrix Beauchamp, really established the monastery, and King David I. confirmed their bounty. On Saint Martin's day (Nov. 10), 1150, the cemetery was consecrated "that no demons might haunt it;" and on the 13th Dec., 1152, portions of the monastery buildings were completed and first occupied by monks, who "were of the Premonstratensian Order, commonly designated White Canons, from their dress," and who came from the abbey of Alnwick. This order was then new, having been founded only about twenty years before by St. Norbert, "a celebrated preacher and religious reformer." The first establishment of the order was at a spot in the vale of Coucy, designated to its founder, in a vision, by the Virgin, — whence the name, from *pratum monstratum*, Pré-montré, the appointed field. The garment worn by members of the order was also appointed by the Virgin, — "a coarse, black tunic," covered by "a white woollen cloak, in imitation of the angels of heaven, 'who are clothed in white garments.'" This costume was completed by a white "four-cornered cap or beret," shaped like those worn by the Augustines, from whose illustrious order this directly emanated. Dedicating Dryburgh to the Blessed Virgin, the monks, through peace and through war, kept it about four centuries. Fierce English raids and iconoclastic violence then prevailed, until, in 1587, its lands and revenues were

appropriated by the Crown. Subsequently the estate was sold to the Haliburtons of New Mains, many of whom are buried in the abbey precincts. From this family, through Robert Haliburton, grand-uncle of Sir Walter Scott, the estate passed by sale in 1767; and since then it has been the property of the earls of Buchan, respecting whom and whose ancestry no long dissertation is required here. This family association with the abbey was one of Sir Walter Scott's chief inducements to appoint it to be his burial-place, — a romantic and appropriate place indeed, apart from such reason.

The style of the edifice, — varied from Norman, indeed an almost Roman or Lombardic, massiveness and roundness, to Early-English Pointed, — is a study. The structure is now very dilapidated and shattered, though it shows several rather complete portions. The material was almost entirely a red sandstone of a texture not good. It is now grown to a reddish-brown tint, with faded, worn surfaces, and some covering of hoary gray lichens, that at a distance give it a sad, dark, gray look. The abbey, although by no means as large or decorated as that at Melrose, contained noble buildings. One entering the ruins at the south, finds the remains of the refectory, with an ivy-mantled western gable, pierced by a Catherine wheel window, and also with an ivy-draped eastern gable. Passing under this latter, one enters a vaulted passage, having on the right, remains of a library, and left, the abbot's parlor, of which walls remain, but no roof, — two pillars that once supported the arched ceiling only existing. There is a chimney-piece, and a sort of corner porch, through which latter the chapter-house is reached. This is the most entire portion of the abbey, and is a massively built, barrel-vaulted room, with a floor about six feet below the level of the cloisters adjacent westward. It "is forty-seven feet long, twenty-three feet broad, and twenty feet in height. At the east end are five Early-English Gothic windows, and at the west end is a large, circular-headed centre window, with a small one on each side." An arcade of intersecting arches, that once lined the room, now exists only along the east end. The whole is almost green from dampness. Beyond is another room, abutting on the south transept of the church, tolerably entire, and said to be the chapel of St. Modan. One may go into the area, now grassy and open, where the cloisters once were, west of the chapter-house, and pass some broken, gloomy vaults, and along a curving walk lined by hedges

of box half a dozen feet high, and shaded by beeches, and come to the west front of the church, and enter it beneath a superb Norman arch, showing some of the best of twelfth-century work little injured. The church was about one hundred and ninety feet long, cruciform, with short transepts and choir, and a chancel of one aisle lighted on three sides, similarly to that at Melrose. Scarcely more than the foundations of the nave and the bases of its pillars exist. The chancel is also a mere wreck. A single lancet window remains at the north-east angle of the north-transept gable. The south gable is nearly entire, and conspicuous for its heavily mullioned pointed window, high up.

But the portion to which every visitor is most attracted is Saint Mary's Aisle, the shrine of Dryburgh. Its form is familiar as that of almost any structure, — the two bays of the north side of the choir, in beautiful Early-English Pointed Gothic. Its mouldering sandstone has lost much of its once finished surface, and is bleached by centuries of weather-wear, tinted with lichens, and slowly crumbling. Externally, one sees, all about, the marks of man's destruction, and, within these two vaulted archways, the clayey, almost ghastly, gray but venerable frosting of time, and as well, also, Nature's garlanding of green grasses and bright blue and yellow flowers in the opening seams. Beneath the arches of this fragment of a "solemn temple," almost dissolving, appears in the eastern bay, on a red sandstone slab, upon the back wall, this inscription:

"Hunc locum sepulturæ
D. Seneschallus Buchaniæ Comes
Gualtero Thomæ Roberto Scott
Haliburtoni Nepotibus Concessit.
A.D. MDCCXCI."

And beneath this, on the ground, are four large, flat, altar-like memorial stones, — polished red granite. First, one reads upon the chief of these, even now slightly dimmed by dust and damp, —

SIR WALTER SCOTT BARONET
DIED SEPTEMBER 21 AD 1832.

Where that stone now is, "about half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th Sept., 1832," hundreds of sincere mourners laid the remains of Sir Walter Scott "by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors," there to rest "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," and fulfilment of the precious promises expressed in that noble service read when

he was left with all that earth contained of those who had been so near and dear to him. Truly it has been said that there "laid, in the very centre of all the glories of his chivalrous genius," this plain slab suffices, "as if, like the tomb of Wren, it said to the visitor, 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.'" There seems almost a voice from the unseen, saying, this is indeed holy ground. And how even dear as it is holy it becomes while one thinks of the touching passage in his diary, and reads from the next stone,—

"DAME MARGARET CARPENTER
WIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD, BARONET
DIED AT ABBOTSFORD MAY 15TH A.D. 1826."

"It is not my Charlotte," he wrote, while she lay dead; "it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gayety and pastime. No! no! she is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere — somehow: *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me." And again, of the burial: "The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me, — the beautiful day, the gray ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaped for its prey. Then . . . the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whom I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure-parties we so frequently visited. . . . Duty to God and to my children must teach me patience."

And then the next stone, how it briefly tells when expired the great Sir Walter's fancied creation of a Border baronetcy, sprung from himself, telling, as it does, when his son, childless, left that baronetcy extinct. The inscription is simply, —

"LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIR WALTER SCOTT
OF ABBOTSFORD, SECOND BARONET,
DIED AT SEA, 8TH FEBRUARY 1847, AGED 45 YEARS.
HIS WIDOW PLACED THIS STONE OVER HIS GRAVE."

And lastly, as if to complete the mortuary record of the chief personages of his family, one reads from the remaining stone, — that latest placed here, — these words inscribed, beneath a bust in *relievo*, —

"HERE,
AT THE FEET OF WALTER SCOTT,
LIE
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,
HIS SON IN LAW,
BIOGRAPHER AND FRIEND.
BORN 14TH JUNE 1794,
DIED 25TH NOV. 1854."

Another excursion from Melrose, may well be made, down Tweed-dale, to the remains of the two other great abbeys of the Border, the vicinity of both of which is accessible by rail: the one is the very broken but noble ruin in the central part of the town of Kelso; the other is the more entire and imposing church in the town of Jedburgh, — a place very prettily situated in the valley of the picturesque Jed Water, and deserving more visits than are made to it. This latter edifice is, indeed, perhaps the most complete monastic relic in Scotland. It is built of red sandstone, grown olive or reddish gray, or blackened by a fire that once consumed much of it. The nave, about one hundred and thirty feet long, was fitted up as a parish church about a century and a half ago, and is one of the most imposing places of the sort in Scotland, showing, as does St. Mungo's at Glasgow, what other glorious ecclesiastical buildings might now be. The south transept is nearly destroyed. The north is in repair and enclosed, forming the burial-place of the family of the Marquis of Lothian. The choir, the oldest portion, is of the most massive Norman work. The central tower, a hundred feet high, and still bearing pinnacles, parapet, and roof, commands a pleasing view, — east and west upon hills bearing country-seats; south up the vale of the Jed to the Carter Fell, to which there is a delightful walk; and north over the town, and down the vale. Close around is a church-yard, and also the site of the ancient gardens of the abbey. The abbey is yet two hundred and thirty feet long from east to west, and is well kept. The people of the town were once great fighters, and famous for their war-cry, "Jeddart's here!" An execution at this place in 1608 gave rise to a Scotch phrase of the American "Lynch law," in the saying, "Jeddart justice," meaning, "hang first and judge afterwards."

Kelso Abbey is a fragment of a remarkable historical monument. Founded by King David, in 1128, it was built in massive Norman grandeur, rivalling that of Durham Cathedral, across the English

border. Repeatedly it experienced the devastations of war until, in 1545, when it was defended against an English force, it was captured, and, in wanton barbarity, made a ruin. Portions of the west front, the transepts, and the great central tower, now remain, shattered, gray, huge, — demonstrating with their ponderous forms how strongly religion and peace must be protected in this land during the Middle Age, and how widely contrasted that turbulent period is from our times, exemplified in the tranquil town now beneath these yet mighty walls. This abbey, like the other religious houses of the Scottish Border, is a sad memorial of English outrages at the middle of the sixteenth century; and those who perpetrated them must bear large share of the condemnation due to the iconoclasts in North Britain.

XXXV.

"THE MONASTERY."

Eleventh Novel of the Series; Written 1819-20; *Published March*, 1820; *Author's age*, 49; *Time of action*, 1549-68.

ONE more particularly noticeable excursion in the vicinity of Melrose, and in *the* "Land of Scott," remains to be described; and that is to some of the chief scenery of this story, — not yet mentioned, — principally in the vale of Allen, about five miles from the abbey. The author, in his introduction to this story, written in 1830, informs us that the general plan "was to conjoin two characters in that bustling and contentious age, who, thrown into situations which gave them different views on the subject of the Reformation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, dedicate themselves, the one to the support of the sinking fabric of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment of the Reformed doctrines. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their passions and prejudices. The localities of Melrose suited well the scenery of the proposed story," with

their abundant suggestions of ecclesiastical and warlike affairs; with the crumbling remains of the old town, and "the abandoned churchyard of Boldside," haunted by fairies, and with an even "more familiar refuge of the elfin race," — the glen of the Allen, "popularly termed the Fairy Dean." "Indeed," he continued, "the country around Melrose, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, as might well induce one even less attached to the spot than the author, to accommodate, after a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the localities to which he was partial." And he has done this, although not aiming at exact portraiture. "The scenery," he added, "being thus ready at the author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favorable. . . . Machinery remained, — the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous." And of the latter supposed want came the celebrated "White Lady of Avenel," who was one of a sort of beings anciently thought to exist, maintaining relations "between the creatures of the elements and the children of men." "There was no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed while the elementary spirits were believed in."

With this brief sketch of the author's motives to the story, we may begin to look upon his picturing of life, amid these scenes, variedly animated as they were at a period when feudalism and the power of the ancient Church were passing away before the innovations attending the spirit of change and free inquiry, so conspicuous during the sixteenth century. The first chapter introduces us to the central scene, — the village of Kennaquhair, "long famous for the splendid Monastery of Saint Mary, founded by David the First of Scotland, in whose reign were formed, in the same county, the no less splendid establishments of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso." During wars immediately previous to the time represented, these establishments "had suffered dreadfully by hostile invasions. For the English, now a Protestant people, were so far from sparing the church-lands, that they forayed them with more unrelenting severity than even the possessions of the laity. But the peace of 1550 had restored some degree of tranquillity. . . . The monks repaired their ravaged shrines — the feuar again roofed his small fortalice which the enemy had ruined — the poor laborer rebuilt his cottage," and the cattle were driven home from wastes where a few had been

preserved secreted. In this calm after a storm, and before tempests that were to devastate cloister and keep, Scott has described the condition of the feudal vassals and of the church-feuars, — that of the latter, under the more skilled direction of the monks, being superior to that of the former under their turbulent lords. Moss-trooping thievery was not uncommon. The monks lived on good terms with the families of their dependants, visited the better class of these familiarly, and were received respectfully; while by the more general population they were regarded with the deference given to intelligence and wealth, even if they were in a degree despised for want of warlike enterprise. But, on the whole, "they lived as much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more than to be involved in the deadly feuds and ceaseless contentions of the secular landholders."

The action of the story opens at "a lonely tower" in a poor little hamlet. "The site was a beautiful green knoll, which started up suddenly in the very throat of a wild and narrow glen, and which, being surrounded, except on one side, by the winding of a small stream, afforded a position of considerable strength. . . . Its great security," however, "lay in its secluded and almost hidden situation. To reach the tower, it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen," frequently to cross the stream, and carefully to select a route along the steep, rugged, environing hillsides. The few inhabitants and visitors "attached to the scene feelings fitting the time. Its name, signifying the Red Valley," the story informs, seemed derived from the dark-red color of the heath flowers, the bared earth, and craggy rocks abounding in it. Its solitudes, furthermore, were thought to be haunted by supernatural beings. This place, called Glendearg in the novel, has been thought to have its original in the Vale of Allen Water, before mentioned, and the tower described to be that of Hillslop, near the head of the glen, although Colmslie Tower, one of three situated closely together there, has been thought by some to be the prototype. Certainly the vale is very suggestive of Glendearg. One goes rather northward, about three miles up it from the Tweed, to a spot about five miles from Melrose, and finds it with a narrow bottom, bounded, each side, by varied hills. Westward these present long, and rather moderate, uneven slopes, — now agricultural in aspect, with large grain or turnip or grass fields, separated, as are the fields in this region, by dark walls

of small broken stones, somewhat in New-England style. Eastward the hills, more abrupt and broken, are grassy, and varied by much iron-gray rock surface, or patches of brown heather. Along these sides are few trees; but a considerable number are scattered near a stream traversing the bottom of the vale. At the foot of the glen there is, or was recently, a forest. The stream, when one reaches the upper end of the glen, appears almost ludicrously small. The three towers stand forlorn, in a remote out-of-the-world opening, quiet and rural now, where are also a few scattered cottages. The hillsides around this spot, except where there are tracts of plantations, are bare enough. The chief natural ornaments of the scene, that the writer found, were many large, handsome walnut-trees growing near the towers. One of these structures — Colmslie — is very ruinous. It is of the usual Border style, built a basement and two stories high, of rough, gray stones, with parti-colored, flush, sandstone quoins. The upper parts of the walls are now gone, and the windows broken out. The principal tower — Hillslop — is more entire and interesting, — indeed, quite a story-book sort of relic, suggesting a great deal of the outward aspect of the higher-class Border life of the troubled generation that lived at the time to which the novel refers. This tower is shaped, on the ground, like an inverted capital letter (Γ), and is built of various small stones, now gray and mouldering with lichens. There are rude quoins of the same stone, a blank basement, and above, windows with sandstone casings, also rude. At the re-entering angle is a quarter-round turret resting upon a sandstone corbel above the entrance door, just there. In this turret is a dilapidated winding-stair, leading to a hall with a large chimney-piece. In the basement were smaller apartments, stone-built, and gloomy, one of which received the proprietor's cattle when danger threatened. Above the hall were small rooms, — chambers, and the like. The massive walls are yet tolerably entire, although the roof and upper flooring have disappeared. Near by, are remains of outworks or out-buildings. A little anachronism appears, if one supposes that a stone in the tower, inscribed 1585, gives the date of erection, — that year being subsequent to the time of the story. The structure, without nice criticism on chronology, is, however, typical enough of that period. The third tower, Langshaw, hardly requires description after these.

At Hillslop, then, as the storied Glendearg, the action opens,

representing a foraging English captain — Staworth Bolton — with his men, visiting it and its occupant, widow Glendinning, whose husband had been killed at the battle of Pinkie (in 1547). This captain fancied her and her two sons, who appeared, sufficiently to promise them his protection, — not unimportant, since the force to which he was attached, held a strong place not many miles distant. These two sons, then boys, grew up to be the contrasted characters mentioned at the commencement of this chapter, — the elder, Halbert, dark and bold, to be the Protestant; the younger, Edward, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, and mild, to be attached to the interests and faith of the ancient church. In later life, both these persons reappeared, as has already been shown, in "The Abbot," — Edward appearing conspicuously. Report of an assurance of immunity from pillage, accorded the mistress of Glendearg, became widely known, and brought to her protected home a widow of higher rank, far more bereaved, — the Lady of Avenel. During the journey of the latter to the security of Glendearg, her young daughter Mary, who accompanied her, had sight of the mysterious White Lady, beckoning them on. While Lady Avenel was at Glendearg, Julian Avenel, younger brother of her late deceased husband, by title of might and opportunity seized upon her estate and held it. Thus the two widows and their families were brought to live together. In course of time, Father Philip, sacristan of Saint Mary's, visited them, and, before leaving, obtained possession of a Bible that belonged to Lady Avenel, and that she read publicly in a manner obnoxious to him and to his party. He, on his return to the monastery, was obliged to cross a river, — the Tweed. Only one bridge then existed. This was constructed for defence, in a manner characteristic of the age, and consisted of a strong abutment on each side of the stream, in the centre of which stood a three-storied massive tower, pierced by a large archway, from which depended, in each direction, a draw-bridge. When these draw-bridges were raised, the tower was isolated, and, during floods especially, passage across was at the control of the guard in it. The keeper, having small liking for the monks who claimed right of way toll-free, refused to lower the draw to the holy father, and thus obliged him to attempt to cross at a ford lower down. There he encountered a weeping maiden, apparently unable to understand the language of the country. He fancied that she might belong to some party of pilgrims to St. Mary's, and politely offered her a seat

upon his saddle as far as the other bank. She at once, with marvellous alacrity, sprang to this seat, and accompanied him in an attempt to cross the river. But the water was deep, and the current was strong, so the riders drifted,—from bad to worse, till, suddenly, the remarkable young woman energetically ducked her venerable companion in the stream, and then disappeared, before he could recover the land and his usual senses, singing as she went,—

> "Landed—landed! the black book hath won,
> Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
> Saia ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
> For seldom they land that go swimming with me."

She was the mysterious White Lady, who afterwards continually appeared, to cause much disturbance or strange action through the story. In this fording adventure she proved the significance of some of her words, by carrying off the Bible that the holy father was removing to safe-keeping from a place where it might serve to propagate "heresy." Nor was this then all of her attention to the book; for when the affair was known at the monastery, and communication was had with Glendearg, it was discovered that this same mysterious being had restored the Bible to the owner. The monastic authorities took it again, however.

Eventually we are introduced to acquaintance with the daily life at the monastery during a considerable period. As before remarked, on these pages, the "Lay" shows us that great institution when in its glory, with the impressive effects of moon-lighted perfect architectural beauty, and of splendid and solemn service; "The Abbot," as has also been remarked, shows it when the iconoclast had marked its doom; and this story shows it when, in a transition period, its not little perplexed rulers were endeavoring to avoid threatening dangers, to preserve its influence and estate, and to keep back the rising spirit of "heresy" from attacks upon the Church.

Meanwhile, at Glendearg, the young Glendinnings and Mary Avenel were growing older together, and with some not unnatural results. The two former were becoming jealous of each other about the young lady, who was increasing in beauty and attractiveness. The apparently inevitable White Spirit had her part in these relations. Halbert invoked her assistance, and, in the "glen of the Corri-nan-shian," a secluded spot not far distant, she responded with many rhymes (a style of expression she adopted), and thence took

him down through earth into a crystal grotto. There she showed him the Bible, again taken from the monks, upon a flaming altar, from which she enabled him to seize it and to bear it back to the glen, in order that he might explore its mysteries, that he thought were influencing the lives of those around him. "For," said he, "I will learn why the Lady of Avenel loved it; why the priests feared, and would have stolen it," and why the Spirit has twice recovered it from their hands. And the Spirit, committing it to him, spoke to him those well-known solemn words, so truthfully recorded by the great writer of romance, —

> "Within that awful volume lies
> The mystery of mysteries!
> Happiest they of human race,
> To whom God has granted grace
> To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
> To lift the latch, and force the way;
> And better had they ne'er been born,
> Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

Halbert, returning to Glendearg at night, concealed under a floor the precious book, — again, later in the story, to be an object of strange influence and action. Social life at the tower was just then varied by the advent and sojourn there of a fashionable cavalier, Sir Piercie Shafton, who had got himself up as a choice spirit, modelled after the then admired Euphues and his England, and who was rather inexplicably quartered thus by direction of the lord abbot of St. Mary's. Not long time, however, elapsed before Halbert's regard for Mary Avenel rendered him jealous of the knight, and produced a violent quarrel between the two gentlemen. Halbert again invoked the White Lady, and then fought Sir Piercie, who was wounded, and who, strangely enough, disappeared in ill condition. Halbert, although he was known to have fought Sir Piercie, could not give account of his antagonist's fate. Circumstances consequently caused him to decide to take refuge at Avenel Castle. There, accompanied by a friend, Henry Warden, a Protestant preacher, he experienced a remarkable visit. Smailholm Tower, described on pages 313–15, is, as there stated, a supposed original of the castle. This tower, as also before mentioned, is the opening scene of the novel forming a sort of continuation to this, — "The Abbot." There Halbert found himself and his friend at last, prisoners of its fierce lord, Julian Avenel, from whom they had particularly good reason for desiring to escape. Halbert was con-

fined in the basement,—a strong room, it will be remembered, having only small grated windows. From one of these he succeeded in reaching the rocks outside. Thence, diving into the lake (then larger than now), and swimming to the main shore, he gained the open country and the road to Edinburgh, whither further development of his affairs called him. Meanwhile Sir Piercie Shafton, who had disappeared, returned to Glendearg, and in his turn found himself in a suspicious position; for of Halbert, who had not been there since the duel, he could give no account. Confusion ensued. Sir Piercie, accused of murdering Halbert, was threatened violently by Edward Glendinning, and finally confined in the lower part of the tower. From this imprisonment he was released by a person who had before appeared in the story, though not before alluded to here,—Mysie Happer, daughter of Hob the Miller of the Vale. She was a simple girl, upon whom the elaborate manners, dress, and language of the knight (a good-looking man), had made profound impression. She felt such sympathy and apprehension for his security, that she braved the possible consequences of liberating him and of escaping with him, disguised as his page.

The chief characters and topographical features of the story have all been introduced, when it attains this degree of development; accordingly the sketch of the remainder here may present less detail. The affairs of the family at Glendearg, and of the community at St. Mary's, became more complicated. Edward Glendinning, finding his brother had not been killed, but existed, a living and more successful lover of Mary Avenel, entered holy orders. Ultimately, a great English raid swept through the country, producing farther changes, during which Julian Avenel was killed, and his wife died, and Halbert Glendinning seized their infant child. Mary Avenel became converted to the Reformed faith. The storm of war and violence rolling on, gathered around the ancient abbey; and Murray, Regent of Scotland, and the Earl of Morton, with their forces, appeared at Kennaquhair. There, among the concluding scenes of the novel, occurred one of those memorable incidents experienced by so many great and venerable monastic institutions. Dangers had thickened, till, at length, the Holy Fathers were called upon to meet men who might doom their stately structure to decay, and their fraternity to dispersion, after both had, in some form, existed there "since the first light of Christianity" in those regions. "The whole bells of the abbey . . . added their peal

to the death-toll of the largest," wrote Scott. "The monks wept and prayed as they got themselves into the order of their procession for the last time, as seemed but too probable. . . . The great gate of the abbey was flung open, and" they "moved slowly forward from beneath its huge and richly adorned gateway. Cross and banner, pix and chalice, shrines containing relics, and censers steaming with incense, preceded and were intermingled with the" extended and solemn array of the Fathers, who appeared "in their long black gowns and cowls, with their white scapularies hanging over them." Each of the various officers of the convent displayed his proper badge of office. "In the centre of the procession came the abbot, surrounded and supported by his chief assistants. He was dressed in his habit of high solemnity, and appeared as much unconcerned as if he had been taking his usual part in some ordinary ceremony. After him came the inferior persons of the convent; the novices in their albs or white dresses, and the lay brethren, distinguished by their beards, which were seldom worn by the Fathers. Women and children, mixed with a few men, came in the rear, bewailing the apprehended desolation of their ancient sanctuary. . . . In this order the procession entered the market-place of the village of Kennaquhair, which was then, as now, distinguished by an ancient cross of curious workmanship, the gift of some former monarch of Scotland." Around this, "the monks formed themselves, each in their due place." The chant they had been singing was stilled. The lamentations of the populace were hushed. The men of Fate appeared; and, as they approached, the brotherhood chanted the solemn psalm, *De profundis clamavi.* All this scene, with incidents yet unmentioned here, can still be pictured well at the cross of Melrose. Existing, though altered, and coeval with the abbey, "still it watches o'er the town." The upper part with the arms seems to have disappeared after the Reformation, and the structure to have been purified by substituting a unicorn and the royal insignia of Scotland for the entire emblem of salvation. During the momentous interview before it, described in the story, there was disagreement, even to quarrelling, and even between the two great earls whose coming had caused the commotion. Mary Avenel, indeed, became a subject of dispute, and her disposal in marriage was not very privately argued, — and more with regard to other considerations than her affections. 'But all being well that ends well, good came of this trying visit. Halbert Glen-

dinning secured for his bride Mary Avenel, then an heiress; the abbot retained, for a while at least, his establishment in no worse condition than before; and, quite as curiously, though perhaps less importantly, Sir Piercie Shafton, who had become a conspicuous subject of the disagreeing and debating, reappeared, to be proven the grandson of a tailor, — one old Overstitch of Holderness, — and also to be proven the doer of some rather desirable justice to his page, Mysie Happer, by marrying her, — "his lovely Mysinda," as he termed her. Thus Halbert Glendinning became Knight of Avenel. Both he and his lady, staunch Protestants, are again introduced to us in "The Abbot," childless, and the early guardians of Roland Græme. Edward Glendinning again lived at Glendearg, then comparatively deserted, also again to reappear in "The Abbot," and as a zealous and active Catholic. Once more, and for the last time, he saw the mysterious White Spirit, "seated by her accustomed haunt, and singing, in her usual low and sweet tone," —

> "Fare thee well, thou Holly green!
> Thou shalt seldom now be seen . . .
> The knot of fate at length is tied,
> The Churl is Lord, the Maid is bride.
> Vainly did my magic sleight
> Send the lover from her sight;
> Wither bush, and perish well,
> Fall'n is lofty Avenel!"

"The vision seemed to weep while she sung; and the words impressed on Edward a melancholy belief, that the alliance of Mary with his brother might be fatal to them both." And here this sketch, directing to the places in which the incidents of Scott's story occurred, ends, where also ends his pleasant narration of some of the later fortunes of "The Monastery."

These visits to the scenes of this novel, — scenes such favorites with its great author, — and to his homes during boyhood and the full glory of manhood; to the wonderful panorama of historic, poetic, and romantic associations living in the fair and varied scenery presented from Eildon Hill; to the great Tweed-dale relics of ancient art and piety; and to that shrine at Dryburgh, where all of him that is mortal reposes, — to all this region so peculiarly "*The* Land of Scott," may well make us think, at our departure

from it, of Childe Harold's "vain adieu" to the river Rhine, and feel of our farewell, that, like his, —

> "'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise:
> More mighty spots may rise — more glaring shine,
> But none unite in one attaching maze
> The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days."

The direct way of return to Edinburgh, by rail, leads up the Vale of Gala Water, past the Lammermuir and the Pentland Hills, and past Crichton Castle, celebrated in "Marmion" (page 43), and Bothwick and Dalhousie (both worth visiting, and only a short distance from the line).

Through this pleasant country the Scottish Capital may be reached from Melrose, or a route equally interesting may be found by Berwick to the chief scenery sketched in the next chapter.

XXXVI.

"THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

Eighth Novel of the Series; Written 1818–19; *Published* 10*th June*, 1819; *Author's age*, 48; *Time of action, about* 1700.

TRAVELLERS departing from Edinburgh by the main line of the North British Railway, on the route proposed to England, can, before leaving Scotland, make interesting excursions on the way. By the branch to North Berwick, it is possible, on one fine day, to visit from that town the Law, a great solitary, conical hill, nine hundred and forty feet high, conspicuous through all that region, and even at Edinburgh; and then, three miles along the coast, the massive ruins of Tantallon Castle, chief stronghold of the earls of Douglas, and thus famous in the latter part of "Marmion" (pages 46–50), as scene of one of the most stirring episodes in that stirring poem; and, finally, to visit The Bass Rock, an insulated mass of precipitous crags, two miles from shore, rising so grandly over four hundred feet above the sea. By carriage, or by walking, it is possible in half a day to visit, from Grant's House Station on the line, the remains of Fast Castle, overlooking the German Ocean, amid scenery worth visiting on

account of its picturesqueness, and yet more attractive for its associations with many of the chief incidents of this novel. From the same railway line there is convenient access to the battle-fields of Pinkie (1547, page 258) and of Preston Pans (1745, pages 15, 145, and 258); and, from Tranent, the interesting Jacobian mansion, Wintoun House, the reputed original of Ravenswood Castle, a prominent place in this story. About half a dozen miles from Linton Station is Garvald Tower, the reputed original of Earnscliff (page 283) in "The Black Dwarf." At Dunbar are the extensive, shattered ruins of a sea-side stronghold, once famous, and even now impressive and interesting.

Fast Castle is, perhaps, however, of all these places, the one whose associations are the most romantic. The sad but fascinating tale that Scott has told us of Lucy Ashton and Edgar Ravenswood invests this lonely yet noble and charming spot with an enchantment not among the lesser creations of his spirit.

"The Bride of Lammermoor," a poem in prose, and one of Scott's best compositions, has continued since its publication to be one of the most favorite, although one of the most tragic, of his stories. In its preparation he spent a longer time than he usually devoted to similar works, and adopted a different mode. Severe and painful, even dangerous, illness was upon him, confining him at least to a sofa-bed, preventing him from writing, and obliging him to employ amanuenses. One of these, John Ballantyne, was rapid and clerkly, and preferred; the other was William Laidlaw, his steward, a reduced gentleman, and an intimate, cordial, entertaining, and admiring friend. As he heard the story flowing from the author's lips, he could not suppress interruptions by exclamations of delight, such as "Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that!—eh sirs! eh sirs!" While thus dictating, Scott would often turn "himself on his pillow, with a groan of torment," yet usually continue "the sentence with the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter; he arose from his couch, and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole of 'The Legend of Montrose,' and almost the whole of 'Ivanhoe.'" The first work (says James Ballantyne, publisher) "was not only written but published before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed;"

and "when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape," he could recollect only its merest outlines, — none of its development "with which he was connected as the writer of the work."

The chief characters and incidents of this masterly story, thus composed, have their originals in realities; though, as evidently necessary, the former must be disguised to prevent too apparent personal allusions. And thus some minor anachronisms may be detected by the very critical. The general character of the story is so widely known that it hardly requires any sketch. A prominent law-lord, Sir William Ashton, rising from lower to higher life, and married to a proud woman who fancied herself of superior rank, had an unusually beautiful daughter, who, through the ambition of her parents, was forced to discard a worthy lover of high rank, though impoverished, and to marry a rich and eligible neighbor, whom she detested, and thus to cause the tragedy so impressively presented in this novel. Sir William Ashton is said to be portrayed from Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, who strikingly resembled him in many respects. The first Lord Stair is also said to be the original of Sir William; and incidents in the life of his daughter much increase the resemblance, as also does the character of his wife. These latter persons might indeed be supposed preserved in enduring family picture in this story, had not Scott, in his Introduction to this work, disclaimed "any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair in the tricky and mean-spirited Sir William Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age."

In a rare volume, the "Tripatriarchicon," by Rev. Andrew Symson, are two elegies on the originals of "The Bride" and her bridegroom. The first is "On the unexpected death of the vertuous Lady, Mrs. Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldone, Younger," and is entitled "Dialogus inter advenam et servum domesticum." It will not quite bear comparison with Scott's memorial words. The other, astonishingly apostrophizes the gentleman concerned, evidently a friend to the reverend poet, who bursts forth, —

"So that my Muse, 'gainst Priscian, avers,
He, { only he / *He* alone, } *were* my Parishioners,
Yea, and my { only / constant } Hearers. O that I
Had pow'r to eternize his Memory."

"I'd rear an everlasting monument,
A curious structure, of a large extent, —
A brave and stately pile, that should outbid
Ægyptian Cheop's costly Pyramid."

Another character in this story, though a minor character, yet very celebrated, Caleb Balderstone, the last retainer of the impoverished and rejected suitor, is said to have been portrayed from Andrew Davidson, a reduced gentleman, who became a landlord "in the south country" (where a great many of the author's prototypes flourished), and who exhibited many of the magniloquent Caleb's ingenious devices. The originals of the Ravenswood family are said to have been the former lords of Innerwick Castle, now in ruins, near the railway between Dunbar and Cockburnspath. The ancient castle of Ravenswood is also said to be designed from Dunglass, a mansion on the site of a celebrated castle blown up in 1640. Certain of the general resemblances mentioned here are said to have been acknowledged by Scott.

This story, as is well known, has received the doubtful compliment of attention from an Italian opera librettist, who has mangled it into a sort of drama far inferior to Scott's design. To this drama are given compensatingly, however, delightful harmonies of Donizetti, that at Fast Castle we may now seem to hear, blending with the voices of the sea and the wind, perpetually sounding around the wild cliffs and crumbling walls associated with the pathetic fortunes of the last heir of Ravenswood, and of her whom he loved.

The action of the story began on a dull November morning, at an "ancient and half-ruinous tower, in which Lord Ravenswood," reduced from former affluence and state, "had spent the last and troubled years of his life," and from which he was then being borne to burial by his only son and a large assemblage of tory neighbors and retainers. The service, contrary to the style of religion then in force in Scotland, was according to the Episcopal form, and as such was interrupted, though then unavailingly, by a Presbyterian officer. This scene was in an old chapel, said to be designed from Coldingham Priory, now a beautiful fragment of Early-Pointed work, incorporated in a parish church, situated a few miles from Fast Castle, already mentioned, the reputed original of the "ancient tower" of Ravenswood, — Wolf's Crag. Indeed, Scott himself, diplomatically wrote that the former resembles the latter "as much

as any other; while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lammermoor renders the assimilation a probable one."

Fast Castle, as before stated, rewards a visit by its striking picturesqueness, apart from its fascinating associations with "The Bride." And it illustrates, quite as vividly as the keeps and peels already visited, conditions of higher domestic life during the period of Border warfare, though in a different phase. It is about half-a-dozen miles from Cockburnspath or Grant's House Stations, by a tolerable carriage road through an open, hilly country, except for the last half-mile, when the way is across grassy sheep-pastures patched over with heather, and then a steeply sloping field (flourishing with turnips at the time of the writer's visit). After reading the novel, one may think that the place hardly agrees with the usually imagined picture of it; but, reaching the cliff, one finds, after all, a very charming out-of-the-way spot. Scott's descriptions of the approach, and of the scene at the time he represents, are given later in the story, when he shows us Ravenswood and the man whose bride Miss Ashton became, — Bucklaw, — on the way thither. "The roar of the sea," Scott wrote, "had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry, . . . a solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge; but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed; on the landward front by a low embattled wall; while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive."

Fast Castle, that we may suppose these riders reached, has a real history quite in keeping with its aspect. It was probably built as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. It soon after belonged to the great Lords of Home, but has had many masters; and there has been no little fighting around it and for it. In 1333, 1410, and 1547, it fell into control of English, from whom, in 1548,

PEEBLES SHIRE
R O X B U R G H
NORTHUMBERLAND
ENGLAND
THE MIDDLE AND EAST BORDER

it was retaken by stratagem. In 1567, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton described it as "fitter to lodge prisoners than folks at liberty." Three years later it was thought so strong that two thousand men were sent to invest it when garrisoned by only ten persons. About 1580, by a marriage, it became the property of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, a notorious, unprincipled, dissolute, and impoverished representative of an old Leith family. Being "then one of the most impregnable places in the kingdom, and capable of defence successfully by a very few desperate men," he held it as a retreat in his not infrequent desperate emergencies. Through his plotting, Fast Castle came within the compass of operations proposed by the celebrated Gowrie Conspiracy, with which he was prominently connected. This plot was with the Earl of Gowrie, of Gowrie House, Perth (page 235) in the year 1600, for the abduction of James VI., thence by a boat down the Tay, and then by sea to Fast Castle, there "to seclude him from assistance and intercourse in the dungeons," and hold him at "the disposal of Queen Elizabeth or of the conspirators." Logan's part in this plot was not known until nine years after his death. This proposed visit of King James to Fast Castle is not the only one by which it is associated with royalty. "In 1503 the Princess Margaret of England first halted" there "in her progress from the English Border to Edinburgh, to become the consort of James IV."

As if to invest this curious place with all the attributes of wildness and mystery, Logan and Francis, Earl of Bothwell, conjecturing that treasure was concealed in the "dom-daniel" or keep, attempted to discover it both by digging and by practice of the "Black Art." These means failed, and Logan made a contract, now extant, with the well-known mathematician, John Napier, of Merchiston, an adept in the occult sciences, to search for the "soum of monie" supposed to be there; but the results of this more scientific investigation were quite as unremunerative.

The remains of the castle, as already described, are upon an almost isolated rock that rises directly from the sea, and is accessible only on one side. The height of this rock is about seventy feet above the water; and its area at the top is only about one hundred and twenty by sixty feet. The castle, once very much such a structure as Scott described, although possibly a little more irregular, is now a mere wreck, presenting a broken side of a square, low keep, and a yet more broken fragment directly over the extreme outer point

of the rock. It was built of small, split stones, mostly dark slate color, now varied by a few gray lichens, and had red sandstone battlements. This latter stone appears to have been used to some extent internally, as shown by remains of a simple, pointed, arched apartment, either the hall or chapel. The rock is, at some points, nearly sheer in descent to the sea, but oftener irregularly sloped from 60° to 75°. Along the main shore, the banks are generally higher and steeper. Hills rise quite loftily back from these, presenting grass slopes, and commanding the castle site in such a manner that it would not now be defensible. The general view around is wide and noble, so much so, that a patriotic writer asserts that "imagination can add nothing to its splendor." In all directions eastward is the broad, heaving ocean, its never-ceasing, rolling surge breaking with reverberations like thunder along the bases of the cliffs. Northward is a succession of craggy, red sandstone headlands, backed by fair, yellow grain-fields or green pastures of the pleasant Berwickshire coast. Southward extends another succession of cliffs, but higher, with faces of bleached gray, rising above wildly broken rocks, torn and blackened by the beating waves. Varying the view, St. Abb's Head presents towards the sea abrupt precipices nearly three hundred feet high. Portions of its natural features appear to have been drawn by Scott in his descriptions of Wolf's Crag. Great hills inland close well the view in that direction from the castle. Not a few of the engraved illustrations of this region, it may be remarked, are more imaginative than exact.

At this lonely, wild, and weird refuge, we may accordingly imagine, after the burial of the elder Lord Ravenswood, Edgar, his son and sole heir, living solitary and comfortless, — the representative of an ancient but decayed family. Their chief seat, a few miles distant, had been obtained by one whom they regarded with great aversion, — Sir William Ashton, a successful law-lord, who has perhaps been sufficiently described here, who resided at it in a luxurious style that contrasted strongly with the impoverishment and discomfort at Wolf's Crag.

A romantic incident soon rendered the young lord — "The Master of Ravenswood," as he was called in his broken estate — and the Ashtons more intimately acquainted. Sir William, with his daughter, one day for some reason visited a certain Alice Gray, an old tenant of the Ravenswoods, who lived in a forest at considerable distance. This aged, sibyl-like woman warned them of the new

representative of a race who felt that the Ashtons were robbers and intruders, and who accordingly hated them. Sir William and Miss Ashton on their return home were attacked by a wild bull, from which they were rescued by a well-directed shot fired by this very Ravenswood, who was opportunely near. Miss Ashton fainted. Her deliverer was left to take her to a neighboring spring called the Mermaid's Fountain, — a place that bore peculiarly fatal associations with the fortunes of his family. And thus began the acquaintance between Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy of Lammermoor, that grew to love celebrated with that of Romeo and Juliet, and that of Faust and Margaret, but far nobler than the German's passion. Sir William's thankful acknowledgments were hardly accepted by the rescuer of his daughter, who quickly ended this interview with her. From it he went to a rather distant roadside inn. There he met two Jacobites (with whose party he and his father were involved; for it was then not inactive). From this rendezvous he went, through a duel, and a very dark, gloomy country, to Wolf's Crag, accompanied by the Laird of Bucklaw, a rich neighbor, who, just then, for political reasons, was obliged to conceal himself.

The two arrived, as already narrated in the quotation from Scott descriptive of the castle. Thus we are introduced to the very quiet life at that retired residence, and to the various ingenious devices of the old butler, Caleb Balderstone, — a life-long servant of the Ravenswoods, — to maintain the family dignity, and supply the table by the scantiest of means. One day, however, the Master and his guest, to vary their monotonous existence, joined a hunt in the neighborhood, with which Sir William Ashton and his daughter were also engaged. A storm overtook them; and the two latter accompanied Ravenswood to Wolf's Crag for shelter. This accession of company put poor Caleb at his wits' end. Supplies for dinner were utterly wanting, and he was forced to desperate measures. He pretended that thunder and soot had invaded the kitchen through the chimney, and spoiled a delicious and abundant repast; and then, with a heavy heart and with serious misgivings, he set forth for Wolf's Hope. This was a little hamlet, a sort of forlorn hope, not far off, though it is not now perceptible from Fast Castle. On its inhabitants Caleb had, in dire emergencies, been accustomed to levy a sort of feudal tribute, under which the people had become very restless. To render his necessary exactions in this case as moderate, or rather as successful, as possible, he had judi-

ciously limited the threatening inroad on his resources, by deliberately shutting out from the castle Bucklaw and others of the huntsmen, immensely to Bucklaw's rage, and by sending them to the village ale-house for entertainment. This bold effort produced an immediate challenge by Bucklaw of the innocent and unconscious Master of Ravenswood. The messenger who bore this challenge, one Captain Craigengelt (already introduced in the story), however, encountered Caleb, who returned from Wolf's Hope in time to exclude him from the tower. Caleb's strategy in securing provisions from a christening feast at the chief villager's house should be read as Scott has described it, — a housekeeping adventure that had a counterpart in fact. The dinner, necessarily long delayed, was served, and attended with results and incidents far more important than those caused by the butler in his struggles with adversity, for meanwhile Edgar of Ravenswood became reconciled to Sir William Ashton, and accepted the latter's invitation to return with him to Ravenswood Castle. The Master's decision was vehemently opposed by his faithful servant, who, among other dissuasive words, quoted an ancient prophecy.

"Thomas the Rhymer," said Caleb, "whose tongue couldna be fause, spoke the word of your house that will e'en prove ower true if you go to Ravenswood." And "with a quavering voice" he repeated an old saying respecting the family, —

> "When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
> And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
> He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
> And his name shall be lost for evermoe!"

"I know the Kelpie's flow well enough," said the Master; "I suppose, at least, you mean the quicksand betwixt this tower and Wolf's Hope; but why any man in his senses should stable a steed there" —

"Oh, never speer ony thing about that, sir," interposed Caleb. "God forbid we should ken what the prophecy means; but just bide you at hame."

But the Master did not bide there. With the strange rhyme ringing, he went to the ominous mansion. There he grew more and more enamoured with the daughter of its new lord; and, although again weirdly warned — then by the sibyl-like Alice Gray — to quit the Ashton family, he remained, and loved more ardently, and blindly perhaps, until at the Mermaid's Fountain — that place

of fatal associations to his family — he plighted his troth with Lucy Ashton. She was indeed one for whom a less impulsive man than Edgar Ravenswood might cherish irresistible passion. She was, wrote Scott, one whose "exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger, than to court his admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." Loving legendary and romantic tales, she delighted to conjure around her their scenes of ardent affection or picturesque adventure. In these, she seemed living with her lover, — one capable of inspiring most captivatingly her imagination. From this dream of delight, however, both were rudely awakened, by the appearance of Lady Ashton at the castle, from which she had been some time absent. Penetrating, proud, and determined, she soon realized the position of affairs, and how this conflicted with her own designs. Dismissing Ravenswood from the castle, she soon made her daughter aware that a suit of Bucklaw for her hand, and thus for alliance of his estates with those of the Ashtons, was to be pressed speedily to matrimonial consummation. At this juncture, the Marquis of A——, accompanied by a powerful friend, visited Wolf's Crag. Caleb's artifices were exhibited again there instead of much hospitality; but Ravenswood formed with these guests certain new arrangements that promised, in some good measure, restoration of his fortunes, and attainment of a position that could hardly be slightingly viewed by Lady Ashton herself. In furtherance of these arrangements he went to Edinburgh with the marquis, and thence to the continent on state affairs, — one of the first developments of which was the removal of Sir William Ashton from the office of Lord Keeper of Scotland.

Meanwhile the unhappy Lucy grew ill, enduring all the misery of wounded love and of tyranny that was forcing her from a union that would be bliss to a doom that she regarded with horror. But her unrelenting mother urged forward the ambitious plans by which

increase of estate should be obtained, until the catastrophe came. In presence of the family, the distressed young lady was obliged to sign a marriage contract with Bucklaw. But while her hand was tracing the signature, "the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed, with a faint shriek, 'He is come! he is come!'" and Edgar of Ravenswood entered.

Let one when in the quaint rooms at Wintoun House, with their great fireplaces and heavy mouldings, or at Dunglass or some other impressive mansion of the seventeenth century, imagine the meeting of these lovers, and the outburst of impassioned feeling with which the injured lord encountered the cruel wrong done him and her who was dearest to him; imagine the atrocious ambition of the proud mother, the fatally false positions into which she forced her distracted daughter and the deceived suitor; and, finally, the parting of the lovers, separated in mutual misunderstanding by these odious means. "I am still Edgar Ravenswood," he had said to Miss Ashton; "that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honor bound him to seek vengeance. I am that Ravenswood, who, for your sake, forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship with, the oppressor and pillager of his house — the traducer and murderer of his father; . . . that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement, which you now desire to retract and cancel." Lucy's bloodless lips could only falter out the words, "It was my mother." The fierce will and cold heart of Lady Ashton soon accomplished her purpose. She, and an attending clergyman, declared that the new contract was Miss Ashton's free act. Immediately the lovers returned to each other signed papers and the halves of a broken coin, evidences of their engagement. Edgar of Ravenswood, wronged, deceived, desperate, left the Ashtons, feeling the agony of love betrayed, and, keener than ever before, his sacrifices so worse than unavailingly made; "the honor of an ancient family, the urgent advice of" his "best friends" all "in vain used to sway" his "resolution. Neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition have shaken my fidelity," he said to her whom he had lost. "The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warning has been despised." Still he had been faithful to her and to the promise he had

made her; but then, beguiled while he left her, to final words upbraiding her for breaking — as he, most sadly mistaken, believed — the vow she had made, praying God that she might "not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury."

While we remain — as we may be supposed yet to remain — by the crumbling walls of Fast Castle, we can imagine the last Ravenswood, with the portentous words of the Rhymer's prophecy haunting him, closing the tragic story of the romantic and intense affection that, even to her sad death, bound Lucy Ashton to him. And there, too, we can imagine, mingled with the wild, deep bass of the rolling surge below, the sorrowful tones of those plaintive harmonies that Donizetti has given to her in "Presso alla tomba io sono;" and Edgar's words, "Tomba degli avi miei, l' ultimo avanzo d' un stirpe infelice, deh! raccogliete voi;" and those thrilling notes expressing his strong, true passion, —

"Tu, che a Dio spiegasti l' ali,
O bell' alma innamorata."

Nor can we there refuse to remember the aged and faithful steward, who, when his master had gone for ever, lingered around the deserted castle "with a fidelity sometimes displayed by the canine race, but seldom by human beings," and wore out the short remnant of his life sorrowing over the fate of the race for which he had lived.

And ever where the winds sweep resounding across the great hills of East Lothian, or the broader expanse of the German Sea; where they rustle through the upland heather, or fan the grass on the cliffs under the walls of Fast Castle, will they tell the mournful and touching story, and breathe the plaintive requiem, of "The Bride of Lammermoor."

XXXVII.

FROM SCOTLAND TO ENGLAND.

THOSE who follow the route sketched on these pages are supposed to leave Scotland now, after visits to nearly all the scenery and objects in that country associated with the creations of Sir Walter Scott, or celebrated for remains of its ancient art, or

interesting for their suggestions of domestic life in its times past, or fascinating with charms imparted them by its abounding historic, poetic, and romantic literature. This route, again entering England, and prolonged through nearly its entire extent, conducts to scenes equally, and not infrequently more, celebrated by their associations with the same classes of attractions.

The North British railway, that carries travellers from the vicinity of Fast Castle, described in the last chapter, leads to Berwick and the frontier. To the left of the road are often picturesque views along the coast, and, here and there, directly down rough crags, upon the surging sea that beats against their base. At Berwick, the line passes directly over much of the site of the ancient castle that was, during generations, an object of contention between the powers of the South and of the North. The Tweed, there "broad and deep" indeed, will be crossed by a long and lofty bridge,—happily and graphically named "the last Act of the Union between England and Scotland,"—that commands a wide view over river, city, and country, and, close beneath, the celebrated old bridge,—an important link between the two countries in its earlier days, narrow and low though it thence appears. From town quarters in Berwick, or country quarters at the "Blue Bell" in Belford not far beyond, several pleasant visits, already mentioned, can be made. From Berwick is easy access to Halidon Hill, scene of Scott's drama named from it (chapter xlix). From Belford travellers can go about half a dozen miles to Chillingham Castle, a reputed original of Osbaldistone Hall in "Rob Roy" (page 165), and thence perhaps three miles to Horton Castle, said to be the "Inglewood Place" in the same story (page 165).

Whether these places are really or not to be associated with Diana Vernon, a ride to them will give a pleasant prospect of the interesting border lands of Northumberland. From either Berwick or Belford is, westward, easy access to Norham Castle (page 35) and Flodden Field (page 51), scenes of the opening and closing of "Marmion;" and, eastward, to Holy Island, with its monastic relics, locality of such tragic episode in the same poem. In this direction, also, is the grand, seaside castle of Bamborough (page 39). About thirty-five miles by rail southward from Berwick is Alnwick, with the stately castle and noble park of the dukes of Northumberland, and six miles farther south, the imposing and well-kept remains of Warkworth Castle, belonging to the same

lords, and, like Alnwick, once a stronghold of the famous Percys. About half a mile from Warkworth is the Hermitage, associated with the story of Bishop Percy's ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth." Indeed, this whole region, like nearly all England, is full of noticeable objects and places. Farther south is Newcastle, — a great, smoky, busy town, yet with picturesque interest. Twenty miles beyond it, and in the same direction, is the ancient city of Durham, that deserves more visits than it receives from Americans. Its castle, and its grand, stern cathedral, towering nobly above the river Wear, and their associations with "Harold the Dauntless," are described in the fifteenth chapter. From Durham is railway communication with Barnard Castle (page 80). There, and at Rokeby Park (pages 83–5), about three miles distant, are the picturesque localities of the poem named from the latter place. Thence a pleasant excursion (page 82) can be made across the Yorkshire hills to Richmond, where one of the grandest "keeps" in Britain can be seen. Thence the railway leads, rather circuitously, to Ripon, the recently "restored" cathedral at which is well worth a visit. From this place is the usual departure (by carriage) to the ruins of Fountains Abbey, situated at a distance of about three miles, in the delightful park near Studley Royal. Travellers who can visit but one monastic relic in England should perhaps select this; for no other surpasses its combination of completeness, size, beauty of position, and architectural interest. In all Britain there is now probably no religious or benevolent institution, except the national hospital at Greenwich, that could compare in extent and grandeur with this abbey as it was during the days of its glory. Scarcely elsewhere can one so realize the magnificent comprehensiveness, endowment, and effect of those wonderful monastic creations of mediæval piety, now mouldering into utter extinction; scarcely elsewhere can be better realized the surroundings and material evidences of monkish life, and reproductions of it by Scott. The abbey originally covered ten acres, and even now presents a great array of buildings. The church, very large and noble, is, except the roof, almost entire. The woodlands, lawns, and hills around it are remarkably beautiful. The institution was founded about the year 1204, and attained great magnificence until it passed into a condition of desecration and desolation during the reign of that model of virtue, piety, and reforming grace, — the first "Defender of the Faith."

A few miles from Ripon is Harrowgate, a pretty, rather rural watering-place, with chalybeate and sulphurous springs. A few miles farther towards York, is Knaresborough, with a once important but now shattered castle, and the curious St. Robert's chapel and cave (the latter intimately associated with Bulwer's story relating Eugene Aram's crime).

Every traveller in England visits, or ought to visit, the ancient city of York. It is not only large, busy, and historic, but one of the cathedral cities most deserving and repaying examination. Local guide-books describe its many attractions, only the chief of which can be mentioned here,—the glorious minster church of St. Peter. Since the year 627 divine service has been perpetual on its site. The existing edifice was built chiefly in the thirteenth century. Like other similar edifices, this has its own peculiar characteristic features, while it has also the generic character common to all. Here are a remarkable crypt, a very stately and almost unique choir that nearly equals the vast nave in size, an unsurpassed group of five lancet windows (in the north transept), and, near them, a superb chapter-house. The great central tower, about two hundred feet high, commands a wide view worth gaining. The present excellent condition, the beauty and the majesty, of this sacred structure are delightful; and may the piety that has long preserved it render it through coming time a like joy and blessing!

The route of this tour southward from York should be by the Great Northern line to the picturesque region in which is represented much of the action of Scott's most splendid prose romance, "Ivanhoe." The period of this action is so remote (1194), and some of the scenes associated with it are so scattered, that we can hardly expect to find them all; yet enough remain, or can be identified, to show what they once were, and also how pleasant they now are, and how appropriately they suggest very much of the rude but interesting times of Old England, and the attractive characters of history, and the charms of ancient as well as modern romance, abounding as they do in associations with the Lion-hearted Richard, knightly Ivanhoe, bold Robin Hood, and fair Maid Marian, Jolly Friar Tuck, and the Great Magician's Rebecca and Rowena, with tournaments, with Templar's pride and power, with "churchman's pomp" or license, with baronial might, and with free life "under the greenwood tree" at Sherwood, and indeed the whole brilliant spectacle presented to us in Scott's delightful creation.

XXXVIII.

"IVANHOE."

Tenth Novel of the Series; Written 1819; *Published Dec.* 18, 1819; *Author's age*, 48; *Time of action*, 1194.

"AS a work of art," wrote Lockhart, "'Ivanhoe' is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse." "It is a splendid poem," wrote Jeffrey, "and contains matter enough for six good tragedies." And these two opinions, of the very many elicited, describe this work. It was received "with clamorous delight" by contemporaneous readers, and its publication marked the most brilliant period of its author's history. The circumstances under which it was composed have been mentioned on page 333. Like most of "The Bride" it was written by amanuenses. Portions, however, of the manuscript are closely and firmly written, — "many pages together, without one alteration," — in the handwriting of the author, who, we are told, considered about fifteen pages of the original edition a fair day's work. And we should remember that in no instance did he rewrite "prose before sending it to the press." This work appeared, in better style than its predecessors, in three post-octavo volumes, at ten shillings each, of which 12,000 copies were speedily sold. "The name of Ivanhoe," wrote Scott in 1830, "was suggested by an old rhyme . . . recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis, —

> Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
> For striking of a blow,
> Hampden did forego,
> And glad he could escape so."

"The period of the narrative adopted (wrote Scott) was the reign of Richard I., not only as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock." Some, however, "of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were exceptions."

At the beginning of the story we are introduced to the residence of one of these families, and to its social and topographical position.

"In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don (wrote the author), there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. . . . Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song. Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were, in the mean time, subjected to every species of subordinate oppression." The power of the nobles had become very great, and each endeavored to render his castle a strong garrison, capable of such offence or defence as he might find desirable. "The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called," was "unusually precarious." "Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons," or to unite the two races "by common language and mutual interests." Living in this woodland district, and in this condition of society, Cedric, called the Saxon, held Rotherwood, — a low, irregular, but extensive building, defended by a double stockade and by a ditch. In the large but not high hall of this edifice he received a party that came rather by accident than upon invitation to share his hospitality. Among this party were representative men, — Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, a Preceptor of the powerful Knights Templars, and Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx Abbey. They had been guided through the intricacies of the forest by one, apparently a pilgrim, who, with them, visited Rotherwood.

Besides these, many other persons, both gentle and simple, were assembled in the hall. Among them was the Saxon ward of Cedric, the Lady Rowena, — the heroine, or one of the heroines of the story. She was, wrote Scott, "formed in the best proportions of her sex," and "tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair; but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear, blue eye,

which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech.... Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which, art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and, being worn at full length, intimated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden." Her dress was both rich and picturesque. Adding to the number of the company, and seeking rest for the night, came a troubled traveller, Isaac the Jew, of York, — wealthy, but despised and hated, illustrating by his condition that of even the most favored of his race in Britain at that time. The evening spent by this mixed company, characteristic of the times and of the classes represented, does not cause us now to envy their social life.

In relation to the appearance of the seat of Cedric, Rotherwood, archæological research will not elicit as definite illustration as it will of many other places described in Scott's works. A prominent authority, Mr. T. H. Turner, reasonably remarks, "An inquiry into the state of domestic architecture in England during the twelfth century is attended with much difficulty." Few examples of any English architectural works built before William I.'s reign remain. The Anglo-Saxons, until that period even, usually built of wood, "although," it is said, "stone had been occasionally used several centuries earlier." Their "workmanship was undoubtedly rude; and their buildings are described by early historians as having been very different in character and very inferior in size to those erected by the Normans. Most of the remains of their work are scattered portions of churches. Indeed, it has been said that the Normans, either from taste or the necessities of their position as conquerors, built strong and large edifices, and lived simply in them; while even the higher classes of the Saxons built indifferently, but kept lavishly supplied tables.

During the evening, the Lady Rowena showed her interest in one who was supposed to be far distant, by summoning the pilgrim to her room and inquiring of him any thing that he might have learned about Ivanhoe, a disinherited son of Cedric, then a follower and favorite of King Richard, and an associate with the Normans, whom Cedric cordially hated. On the next morning, after this interview and some of its results, the pilgrim left Rotherwood. He was accom-

panied by the Jew, with whom, after a fashion, he had become acquainted. The Templar and his party also left; and then Cedric, with the Lady Rowena and attendants, — all in various ways bound to a great Tournament that was soon to be held at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, in Leicestershire, many miles south of the supposed site of Rotherwood. Ashby is at present a small town, noted for a great and now ruinous castle, built subsequent to the time of this story. It is said to have been one of the numerous edifices briefly occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Tournament, described and shown to us in the Great Magician's most brilliant manner, occurred; and by its numerous incidents developed, with great stir and picturesqueness, the action of the romance. The splendor of knightly prowess, abundantly exhibited, was most conspicuous in one affair of curious origin, that proved the quality of a certain actor in the pageant, — a stranger, who bore the title of the Disinherited Knight. The Templar, who, high as was his rank, was quite as capable of robbery and oppression as any who came with the Conqueror, had planned that Isaac of York should be waylaid and carried to the castle of a noble friend with a character like his own, and that there money should be extorted from the Jew. Isaac had been enabled to avoid this danger by the unexpected care of the stout Disinherited, to whom he had gratefully presented means for procuring a complete outfit of horse and armor, and thus for appearing in the lists, and there making good a challenge of Sir Brian, and retributively settling a just quarrel had by the knight with that acquisitive gentleman. The combat in which the two fought was inaugurated in grand state by the brother of Richard, Prince John, who, with his *suite*, and a great and varied crowd of people, beheld it. Among these spectators were Cedric and the Lady Rowena, Athelstane, a Saxon of high lineage, Thane of the ancient castle of Coningsburgh, and Isaac of York, who, boldly enough for one of his race, was present with his daughter Rebecca, — that celebrity in literature. Her charms soon attracted the attention of the Prince. "Her figure," wrote Scott, "might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England. . . . Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eye-

brows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors, embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible,—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her." Other portions of her person were as charming, and the remainder of her dress not less rich. Even such as she was, she had the insulting attention accorded her race, until the Prince ordered place for her and her father beside the party of Cedric. Just then, the great combat began. The Disinherited Knight, already in the lists, bravely met Sir Brian; and not only fought and overcame him and other antagonists after him, but gained such position in the lists as also to gain the victor's prize, awarded by the Prince. The Knight, having thus acquired the right to select the Queen of love and beauty, chose the Lady Rowena to preside over the Tournament on the next day. Before that time, other incidents, rather violent than quiet, introduced certain robbers among the characters of the story.

On the second day ensued a general Tournament. Again the stranger Knight fought with Sir Brian, and very desperately, until, almost overcome by him and a companion — Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, a follower of Prince John and a first-class rascal — the Disinherited was rescued through the strong interposition of a mysterious "Black Knight," so called from his complete suit of sable armor. He had been conspicuous through the day; but, without attempting feats of aggressive prowess, he had simply repelled attacks when these were made upon him. He had thus obtained from the crowd the additional name of "Le Noir Fainéant," or "The Black Sluggard." The hitherto unknown "Disinherited Knight" again triumphed, and was receiving the crown of victory from the Queen of love and beauty, when, overcome by what had passed, he swooned, and was discovered to be Ivanhoe,—Cedric's son. The father and the Lady Rowena were not the only persons profoundly affected by this discovery. Prince John, who had, during his brother Richard's absence, been indulging in schemes, more of personal ambition than of loyal and fraternal affection, beheld in Ivanhoe the favorite follower of his injured brother; and both he and those implicated with him, hardened as

they were, could but be conscience-struck and startled by the suggestions that the Knight's presence caused, especially when, immediately after, a stranger arrived in haste, and gave the Prince a little note, briefly inscribed — "Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchained." The Prince, reading the message, "turned pale as death." "It means," he faltered, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom." But although the schemes of John were extremely disturbed by this news, the sports of "the yeomen and commons," that were to succeed the lordly Tournament, were, from policy at least, held as appointed; and after these, said the Prince, "Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure." Accordingly ensued trials of skill in archery. The first prize was won by a bold yeoman called Locksley, who, after marvellous shooting, disappeared as soon as the trial ended. The banquet of the Prince was given with great luxury and splendor, at the Castle of Ashby, and was attended not only by his own adherents, but by Cedric, Athelstane, and other Saxons. The party of Cedric then started upon their way to Rotherwood, — a way that led through the great forest of Sherwood. While about entering its recesses, then dangerous from the number and strength of outlaws occupying them, the party was surprised by coming upon the Jew, his daughter, and "a sick friend," abandoned by guides whom Isaac had hired for escort to Doncaster. The Christians, yielding at last to the entreaties of the Jew and Jewess, permitted the forsaken three to accompany their party and receive its protection. They had not gone far when they were attacked by persons apparently outlaws, and all taken prisoners, except two servants of Cedric, named Gurth and Wamba, — humble persons, but rather important in the story. The quality of the captors was proven by their movements, for they hurried their prisoners to the strong, gloomy castle of Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, as proud and merciless a Norman Baron as any who demonstrated his gentility and cursed the country at that period. He had designed this practical mode of adding to his power, gratifying the pure affections of two of his noble companions, and replenishing his treasury. The castle of Front de Bœuf, Torquilstone, very possibly cannot be accurately identified now. One can, however, imagine it quite correctly from the not infrequent remains of fortified edifices built by the Normans when they were establishing

GRE[illegible]T BRITAIN from MORAY FIRTH to YORK.

themselves in the country. The mighty, massive, and magnificent keeps at Richmond in Yorkshire, at Rochester in Kent, and the White Tower, *the* Tower at London, are conspicuous and imposing examples of the main portions of such structures, around which were grouped lesser, yet very strong and substantial works, that can now be less readily realized. At Kenilworth, to which the route of this tour soon leads, will be found a very remarkable keep of immense size and impressive effect, called Cæsar's Tower, that belongs to the period of this story, and that has around it extensive outworks. These are, however, of a later age, but not the less interesting.

At this Torquilstone, stronghold of almost the worst description of feudal might and mediæval character, were confined the Saxon and the Jewish captives, — all in most anxious suspense. Cedric and Athelstane were in the guard-room. The Lady Rowena was in the state apartment, subjected to the suit of Sir Maurice de Bracy, a follower of Prince John, a companion of Sir Reginald, and a titled thief. So desirous was his enamoured heart that she should become *his* bride, that he threatened to kill both Cedric and Ivanhoe unless she consented. If it fared ill with the Christians, it was far worse with the Jews. Isaac, immured in a deep dungeon, was visited by Sir Reginald, and two slaves, who, at the command of their master, bound the captive to a sort of gridiron, on which it was proposed, that, over a slow fire, he should accede to such demands as the Norman could make upon him. Rebecca, confined in a lofty turret, was visited by the Templar, who, exercising the opportunities of power over supposed helplessness, offered her insult; when she reached the battlements, and threatened to throw herself from them if he persisted. Desperate, indeed, became the position of the captives; doubtful the extent of evil that their captors might do them.

Meanwhile the Black Knight, who left the Tournament abruptly, after the Disinherited had gained the victory, had set out upon a long journey that led him towards the West Riding of Yorkshire. Night overtaking him, and his horse not being in order, he was obliged to find shelter in the cell of a recluse, Friar Tuck, whose hermitage was called the Chapel of Copmanhurst. There, however, with the Friar, he spent rather a jolly evening, interrupted by the appearance of Locksley, the bold archer of Ashby, who, at the head of a gallant band, appeared in real character, — none other

than the famous Robin Hood. With the Knight and the Friar, the romantic outlaw, and many other characters of whom this story and picturesque legends tell us, we are again led through Sherwood Forest. It can yet, or could very recently, present woodland scenery that is seemingly unchanged from the time of Ivanhoe; in which it is possible for us, even now, to relapse into that remote, strange period, and to summon around us, amid venerable sylvan recesses, the forms that once animated them so romantically, and that now invest with so much fascinating attraction many a ballad and old tale, and many recollections of our early readings.

Travellers, who come from the North, will, while on the way to Sherwood, find enough to render at least a portion of a day agreeable at Doncaster, a pretty town, known in Roman and mediæval times, and a scene of stirring historic incidents. It is ennobled by the beautiful church of St. George, lately re-erected from very excellent designs by Mr. G. G. Scott. Four miles west of it will be found Coningsburgh Castle, perhaps the most entire architectural object that remains from the period of the story, and that is described in it. Little of the castle besides the keep exists. That stands towards the corner of an irregular court, at the top of a small, steep, grass-grown or wooded hill. There it still rises, strong and lofty, a huge, round tower, with four square turrets or buttresses equidistant around it. Its hewn stone walls, grown now a bleached gray, varied by bits of drabbish tinting, appear yet able to endure through centuries. The small door, ten or twelve feet above the ground, is reached by an open-sided flight of stone steps, built up solidly. The walls, immensely thick, enclose three stories of moderate-sized rooms, and beneath these a dungeon. There has been a castle here almost from Roman times. The existing structure is certainly as old as the earliest Norman work, and some think it even early Saxon. Scott, who examined it with rather unusual attention, described it as "one of the very few remaining examples of Saxon fortification," and allied in style to that of the ancient Scandinavians. It certainly should be visited by those interested in seeing remains of domestic architecture of past ages, for it is one of the rarest of these relics. Besides, wrote Scott, "there are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than one presented by the vicinity of this ancient . . . fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland; and on a mount, ascending

from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the Kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears token of very great antiquity." "The distant appearance of this huge building . . . is as interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Heptarchy." Mr. King (in "Munimenta Antiqua") considers "this tower to have been built by Hengist, or some Saxon king, before the conversion of that people to Christianity, if not much sooner; and to be one of the most ancient, as well as most perfect, remains of antiquity in" England. Some of the views around it may, indeed, now not be unlike those in the days of Ivanhoe. The country between it and Doncaster is rural and agreeable. At it transpired some remarkable incidents at the closing of the story.

Travellers who continue this tour through England, will do well to go southward to Retford Junction, passing meanwhile, on the right, near Bawtry, and in sight from the line, the place where stood the house, that "maximæ gentis incunabula," in which the Plymouth Pilgrim Fathers of New England first assembled. From Retford travellers can go to Worksop, situated in what has been popularly called the Dukery, from the number of noble seats around it, and thence explore old Sherwood Forest, and reach, by carriage, Mansfield, a dozen miles south. But the better way is to go from Retford to Lincoln, and see one of the noblest cathedrals of Britain, upon one of the most lordly sites in Europe.

> "Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
> Divine! thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!"

wrote Wordsworth. Triple-towered, venerably gray, sublime in form, musical with its mighty bells, and eloquent with associations, this vast and rich and holy structure, from its high seat, looks out over many a mile of plain, that extends in every direction around it, and down upon the town it seems guarding and blessing. And, although within it may seem to have grown bare and chill, and to be but a faded semblance of its former self, whence the vital spirit that once animated it has departed, even yet it is glorious, and resounds with praise to Him who is the perfection of all beauty; and yet again, we may hope, will it be rerobed in pristine splendor.

From Lincoln travellers should go to Boston, and see the great church of St. Botolph, with one of the noblest towers in Britain, nearly three hundred feet high, overlooking a wide extent of Lincolnshire plains. There, also, will be found that pleasant Cotton Chapel, in which the pious care of generous New England men is told by the appropriate and elegant Latin of Edward Everett, inscribed on brass. Around this old town are many other memories and souvenirs of the fathers of the younger England and Boston now growing so wonderfully from small seeds raised in the rather stony ground of this region.

Travellers can go across the country, and through populous and busy Nottingham, to Mansfield, a quiet country town, from which a visit may easily be made to Newstead Abbey, with its fine park and curious, semi-monastic, romantic house, so inseparably associated with Lord Byron, and the care of Colonel Wildman and other proprietors. Thence one may go to Hardwicke Hall, that nobly built and kept Jacobean residence of the Dukes of Devonshire; and, furthermore, to the scenery most suggestive of this novel, and directly leading one back to its times, — the remains of the ancient forest of Sherwood. Originally, the forest extended over many a mile of country from "Nottingham to Whitby in Yorkshire, or rather it and the forest of Whitby lay open to each other, in perfect contiguity." In it, besides the exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men, were the great hunts of the Norman kings, for which Henry II. built a seat at Clipstone, "an especially favorite place of John, whose mark upon the forest trees growing in that neighborhood has been repeatedly found of late years, in cutting them up for timber." At many places, as William Howitt tells us in his "Rural Life of England," are remains of the trees and the primeval sylvan scenery, but especially in a tract "about five miles in length, and one or two in width," called Bilhaghe and Birkland, extending "along the side of Thoresby Park, the seat of Earl Manvers, to Clipstone Park," about half a dozen miles or more from Mansfield. There, also, may be found what are called the ruins of King John's palace, — a portion of the hall of a once extensive structure that "strongly raises the idea of times long past," says a local writer, "when steel-clad knights, and barons bold, and haughty priests, and smiling courtiers, and straight-laced dames, and blushing damsels, and the whole et cetera of feudal pomp and high-minded chivalry paced its now deserted halls." About the

year 1790, the tract referred to, containing about fifteen hundred acres, bore "ten thousand one hundred and seventeen trees, valued at a little more than seventeen thousand pounds." Among the most celebrated of these trees, is, or was, one "called the Parliament Oak, from a tradition of a parliament having been held there by Edward the First; and another near the north end of the same park, called the Broad Oak, measuring twenty-seven feet and a half in circumference." Elsewhere was an elm, called Langton Arbor, for a long time so remarkable as to have a special keeper. "Bilhaghe," wrote Howitt, "is a forest of oaks, and is clothed with the most impressive aspect of age that can perhaps be presented to the eye in these kingdoms. Stonehenge does not give you a feeling of greater eld, because it is not composed of a material so easily acted on by the elements. But the hand of time has been on these woods, and has stamped upon them a most imposing character. . . . A thousand years, ten thousand tempests, lightnings, winds, and wintry violence, have all flung their utmost force on these trees; and there they stand, trunk after trunk, scathed, hollow, gray, gnarled, stretching out their bare, sturdy arms, or their mingled foliage and ruin, — a life in death. All is gray and old. The ground is gray beneath, the trees are gray with clinging lichens, the very heather and fern that spring beneath them have a character of the past. . . . These were the trees under which King John pursued the red deer six hundred years ago. These were the oaks beneath which Robin Hood led up his bold band of outlaws. These are the oaks which have stood while king after king reigned; . . . while the monarchy of England fell to the ground before Cromwell; . . . while, under a new dynasty, the fortunes of England have been urging, through good and evil, their course" to greatness. In a continuous line with Bilhaghe is Birkland, — "the land of Birches! It is a forest perfectly unique. It is equally ancient with Bilhaghe; but it has a less dilapidated air." There are old, mighty, wasted oaks scattered among these; "but the birches, of which the main portion of this forest consists, cannot boast the longevity of oaks." Those existing are the successors of generations of their kind. "Birkland . . . is a region of grace and poetry!" with which nothing of its sort in England can compare. Its trees are of great size, "and the peculiar mixture of their lady-like grace with the stern and ample forms of these feudal oaks, produces an effect most fairylandish and unrivalled. . . . There never was

scenery to realize more perfectly our idea" of that forest of Arden with its company of Shakespeare's immortal creations. Dense thickets, open prospects, secluded glades, narrow, winding foot-paths, or long avenues vary its features. "There is no end to the variety of their aspect and grouping. From the sylvan loveliness around you, you might fancy yourself in the outer wilderness of some Armida's garden. . . . It is just the region to grow poetical in. . . . It is . . . a palpable introduction into the old world of poetry and romance."

From the inspirations of this charming scenery one goes back to the town associated with that old and pleasant ballad, entitled "King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield": —

> "Henry, our royall king, would ride a hunting
> To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
> To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
> Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
> When . . . our . . . king came home . . .
> Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
> . . . along on the way;
> Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
> The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best."

Then, one may go across the country towards Ambergate, and near there take the rail into Derbyshire, and some of the scenes of the next novel sketched, — "Peveril of the Peak."

The characters of "Ivanhoe" last mentioned in this chapter were in Sherwood Forest, — some perilously imprisoned, others, as the Black Knight and Robin Hood, with his famous and reputed "merry" men, traversing it, bound on bold adventure. For some of the picturesque and voluminous legends of the latter characters, reference had best be made to Mr. Ritson's Collections, now so dear to the hearts and pockets of bibliomaniacs. Other works also tell a wonderful amount both in prose and in verse about them. The Knight and his companions went through the forest, and found quite all the bold adventures they sought. This chapter need not tell these, or the well-known trials and rescue of Cedric, the Lady Rowena, the Disinherited Knight, and the beautiful Rebecca at the dismal castle of Front de Bœuf. Sir Walter Scott has represented them with a marvellous interest, and with a fascination that we cannot but feel in secluded Sherwood or elsewhere. None of the stirring incidents that occurred in forest or castle, or monastic retreats, so well known, need to be mentioned here, except one

that renders the ancient keep at Conigsburgh prominent. There, its Saxon master, Athelstane, hope of Cedric, and ancient dynastic succession, was prepared for burial. His obsequies, however, were interrupted by startling events, not the least of which were his own resurrection, and a disclosure by the Black Knight to Cedric. The latter had continued resolutely opposed to the Normans, and unreconciled to his own son and heir, Ivanhoe, who was in their service. The king was generally supposed to be a prisoner abroad; and it was to the wonder of Cedric, and that of the assembled company, that the Knight, at an opportune moment, said to him, —

"As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight — ... know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou! exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment," yet little shaken in his strong Saxon feelings.

"No, noble Cedric, — Richard of England! whose deepest interest, whose deepest wish, is to see her sons united with each other!" And then, through his truly royal influence, Cedric was reconciled to Ivanhoe.

But the fortunes of the story were yet far from being decided. In a preceptory of the Knights Templars, — Templestowe, — was enacted a tragedy, important in these, and very characteristic of the prejudices, the superstitions, the trials, and the vicissitudes of that wild, vigorous, dramatic age. Identification of the site of this institution will be rather difficult, although the story informs us that it "was but a day's journey from the castle of Torquilstone," and "seated amidst fair meadows and pastures, which the devotion of the former Preceptor had bestowed upon their order." It had great defensive strength, — a quality "never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary." This Order, as is generally known, like most things earthly, began on a small scale. It was founded about 1118 at Jerusalem, and there styled itself Militia Templi, — the Soldiery of the Temple, — and consisted of only nine knights, bound by oath to live according to the canons of St. Augustine, in chastity and poverty, and to fight always against the heathen, for the Holy Land, and for pilgrims to it. Wealth and power soon were accorded the order. Its rise was rapid, and from exemplifying simply the suggestions of its seal, — two knights mounted upon a

single horse, and surrounded by the legend, "Militum Christi + sigillum," it grew until it occupied many strong seats and rich estates scattered through Europe; and its members, from sworn and incessant combatants against the Moslem in defence of Holy Places, became a power of political importance, and bold aspirations their opponents said. In England they had seventeen preceptories, besides many other estates. These were divided among ten bailiwicks, several of which were in the more central portions of the country. All were subject to the great-prior at the Temple in London. Although the knights, within thirty or forty years from their foundation, disregarded their vows of chastity and poverty, they were always brave soldiers in the cause to which they were devoted. But their immense possessions were coveted, and their suppression, in 1309–12, particularly in France, became one of the darkest episodes of history. While most of their structures in England have perished, a few of their churches — or churches like theirs, as at Cambridge and London — remain, distinguished by their peculiar circular form. That at London, originally the chief, remains in finest condition. Its re-edification, costly and careful, does great honor to the legal holders of the modern Temples who caused the work to be done. It is a familiar monument of the past, secluded near the Bar between Fleet Street and the Strand, and beautiful with its lofty round nave or body, its Purbeck marble shafts and knightly effigies, and its fair Early-English choir. The music of the service at it is delightful. We can yet, without attempting to fix the position of Templestowe, imagine its large, stern, Norman buildings, and within them, Rebecca confined, under sentence to death by fire for the crime of witchcraft, exercised upon that stainless innocent, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, unless she could find some champion to fight for her cause in trial by combat, — a right of the age that she claimed. Sir Brian, who had sought to win her affections or her person by every artifice or entreaty or force, and to engage her love either untruly or truly, and who had endeavored to seduce her from her faith by offers of the most brilliant fortunes, was appointed champion of the Temple "in behalf of his Order and himself, as injured and impaired by the practices of the appellant." But there was the gravest doubt that any champion of the unfortunate Jewish maiden would appear. Time passed. The day of trial came. The lists were prepared. The dreadful stake and its accompani-

were waiting. A great assemblage paused to behold the final scene. The trumpets sounded, "and there was a dead pause of many minutes."

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master of the Templars. Again all paused. When the judges had "been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion," the supreme moment arrived. Then "a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared" advancing. Her champion had come,—the victor in the tournament at Ashby. Sir Walter's stirring narration of the combat that ensued, and of Rebecca's deliverance, can hardly be adequately given here. The final episode, however, inspiritingly expresses the result, when, amid the "clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers, and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them, the Black Knight galloped into the lists," and, after brief introduction, said to one of his attendants, "Bohun, do thine office!" And he who was addressed did that office by laying his hand upon the shoulder of the preceptor, and saying, "I arrest thee of high treason." The Grand Master of the Order, an astonished witness, exclaimed,—

"Who dares to arrest a Knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? And by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the attendant bidden to the office—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests thee," said the Black Knight, raising his visor, by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present."

And then the Templars, threatening resistance, yet daring only to yield, breaking many treasonable schemes, contrived with the false Prince John, while his brother, the rightful sovereign, was held captive abroad,—schemes that had brought this plotting Preceptor into peril for his crime—loosing judicial power of mailed men against a tender maiden,—sullenly and slowly, at the King's command, rode forth, to seek, as he ordered, some other rallying place of their Order,—if one could be found in England, not then dissolved for conspiracy against him.

"Chaplains," said the Master, "raise the Psalm *Quare fremuerunt Gentes?* Knights, squires, and followers of the Holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beau-seant!*" And thus departed the Templars; and thus this "Richard" was "himself again." And Cedric the Saxon, reconciled to Ivanhoe, found him,

in the victor at Ashby and Templestowe, a son who had proved his good heart and strong arm and knightly worth.

Sir Walter himself had best describe the fortunes of Rebecca and of the Lady Rowena, the romantic exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men, and Ivanhoe's attainment of a true knight's reward. This sketch, already too prolonged, is, it is trusted, rendered a sufficient guide along the winding ways that lead to the places once scenes of their adventures, and need hardly betray more of their secrets or those of the Great Magician.

There are a few notable places mentioned, or more than mentioned, in the story, but not as important in it as those already named. The traveller is supposed to have visited Fountains Abbey, — that monastic glory of Yorkshire, to which Friar Tuck of Copmanhurst was attached. Perhaps ten miles southward of Richmond (where is the grand Norman Keep), the traveller who thoroughly explores the topography of Ivanhoe may find Middleham Castle, once held by a brother of Prior Aymer of this story (and afterward by Earl Warwick the king maker). A few miles farther is Jorvaulx Abbey, to which Aymer was attached. It is, however, less noticeable in this story, than the Prior himself, who figured remarkably in Sherwood Forest. Much of Prince John's plotting and circumvention was in the castle at York. The structure is very much changed since the time of the story, and is not suggestive of it. One notable incident is described as having occurred in the minster, but necessarily in an edifice replaced by the sublime church that now exists, founded as the latter was during the succeeding century. We are told also that Ivanhoe, when wounded after the first great Tournament, was quartered at the Abbey of Saint Botolph. Identification of this establishment is left, however, to the enterprise of others, and to their enlarged resources in archæological topography.

The closing lines of the romance inform us that "Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with farther marks of the royal favor. He might have risen higher but for the premature death of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion, . . . to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines composed by Johnson for Charles of Sweden, —

> "His fate was destined for a foreign strand,
> A petty fortress and an humble hand,
> He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a Tale."

XXXIX.

"PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."

Sixteenth Novel of the Series; Written 1822; *Published January*, 1823; *Author's age*, 52; *Time of action*, 1660–80.

TRAVELLERS departing from Mansfield may go, as advised, across the country, and, taking a train near Ambergate, reach the central portions of Derbyshire, where are some of the chief scenes of this long and diversified novel. Meanwhile, several of the remarkable places of England may be passed and visited. First, will be found Matlock Bath, an odd little summer resort, surrounded by picturesque scenery. Then, accessible from Rowsley, should be visited—if scarcely another similar place in the country—the magnificent Palace of the Peak,—Chatsworth; a seat of the Dukes of Devonshire. Few country residences ever existed comparable with this in the variety of its treasures and decorations. One who has been viewing scenes illustrative of the higher rank of social life in past ages will find here a combination of all the amenities that, in this last century of history, can surround it,—in the open air, picturesque scenery exquisitely adorned, sumptuous architecture, a truly palatial house, surrounded by gardens in many styles, with almost unique conservatories, water-works, and botanical wonders; and within doors, superb apartments furnished in the richest manner, not only by upholstery, but by pictures and drawings, statuary and books. It is the perfection of a modern home in its most brilliant development of wealth, refinement, and education. A few miles from it will be found (and tourists should not omit finding) a seat that illustrates the condition and development, two or three centuries ago, of a corresponding social rank,—Haddon Hall, one of the most romantic places of Old England, and the supposed original of a house prominent in this story; consequently more about it, in the course of this chapter. A short distance from it is Buxton, another pretty watering-place, where will be found warm and cold springs,—chalybeate, iron, or other waters, more or less palatable and curative,—and good hotels. One will also find the snuggest and nicest of quarters near Chatsworth, and at the "Peacock" at Rowsley. From either of these two places,

or from Buxton, is an easy excursion to Castleton, where is the Peak Cavern, the largest cave in Britain; and, above its imposing entrance, the castle not only giving it its name, but aiding to the designation of a family who once owned the stronghold, and whose name appears in the title of this novel, action of which there opens.

This novel, written with even more rapidity than usual by its author, is thought to rank among his most masterly compositions. "An accidental circumstance," he stated in 1831, "decided my choice of a subject for the present work. It was now several years since my immediate younger brother, Thomas Scott, . . . had resided for two or three seasons in the Isle of Man, and, having access to the registers of that singular territory, had copied many of them, which he subjected to my perusal." These papers were somehow lost; but, continued Sir Walter, "The tenor of them, that is, the most remarkable, remained engraved on [my] memory." Thus originated a prominent episode, duly mentioned, that led the author to represent persons and scenes identified with places to which travellers are, in this chapter, supposed to be directed.

"William, the Conqueror of England," begins the story, "was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself." In the division of the spoils of war this Peveril "obtained a liberal grant of property, and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village." From him descended, directly or indirectly, a family "long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent and lofty pretensions." A curious story is told of a tournament held by one of them, at the instigation of Mellet, a martial daughter of the house, in which knights desiring her in marriage might attain the prize by successful combat. A member of the great French house of Lorraine, overcoming sundry eminent opponents, thus gained her. The later history of the family, given in the novel, may be thought to differ from that to be found elsewhere; yet may be thought sufficiently accurate for the subject, as is also Scott's account of the fortunes of the castle itself, said to have been reduced from pristine strength and completeness to more or less ruin, when the Peveril of this story sustained loyally in it a siege by Cromwell, "of the irregular kind which caused the destruction

of so many baronial residences during the course of" the great Civil War.

Mounted upon a site originally very strong and almost inaccessible, and built as if "for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity," this castle still rises prominently, though ruined, on a curious eminence above the upper part of a broad, steep, grassy hillside, over the slippery slope of which the writer reached it. On the top of this eminence appeared the south and east fronts of the structure, bounded by a narrow ravine with almost perpendicular banks, gashed into the hillside to a great depth, — in one place nearly two hundred feet. This is called Cave Dale. Towards this, westward, extends a tremendous gorge, into which opens the cavern, and which presents, beneath the castle, an abrupt cliff-side two hundred and sixty feet high. About at the point between the two, over a deep, connecting cut, was once the drawbridge to the keep, that stands not far from this point. Northward, lie the slopes up which the explorer is supposed to have climbed. Beyond the ravines will be seen the great hills of Derbyshire, while all north about is the wide and far-extending Vale of Hope, over which the castle seems to have kept watch and ward. The bottom of the Vale is undulatory, beautifully cultivated, crossed by many lines of parallel or intersecting hedge-rows, and studded with picturesque trees. On this, as on the other, side of the castle, huge, rolling hills bound the horizon. The castle was built of rude stones imbedded in mortar so strong as to render the whole a sort of conglomerate. Both the outside and inside facings were squared blocks of smoothed yellowish gritstone, now, in spots, either much worn by weather, or pulled off and used upon the village houses, leaving ragged masses of rubble. "The castle yard, an enclosed area, extended almost over the whole summit of the eminence. The wall is nearly in ruins to the level of the area; though in some few places of the outside, it measures twenty feet in height. On the north side were two small towers, now destroyed. . . . Near the north-west angle is the keep," and as noted, opposite it, the entrance arch-way, remains of which yet exist. The general form of the area of the works was triangular. The keep is square, — about thirty-eight feet on each side. The walls were six or eight feet thick, and built as already described. Two sides are much shattered; but one part is yet over fifty feet high. The interior, now entirely ruinous, once contained a dungeon basement, a story

of fourteen feet height, another of sixteen, and a sort of attic under gables north and south. A broken flight of steps, after a fashion, leads to the top. Other buildings once completed the accommodations of the castle.

Here, about the opening of this story, the Lady of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, the representative of the ancient house, and a tried and once afflicted Royalist, gave a grand banquet in celebration "of the blessed Restoration of his most sacred Majesty" Charles the Second. This banquet, given while the Knight was absent at court, was a curious demonstration of the existing condition of the kingdom. The neighboring leading persons in both the great parties — the Cavaliers and the "Roundheads" — were invited and came, — and in separate bodies, "by different routes, and forming each a sort of procession, as if the adherents of each party were desirous of exhibiting its strength and numbers." For various reasons, the Puritans were the fewer. Their dress was, in general, studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. Its colors were "sad," its forms stiff. Their short hair and stern and gloomy gravity of countenance, their language, and, above all, the psalm-like song they uplifted while ascending to the castle, showed some of their peculiarities. Contrasted with these grave and not over-eager accipients of the invitation to the festivity were the jovial Cavaliers, "who, decked in whatever pomp their repeated misfortunes and impoverishment had left them, were moving towards the same point, though by a different road, and were filling the principal avenue to the Castle with tiptoe mirth and revelry." To the former party, Lady Peveril presented herself, accompanied by two children. She conducted the Puritans to the banqueting-room they were to occupy. The steward of the castle, meanwhile, received the Cavaliers, who occupied a separate apartment, where hospitality soon began to exercise its benign influence, "so that when the Lady Peveril walked into the Hall, accompanied as before with the children and her female attendants, she was welcomed with the acclamations due" her. The extensive banquet, thus held at Martindale Castle, for by that name is the seat of the Peverils known in this story, might seem to require a larger edifice than "the Place in the Peke," as old accounts name it. But the author had strong imagination, and by that potent power has sufficiently enlarged it, by combining with it another residence, just men-

tioned, far more ample and more characteristic of the period illustrated, — Haddon Hall, an ancient and romantic seat of the Manners family. Before referring to that charming place, it may be well to observe that the banquet continued late, — that is, with the Cavaliers. "It was near midnight ere the greater part" of them, "meaning such as were able to effect their departure without assistance, withdrew to the village of Martindale-Moultrassie," shouting "their roaring chorus of, — 'The King shall enjoy his own again!'"

This village may not be found on maps now, although the novel states that it was considerably eastward of the castle, and took its double name from that and from Moultrassie Hall, a "substantial, though small-sized brick building . . . but two miles distant" from it, and occupied by Major Bridgenorth. He was "a gentleman of middling quality," who had inherited a moderate commercial fortune, and who had joined the Puritans. He had been long intimate with his superior in rank, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, an ardent Royalist. In the Parliamentary service he was a strong exponent of the characteristics of his party, and obtained the title he bore.

Friendship, however, continued between the families of the two former companions. When the major became the "father of a living child, it was the voice of Lady Peveril communicated to him the melancholy intelligence that he was no longer a husband." The child then born, a girl, was cared for by Lady Peveril, and grew up with her own son, Julian. These were the two children who appeared at the banquet, and who became the hero and the heroine of the novel. Before tracing their future history, brief view may be had of scenes such as those in which an important portion of it was enacted, — scenes at Haddon Hall, already mentioned, and, as already also mentioned, a house that should certainly be visited by travellers for its romantic picturesqueness and illustrative value in domestic history. The proprietor of this historical monument, the Duke of Rutland, not only maintains it in excellent order, but also liberally allows it to be examined by the public.

The "vill of Haddon," says Mr. Rayner, may have belonged to the "Peverells during two generations only," not far from the year 1100. "Nether Haddon, which, at the time of the Doomsday survey, was a barton or farm appertaining to the lordship of Bakewell, had been granted by one of the Peverells . . . to one of his retainers, named Avenell, on the tenure of Knights' service," at about a period

when the former family had forfeited most of its estates, by the flight and outlawry of William Peverell, a "constant adherent" of King Stephen, on account of complicity in poisoning the Earl of Chester. From Peverils to Avenells, Haddon passed to Vernons, it is said, in the reign of Richard I., and remained in their uninterrupted possession until the death, in 1565, of Sir George Vernon, who, for his magnificent hospitality, was called, popularly, "Petty King of the Peake." His daughter, Dorothy, at that time "aged twenty-one," was "wife of Sir John Manners, Knt., second son" of the "Earl of Rutland, the first of his name and family who held that earldom." Haddon was a portion of the dowry of Lady Dorothy, and by her was transferred "to new lords of a different race, in whose possession it still remains." Thus, it will be seen, that if Scott desired to lay scenes of his story in a place as appropriate as Haddon, he could not properly do so; except under veil of altered names. The edifice itself, of great size, and various ages from even Saxon times to those of Charles II., is situated amid delightful, rural scenery, beautifully wooded, through which peacefully flows the river Wye. "Its embattled parapets and crested turrets, proudly towering above the branching woods in which it is embosomed, cause it, when viewed from the vale below, to assume the appearance of a formidable fortress." It is, however, now only a castellated mansion unfitted for defence, "according to the tactics of any period," having received its general character at a time when neither the higher classes, nor, indeed, any classes, required a "house of strength." Its style compared with the classic regularity and modern refined elegance of neighboring Chatsworth will, as at first noted, show the progress of society in Britain. Haddon, one of the most complete extant examples of the home of a great gentleman of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, "when viewed as a whole" (says Mr. King), "is almost devoid of all real elegance, or comfortable convenience, and fitted only to entertain a herd of licentious retainers." Despite the contrast and this opinion, it is as charming a place as one could imagine, of its sort, created out of a story-book rather than for every-day life. Its general ground-plan is that of two irregular hollow squares placed side by side, and extending lengthways up a long, gently sloping hill. The entrance is through a great tower at the lower corner of one of the longer sides, that, extending up the slope to the left, is occupied by extensive offices. Entering there the

lower court, one finds, on the right, offices; in front, the chapel; and, turning to the left, on the upper side, the great hall and the family dining-room. Both chapel and hall were built before 1452. Directly beyond the hall is the other court, of about the same size, having at its upper corner a back entrance and a state chamber. Along the farther side is the "long gallery, or ball-room," or "banqueting-room," as it is variously called. This apartment and the hall readily suggest that Scott was thinking of them when he described the divided banquet at Martindale Castle. The hall at Haddon is of considerable size, and rather rude in finish. The gallery is one hundred and nine feet long, eighteen feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Three immense bay-windows increase these dimensions, and add much to the effect of this, the largest apartment in the structure. The finishing is of carved oak. Although built before Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was probably fitted up internally during that period, after it came into possession of the Manners' family. Adjoining it, is the state bed-chamber, an ample and curious room containing much of the ancient furniture yet remaining at Haddon. From an ante-room is a door opening to an exterior stone stair that leads to a formal but romantic terrace, called Dorothy Vernon's Walk. Through this door, that young lady is said to have eloped with Sir John Manners, on a ball-night, and thus to have carried Haddon to his family. Before the gallery side of the mansion is a very pretty and old-world-looking garden, towards which the Hall itself presents a very picturesque front. It may be added that, although kept in excellent condition, Haddon is almost unfurnished, and has not been used as a residence for nearly two centuries. One of its latest occupants, the first Duke of Rutland, raised from the rank of Earl by Queen Anne, when he resided here in her time, kept nearly one hundred and fifty servants, — so great was his hospitality.

In such apartments as these at Haddon, we may accordingly imagine the banquet at Martindale, and continue the story of the Peverils, when it was affected by an incident that occurred soon after that event, and is easily imaginable in the panelled gallery. Young Julian and Alice (for that was the name of Major Bridgenorth's daughter) were playing in an apartment like it, when, to their intense surprise, one of the panels opened and gave a lady access to their presence. Stately, beautiful, and mysterious, she appeared to them "an enchanted queen." Just at this moment

also appeared in the room Major Bridgenorth, himself, and Lady Peveril. The latter immediately recognized and affectionately greeted the stranger as her "kind," her "noble benefactress, — the princely Countess of Derby, the royal Queen in Man."

Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, was a French Protestant, a woman of immense spirit, and wife of that "Earl of Derby and King of Man beheaded in 1651 at Bolton on the Moors, after having been made a prisoner," by the Roundheads, at Wiggin-Lane, fighting for the king. His countess had showed her own loyalty and courage by her memorable defence, during three months, — from February 28, to May 23, 1644, — of the ancient seat of the Earl's family, Lathom House in Lancashire, while it was assailed by a large Parliamentary force, that is said to have lost two thousand men in this unsuccessful effort against one brave woman and her household. The ancient fortified structure was subsequently demolished, and is replaced by one in modern Italian style. It is not very far north of Liverpool and Knowsley Park, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Derby. In some of the words Sir Walter has given the countess she described her subsequent history. "After my husband's murder at Bolton, I took up the standard which he never dropped until his death, and displayed it with my own hand in our Sovereignty of Man. . . . But . . . disaster befell me. . . . I would have held out that island . . . till the shoals which surround it had become safe anchorage. . . . The little kingdom of Man should have been yielded only when not an arm was left to wield a sword, not a finger to draw a trigger in its defence. But treachery did what force could never have done." Besieging forces of the Parliament could effect little, when "a base rebel, whom we had nursed in our own bosoms, betrayed us to the enemy." This was William Christian, whose career was described in the Manx records that suggested to Scott not a little of the plot of this novel, and whom the countess styled "my vassal, my servant, my friend, who immured me, with my infants, in one of my own castles, and assumed or usurped the tyranny of the island. . . . For more than seven years I have endured strict captivity. . . . But time had liberty and revenge in store." Changes occurred in Britain. A sudden rising was effected "that placed me at liberty and in possession of the sovereignty of Man, as Regent for my son, the youthful Earl of Derby. Do you think I enjoyed that sovereignty long without doing justice on that traitor Christian?"

"How, madam?" Lady Peveril is represented to have asked the countess. "Have you imprisoned Christian?"

"Ay," she replied, "in that sure prison which felon never breaks from." According to certain forms of the laws or customs of her kingdom she had summarily executed him. Major Bridgenorth was at once aroused by knowledge of this act committed on not only a fellow-partisan, but on one with whom he strongly sympathized and whom he vehemently declared his "brother,—the brother of" his "blessed Alice," his departed wife. He attempted to arrest the countess, but was disarmed and detained by the household of Lady Peveril. Soon afterward, Sir Geoffrey Peveril arrived at the castle. Bridgenorth escaped, and it was deemed prudent to convey the countess to another residence; for the major, as evidence began to show, was involved actively in some yet undeveloped conspiracy that might seriously affect her. Attended by Sir Geoffrey and his retainers, she consequently departed for Cheshire. Reaching "the bottom of Hartley-nick, a pass very steep and craggy" (to which these lines do not direct), the party was waylaid by men under no other leader than the major himself, who, with a royal warrant, was yet bent upon arresting her. The knight tore in pieces the warrant, the major was otherways discomfited; and, in the end, the countess was escorted to Vale Royal, whence, by Liverpool, she reached her kingdom of Man. Thither the action of the story next leads attention.

Julian Peveril was sent to the Isle to be educated under care of the countess with her son; and the major, who also left his residence at the Peak, taking with him his daughter Alice, seems to have found his way in a similar direction, after lapse of a considerable period that passed quickly in the story. Thus "Julian . . . sharing the education of the young Earl of Derby . . . in process of time . . . became a gallant and accomplished youth, and travelled for some time upon the continent with the young Earl." Meanwhile, the countess "resided in solitary and aristocratic state, alternately on her estates in England and in" the "island."

The Isle of Man is now easily accessible by steamer in about six hours from Liverpool. It presents considerable picturesque scenery, antiquarian interest, and modern society and comfort of the sea-side watering-place sort. Held once by Norwegian kings, then by Scots, then by Percys of Northumberland, at length, early in the fifteenth century, it became part of the domain of the

Stanleys, with whom it remained, as has been narrated. Only at a comparatively recent date it finally became an actual part of Britain in common rights and regulations. It is about thirty miles long and from eight to ten miles wide; and intersected by mountainous ridges, and having in many places a very bold coast that presents precipices even three hundred feet high, at one point at least, its scenery is sufficiently varied to be interesting. In no part of Britain are there more Danish remains, nor are druidic and later mediæval curiosities infrequent.

"*Per saltum*, as it were," Scott wrote, — the story, passing over many years, showed the young Earl and Julian guests of the countess in the Castle of Rushin at Castletown, near the southern end of the island.

This castle, situated in the centre of the town, was, in the seventeenth century, "a solid and magnificent structure of freestone, erected on a rock, and considered as the chief fortress in the Island." It dates from the Danish period, and has been "by some writers" said to have borne "a great resemblance to Elsineur, in Denmark." The offices were converted into those of a modern residence. It was "the ancient mansion of the Kings of Man, who resided in it, in all the war-like pomp of feudal magnificence." About two miles distant are the ruins of Rushin Abbey, where many of these royal personages were interred.

The action of this portion of the story became more stirring and its scenery even more diversified. Major Bridgenorth had placed his daughter in charge of a member of his wife's family, and had travelled abroad. During excursions, Julian had discovered her retreat, "in an old house of singular structure," semi-monastic, massive, and ivy-clad, situated up a little green and rocky valley, lonely but picturesque, and at some little distance from Rushin Castle. There, Alice was growing from girlhood to womanhood, under charge of her relative and a rather elderly duenna, mistress Deborah Debbitch, through whose connivance Julian (more than once) gained an access to her that it was proposed by her other guardians should not be accorded him. He found her arrayed in Puritan costume, — "the sad-colored gown, the pinched and plaited cap which carefully obscured the profusion of long dark-brown hair; the small ruff, and the long sleeves." Yet her "exquisite form, though not, as yet, sufficiently rounded in the outlines to produce the perfection of female beauty, was able to sustain and

give grace even to this unbecoming dress." The major, who had arrived in that region, however, discovered their meetings, and was quite shrewd enough to think how affairs might go between two such young people, who had known each other from childhood, and who also had more than a fancy for each other. The possibilities of the case did not suit his plans. Although he acquiesced in the political changes that had transferred power from his own party to that of the king, he was yet, as has been hinted, disaffected, and connected with secret opponents to the royal rule. Additionally, he nourished a strong desire to revenge the death of his relative, caused by the Countess of Derby, and thus was continually watching for opportunity to act against her. As he apostrophized a protrait of Christian: "Thou art not yet forgotten, my fair-haired William! The vengeance which dogs thy murderess is slow, — but it is sure!" Scott, while describing how Julian and the major were thus brought together, has caused the latter to introduce one of the very few references that he has, throughout his works, made to American subjects. It is to that incident, in what is commonly called "Philip's War," when Goffe, the regicide, so remarkably appeared during an attack of Indians upon Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1675, — an incident effectively introduced by Cooper in his "Wept of the Wishton Wish." "Amongst my wanderings," said the major, "the Transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men — such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities — are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages, than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practised in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time." And there he witnessed that remarkable surprise in which the fugitive regicide so astonishingly rescued his own unconscious protectors. It will be difficult, without rendering this chapter too long, to follow here, through every change, the story of the affections of the two young people. It is another illustration of Shakespeare's frequently quoted lines: —

> "Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth!"

Julian's position and education, the major's schemes, principles, revengeful feeling towards the countess, and a quarrel that he had with his former friend, — Julian's father, — and other circumstances, were sufficient to render the young lover's existence other than one of ease and promise. This grievous fact soon became more apparent, and in scenery that seemed fitted to express it, changing as this did from Castletown to Peel, or Piletown, on the western coast of Man, where, during an alarm of an insurrection, the countess was at her Castle of Sodor or Holm Peel, "one of those extraordinary monuments of antiquity with which this singular and interesting island abounds." The castle "occupies the whole of a high rocky peninsula, or rather an island, for it is surrounded by the sea at high water, and scarcely accessible even when the tide is out, although a stone causeway, of great solidity, erected for the express purpose, connects the island with the main land. The whole space is surrounded by double walls of great strength and thickness; and the access to the interior, at the time which we treat of, was only by two flights of steep and narrow steps, divided from each other by a strong tower and guard-house; under the former of which there is an entrance arch. The open space within the walls extends to two acres, and contains many objects worthy of antiquarian curiosity. There were, beside the castle itself, two cathedral churches, — dedicated, the earlier to Saint Patrick, the latter to Saint Germain, — besides two smaller churches; all of which had become, even in that day, more or less ruinous. Their decayed walls, exhibiting the rude and massive architecture of the most remote period, were composed of a ragged gray-stone, which formed a singular contrast with the bright red freestone of which the window-cases, corner-stone, arches, and other ornamental parts of the building, were composed." Besides these structures were many vestiges of antiquity of a most weird and strange interest. Amid them all "arose the Castle itself, now ruinous, but in Charles II.'s reign well garrisoned, and, in a military point of view, kept in complete order." It was a venerable building, a favorite residence of the Lords of Man, and contained large apartments, then almost stripped of their ancient furniture by the operations of Christian. In it, Julian, returning from a meeting with Alice, again met the young Earl, and made an acquaintance with that remarkable being, the dumb girl, Fenella, who was established in the service of the countess, and who was enacting a cunning part,

ultimately unmasked. Thence, he went to see Alice, at her request, and received warning from her to beware of her father, although that peculiar person had become a favorer of Julian's suit to his daughter. There Julian learned from the countess the existence of the celebrated Popish Plot that made so much stir in the years 1678–80; and there he farther learned that he and his friends were being involved in its dangers, though he did not there learn fully the means producing this serious fact. In generous service to his almost life-long friend, the countess, he offered to make a visit to London in her behalf, — a visit of which there was strong need. Consequently, as our attention follows him when he left the castle, by night, we depart from Man, and change our researches to London: There much of the complicated portion of the action of the story was enacted. Its course thither was by Liverpool, where Julian saw a warrant for the arrest of his father; and thus, on the way, he was led to Martindale Castle, although he was warned by a friendly landlady not to go thither. Arriving there, he found great disorder, and his father and mother under arrest for implication in this Popish Plot. Major Bridgenorth had appeared there, as usual, and was a prominent actor. Naturally enough, Julian attempted to rescue his parents, but only succeeded in placing himself a prisoner in the major's house, — Moultrassie Hall, — where, however, he had an opportunity of again meeting Alice. Meanwhile, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's park-keeper assembled a company, attacked and fired the major's house, and set Julian free. Alice at the time, it appeared, was under charge of a dangerous person, a brother of the Christian executed on Man. Her position seemed much more critical to Julian, as he heard, at an inn, on his road to London, that this man and one Chiffinch, an emissary of the king, were employed by the adventurous and not over-virtuous Duke of Buckingham to carry her to Whitehall. His own position actually became decidedly unpleasant, when he found that valuable despatches committed to him by the countess had been stolen while he slept. Prompt action, however, enabled him to recover these from the two abductors. At length he arrived in London, in some of the old and fast-disappearing portions of which are laid the latter scenes of the story except the very closing scene, and that, like the first, is at Martindale Castle. Until, in the course of this imagined tour, "Scott's London" is described, an account of these other localities may be deferred. The places introduced have less association

with the characters and incidents of this novel than have those localities already mentioned. We learn of the Old Palace of Savoy, then large, but now only marked by its chapel; of York House, of which only Inigo Jones's well-known water-gate once on the Thames remains; of Whitehall; of Northumberland House, Strand, of which there is yet imposing evidence; of old, departed, semi-gothic Newgate; of the Tower, so varied in its interest (yet so little really suggestive of this story); and of Westminster Hall and Abbey, to which the same remark is applicable. But chiefly we gain brilliantly painted pictures of the gay, dissolute, entertaining, though not over-honorable society of the court of Charles II., and of the "merry monarch" himself; of the plottings and excitements during his changeful reign; and of the vicissitudes and final fortunes of the Peverils; and of Alice Bridgenorth, and how true love between her and Julian Peveril finally had its course.

XL.

"THE BETROTHED."

Twentieth Novel of the Series (first of the Tales of the Crusaders); Published June, 1825; Author's age, 54; Time of action, 1187–.

TRAVELLERS who have been exploring scenery of "Peveril of the Peak," whether in Derbyshire or Man, may, very possibly, desire to go afterwards to Wales or to Ireland. Their route thither, or to the west of England, renders easy and almost necessary a visit to Chester, now a great railway centre, and one of the most ancient and curious cities in Great Britain, — its only city that continues to be entirely surrounded by walls. These are carefully preserved. Within them will be found streets that seem to belong to the latter years of the Tudors, and that are lined by corridors, called "rows," formed in quaint old houses; and, secluded among these, the venerable, crumbling remains of the monastic church of the Saxon saint Werberga, — now called the Cathedral, and soon, it is said, to be completely restored.

Those who travel now through the delightful, rural country of the West of England are hardly apt to think of wars or of devastations and tribulations. It is not easy to realize there that a region now so peaceful and so carefully cultivated was for a long time ravaged by hostile people who dashed from the neighboring Welsh mountains. Yet that disturbed period can be suggested, and not disagreeably, during a walk upon those extraordinary, red, mouldering walls of Chester, that have stood since the Romans in the year of our Lord 61 erected them around their *castrum*, giving historic name to the place, and that in the Middle Ages received many striking attentions from the bold Welshmen. From the battlements may be seen the picturesque stone bridge, built in 1280 by command of Edward I., to replace a wooden structure that gentlemen from the Principality seemed to have determined should be maintained in the worst possible order. These and other relics of the past will serve to bring to mind the time when the represented action of this stirring story occurred, during the often romantic life of the ages of the Crusades.

Scott states, in an introduction that he wrote during the last year of his life, that, rather by the advice of a few friends, "'The Tales of the Crusades' was determined upon as the title of" a series of novels, of which "The Betrothed" was the first. The second, "The Talisman," was published simultaneously, and with it forms the series. The two were issued when there was a general supposition that they were by the "Author of Waverley," and that Scott was that "Author;" and but a short time before circumstances produced demonstration of the correctness of the supposition. His works of fiction were then, as speculative business ventures, most rapidly projected. Scott himself, with some satirical humor, has given an account of a supposed agency for producing them. It forms a part of the original introduction to the novel sketched in this chapter, and consists of "Minutes of Sederunt of a general meeting of the Shareholders designing to form a joint-stock company, united for the purpose of writing and publishing the class of works called the Waverley Novels, held in the Waterloo Tavern, Regent's Bridge, Edinburgh, 1st June, 1825." The persons represented to be there present were characters of the previously issued novels. The date of this mythical meeting was only about seven months before bankruptcy revealed the commercial character of the production. Our attention now, however, is

more agreeably attracted, especially on the Welsh Border to affairs represented in "The Betrothed."

This story is founded upon one Scott had long before mentioned, — "a very interesting one; and as it was sufficiently interwoven with the Crusades, the wars between the Welsh and the Norman lords of the Marches was selected as a period" when the scenes of a work of imagination might be advantageously exhibited.

"Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the learned Grialdus de Barri, afterwards Bishop of Saint David's," begins "The Betrothed," was preaching in castle and in town, to prince and to knight, the cause of the Third Crusade, when Gwenwyn, British Prince of Powys-Land, was thought to have enrolled himself in the army for recovering the Holy Sepulchre, and to have repressed his sworn hatred against his English neighbors, and thus apparently to have followed the teaching of the churchman who urged that war should be waged against the Infidel rather than between Christian men. In this condition he had accepted the Christmas hospitality of Sir Raymond Berenger, "his nearest and hitherto one of his most determined enemies," — an old Norman warrior who in spite of all opposition held the "Castle of Garde Doloureuse, upon the marches of Wales," a very strong place, "which some antiquaries have endeavored to identify with the Castle of Colune, on the river of the same name. But the length of time, and some geographical difficulties, throw doubts upon this ingenious conjecture" (so Scott himself informs us). There are a number of ancient fortified places along the former fighting grounds between England and Wales that might suggest the Garde Doloureuse; but as the author himself seems to have represented a generic rather than a specific example, the traveller may well enough fancy that stronghold at a place, not far from Chester, certainly deserving a visit on account of its celebrity and picturesque attractiveness, — the Valley of Llangollen. There, will be found a quiet little town between great hills, and, among their recesses, the beautiful and considerable remains of Valle Crucis Abbey; and, upon the lofty conical top of one of them, standing in "awful majesty, the dilapidated fragments of Castell Dinas Bran," or Caer Ddinas Bran — Crow Castle. To be sure, archæological nicety may object that this castle is ancient Welsh, and therefore not supposably Norman; but it dates back to the times of the Tale (and

far more remotely indeed), and is very curious, especially in its site, and as appropriate and accessible and probable a scene as any of the action represented at the Garde Doloureuse.

Dinas Bran occupies a commanding and peculiar situation, the visitor will admit, — one that seems to be especially created to be defended, — a summit area of perhaps two acres, from which, in every direction, the grass and gorse-grown hill slopes steeply and abruptly hundreds of feet into deep valleys. Beyond these, northward, rise, like vast terrace-walls, the long, gray limestone strata of a mountain side, and southward a range of great green hills; while eastward, through the wide, deep, valley vista of Llangollen, appears the pleasant English country, extending to a level horizon miles distant; and westward stands many a rough height of Welshland, penetrated by vales that lead to Corwen, or to Valle Crucis Abbey. Little remains of the castle (as the writer found it), only a ragged line of the straight west wall, a trifle of the south, more of the east, and a few broken arches and corridors and a vague sort of fosse north, built of small fragments of limestone strongly cemented. Originally it occupied nearly the whole summit of the hill, and was about two hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and forty feet wide. Within it were two wells of water; and these, with the exterior fosse and the steep slopes around the strong walls, rendered it impregnable. Its broken remains are yet very conspicuous and picturesque amid the surrounding scenery. A pleasant path, perhaps a mile and a half long, leads between hawthorne hedges and across fields to it from Llangollen town. While one walks the soft turf carpeting its now empty courtyard, and looks over the ruin out upon the wide landscape, one can fancy it to have been the castle where the Prince of Powys-Land visited Sir Raymond Berenger, and met that knight's daughter Eveline, his sole child, "the inheritor of his domains and of his supposed wealth, aged only sixteen, and the most beautiful damsel upon the Welsh marches."

"Many a spear had already been shivered in maintenance of her charms; and the gallant Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, one of the most redoubted warriors of the time, had laid at Eveline's feet the prize which his chivalry had gained in a great tournament held near that ancient town. Gwenwyn considered these triumphs as so many additional recommendations to Eveline; her beauty was incontestable, and she was heiress of the fortress

which he had so much longed to possess, and which he began now to think might be acquired by means more smooth than those with which he was in the use of working out his will." To be sure his relations and those of his race to the English were adverse; and there was indeed another objection to his suit for her hand, "which in later times would have been of considerable weight, — Gwenwyn was already married." But a soldier of the cross could find ecclesiastical means to obviate this difficulty. "The idea of the rejection of his suit did not for a moment occur to him." Alliance with a sovereign like himself seemed an honor that could not be declined. With this feeling, he prolonged his visit. He admired the heiress; and after he left the Garde Doloureuse, as of course he eventually did, his admiration, as does happen sometimes in that of bold men for fair women, produced tremendous effects.

He went to his seat, Powys Castle, and there held a festival, when the effects began to appear. This last place can be geographically and architecturally identified, existing, as it yet does, about twenty miles west of Shrewsbury near Welshpool, and rather more than that distance across the country by rail, south from Dinas Bran. "Powys Castle," we are told, "is intimately connected with a large and important portion of the historic affairs that occurred in the Middle Ages; and more particularly with those interesting events, which occurred in the warfare on the borders, denominated the marches of Wales. The first notice which history takes of this place is about the year 1109, when" a euphoniously named gentleman, Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, flourished in its vicinity and founded the Castle, continued by a Gwynwynwyn who inherited it at about the period of this story. Without rehearsal of small details of history, it may be stated that Powys Castle is, or was, a venerable pile . . . pre-eminent for its fine situation and commanding terrace," worthy to "be made a *Villa d'Este* in miniature, situated in a well-wooded park, about a mile from Pool, . . . and constructed of red sandstone . . . in the ancient style of domestic architecture, participating of the castle and mansion. . . . The site" overlooks "a vast tract of country, the greater part of which was formerly subject to its lords." Now a large and magnificent residence, it was, in Gwenwyn's time, "a low, long-roofed edifice of red-stone, whence the castle derived its name. . . . Castell-Coch, or the Red Castle, as it was then called." There Gwenwyn, holding his festival in a barbarous state, received a communication from Sir

Raymond declining a matrimonial alliance between him and the Lady Eveline, for which it is quite safe to suppose he had applied.

The Prince, excessively displeased at this repulse, after the manner of the time and of his rank and race, demonstrated his emotion by collecting his people, and attacking Sir Raymond's castle, where he was bravely resisted. Unfortunately, however, Sir Raymond was killed during a sortie. The Lady Eveline, from the ramparts, beheld the death of her father; but, brave as she was, she did not despair. Christian-like, she repeated prayers in the chapel, and then directed continued defence, that was stoutly maintained. In a not unparelleled manner, also, she made a vow; and her vow was, to marry the man who should rescue her from the really dangerous position in which her fierce suitor was by degrees placing her.

While one views the landscape presented from the broken walls of Dinas Bran, one can fancy how, after she had encouraged her garrison during a sharp attack on them, — when the grounds below were filled with wild, half-savage enemies, — how, after looking far and wide, — down the valley, particularly, — she gladly heard a distant alarm, and how then she beheld Sir Hugo de Lacy, of Chester, with his troops, very opportunely relieve the beleaguered and disperse the Welsh. And one can fancy how the courageous and beautiful young lady thought of her vow, and of Sir Hugo's former devotion to her. Next one may imagine a procession bearing up the hill the recovered body of Sir Raymond, and afterward his honorable burial ceremony. Then one can follow the Lady Eveline during a visit to her deliverer, Sir Hugo, at his camp, where she soon received a more acceptable proposal than that of the expelled Prince of Powys-Land, — a proposal that did not result, however, in immediate marriage.

This sketch, without being an utter immolation of romance and its secrets, may narrate that, for reasons discoverable, Sir Hugo escorted the Lady to a Benedictine nunnery at Gloucester, of which her aunt was abbess. The style of journey and its incidents were wonderfully different from those of the railway ride now between Llangollen and that interesting cathedral city. The twelfth century travellers, spending a night on the way, tarried with a mysterious relative of Lady Eveline, — the old Lady of Baldringham, who lived in a "rude and lonely dwelling, low embowered among oaken woods," where she "still maintained the customs of

the Anglo-Saxons, and looked with contempt and hatred on all innovations that had been introduced since the battle of Hastings." The position of this mansion is probably not indicated upon any ordnance survey; and, as the mansion itself has doubtlessly disappeared, we may simply recall from Scott's description that it "was only two stories high, low and massively built," with Saxon arched openings, and walls "mantled with various creeping plants;" that the doorway "much resembled the ancient entrance to a ruined sepulchre;" and that "not a soul appeared to acknowledge or greet" the arrival of the travellers, although they were invited.

In this cheerful family retreat, however, they spent the night. And such a night! As society required, a guard, for which the necessity became evident, was placed around the house. Its inmates retired; the Lady Eveline solitary, to an odd apartment, haunted as of course an apartment would be in such a house, while her attendant remained in an adjoining room. After a time the latter heard the Lady Eveline scream violently in the ill-omened apartment, and heard also movements of a young soldier who had been watching vigilantly outside the house, and who, also hearing the scream, and dashing aside impediments, had leaped through the window into the haunted place. Thence he bore the Lady, who was fainting, to fresher and less malignant air. The cause of her alarm was the apparition of a spirit fatal to her race, — of a Bahr-Geist, to whose visits the family at Baldringham was subject. It was the form of a British woman once married to an ancestor of the family and murdered by him.

The Lady Eveline heard, or believed that she heard, this spirit — while it held a bloody hand over her — say the words, —

> "Widow'd wife, and married maid,
> Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd!"

The Lady, in the condition in which she was, could not but be tryingly startled, and utter the scream that was heard. And she could not but afterwards hear the strange prophecy ringing around her. Naturally enough, her visit to this inhospitable and ill-boding mansion was not prolonged. With the party of Sir Hugo of Chester she soon reached the Benedictine nunnery at Gloucester, where she remained nearly four months. During this time, the young soldier who had rescued her at Baldringham, and who had then suddenly disappeared, again had not a little to do about her and

with her, — as the story will tell. It is sufficient to note here that Sir Hugo was betrothed to the Lady Eveline, and that this young soldier, his nephew, Sir Damian de Lacy, was appointed her guardian while he affianced went to the Holy Land, to be absent as a Crusader three years, during which period the Lady consented to remain betrothed.

Gloucester, if it does not attract travellers by its associations with this story, should, by its other sources of interest. The venerable city, said to be older than the times of the Romans in Britain, has been the scene of many historical events; and its remains of antiquity are important. Chief among the latter is the church that formerly belonged to the Benedictine abbey, — about the only existing portion of the establishment, yet perhaps the noblest extant object connected with the city or with this story. It is now a cathedral; and although not one of the largest, it is one of the richest and most interesting in Great Britain. Like all cathedrals, while it bears generic characteristics, it has its own specific features, — a grand Norman nave, erected at about the period of the story; a later Lady Chapel; a marvellous east window, eighty-six feet high, said to be the largest and highest in England; a crypt, — the most ancient portion of the structure, — about as perfect as when left by its builders, and that, massive, solemn, and sombre, is one of the most interesting in all gothic art; and, finally, and most distinguished, extensive cloisters, that are almost unique, — long, complete, elaborate, and beautiful, with exquisitely panelled sides, and fan-traceried, groined ceilings. These cloisters form a hollow square that measures 146 by 145 feet, and have ambulatories 19 feet broad and 18.6 feet high. A central tower, "perhaps the best proportioned, the most sumptuous and stately of any in England, was built by Abbot Seabrooke, about 1455:" its pinnacles attain a height of 225 feet. From it is a wide and varied view. The entire external length of the cathedral is 423 feet, and the internal, 400 feet. No moderate space can contain an enumeration of all that is interesting in this structure. It escaped providentially many of the ravages of the Reformation and of the Civil War; and in pious keeping may remain long a most instructive and delightful monument of ancient art and of religious devotion.

After Sir Hugo left England, the Lady Eveline returned to the Castle of Garde Doloureuse. There, reappeared an erratic individual who had been in and out of the story before this period, —

Randal de Lacy, a cousin of Sir Hugo, who at this advent was disguised as a dealer in hawks and falcons. He offered specimens of these birds for sale, and found purchasers. The chief success of his efforts, however, was apparent when he, or his wares, influenced the Lady Eveline and some of her followers to attempt a hawking excursion to a place called the Red Pool situated towards the hills nearly three miles from the castle. A different sort of game was started than the party expected: it was attacked by wild Welshmen, and the lady was seized, blindfolded, and forced to a little cavern. These pages can hardly guide explorers to this hole, and perhaps a visit to it is not absolutely necessary to full understanding of the story; for the lady was soon rescued from it by a party under Sir Damian de Lacy, and again established in her castle. After this exhibition of Randal's disposition, time and events brought an insurrection that Sir Damian was, in high quarters, suspected of favoring. While he was at the castle, a demand for his surrender was made in the name of the king. The Lady Eveline refused the summons, and protected him. Consequently another siege of the Garde Doloureuse ensued, laid by royal forces, which the precious Randal joined. At length the castle was stormed and taken. The history of the Lady Eveline's betrothal was not, however, ended. A serious crisis in it ensued. A report arose that Sir Hugo had died while serving the cause of the cross beneath its banners. Sir Damian, the guardian (but, as easily enough may have been learned, also the lover), fell into trouble. Randal the robber began to flourish as the wicked do not deserve to flourish. The castle was in confusion. The Betrothed was in distress, and her "engagement" a perplexed and perplexing subject. Just then Sir Hugo returned; unexpected, disguised, unrecognized, — as Crusaders frequently were. The events of the second siege and of the crisis that followed this advent of Sir Hugo were full of interest and of romance. The scene of their occurrence, the Garde Doloureuse, identified with Dinas Bran, may render that lordly site still more attractive; and the writer can hardly wish travellers in North Wales a pleasanter summer evening than one like that he spent there recalling Sir Walter's chivalrous story, and viewing a brilliant sunset, that, with charming effect, spread its radiance upon the broken walls of the castle and over the broad hills.

Near the close of the betrothal of the Lady Eveline, the Bahr-Geist once more appeared to her, but with a countenance that "was

no longer resentful;" while in mystic calmness and beauty the spirit-voice repeated or chanted,—

> "Widow'd wife and wedded maid,
> Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd,
> All is done that has been said;
> Vanda's wrong has been y-wroken—
> Take her pardon by this token."

The unearthly visitor then departed, and was never again seen. And, finally, we learn that the Lady Eveline lived long in her castle, the fortunes of which are adequately told by the Author, who has seemed to invest with a renewed life the crumbling ruin on the mighty hill at Llangollen; and who has delightfully introduced us to the picturesque country around it and to the stir and the romance of the times of the Crusades, and of the wars on the Welsh borders; and who has recorded the manner in which "ended the trials and sorrows of The Betrothed."

XLI.

"KENILWORTH."

Thirteenth Novel of the Series; Written in 1820; *Published January*, 1821; *Author's age*, 50; *Time of action*, 1575.

THE pleasant town of Leamington in Warwickshire combines the comfort, entertainments, and freshness of a modern watering-place, and a vicinity abounding with old-world charms, in a delightful manner rivalled by few similar resorts. It is situated at the very heart of Old England, among scenes unusually suggestive or characteristic of the historic or romantic records of the past in a country remarkably distinguished by them. A few miles distant from it is picturesque, well-kept Elizabethan Charlcote Hall, and beyond this Stratford-on-Avon. Little guidance is needed there from the Red Horse Inn (in which Washington Irving's room is yet shown to Americans), to the quaint, oak-framed house in which William Shakspeare was born; and to the beautiful church that stands gray and venerable in the perpetual, holy quiet of its green and shaded grounds, beside the calm river, and enshrines whatever

of him that was mortal, — the whole an admirable model of an appropriately placed church. Through the vicinity are paths in which we may now walk where he walked, as where one crosses the fields to the picturesque cottage at Shottery that now contains, or recently contained, the same high-backed seat before the same fireside where he sat with Anne Hathaway. In another direction from Leamington are those romantic houses, Guy's Cliff and Stoneleigh Abbey; and distant only two miles in another is the ancient town of Warwick with its curious church and elaborate Beauchamp Chapel, its gateways and its grand castle, — one of the most perfect and imposing relics of the feudal ages in Europe, — whose lofty gray towers dominate proudly over the river Avon, and whose almost unrivalled courtyard receives visitors, seemingly, into the times of the Edwards. Ten miles northward is Coventry, with its lofty spires, its Saint Mary's Hall, and its old streets, into which Peeping Tom still looks down and reminds us of Godiva. About midway between Coventry and Warwick or Leamington is Kenilworth with the shattered but extensive remains of its famous Castle, universally known by its history, its romance, and, in no small degree, by its associations with the work sketched in this chapter; in which Scott has so graphically, vividly, and affectingly pictured the brilliancy and pathos of its most splendid fortunes, and by which he has rendered the whole of its area his own enchanted ground, and its walls and towers one of his strongholds, all enlivened by impressive characters whom he has revived or created. An important portion of the action of this work is represented to have been here, although many of the scenes are laid elsewhere. Aspects of the localities of the latter have, however, changed so much since the time described in the story that they suggest little of it; while Kenilworth remains both one of the most imposing relics chiefly of that period, and the most prominent and attractive object associated with Scott's work. It is also very accessible. Travellers, whether or not they follow the route described on these pages, will almost of course visit its vicinity; for if they explore only one rural district of England, this should be the one, not alone from its interest, but from its position upon the direct way between Liverpool, or Chester, or North Wales, or Derbyshire, and London. After brief attention to the literary history of the novel, and to a few places remote from Kenilworth, we can, in nearer and more careful view, realize the fascinations of the grand old Castle.

"A certain degree of success . . . in the delineation of Queen Mary," [in "The Abbot"] wrote Scott in 1831, "naturally induced the author to attempt something similar respecting 'her sister and her foe,' the celebrated Elizabeth." Among the various conceptions of that remarkable personage, "I have," he continued, "endeavored to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favor. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign."

The later life and the fate of this reputed first countess form the central interest of the action of the story. The leading incidents appear real, "if we can trust Ashmole's 'Antiquities of Berkshire,'" in which these are narrated. The scene of the catastrophe they brought on was "a manor, anciently belonging to the monks of Abington," "in which was a chamber called Dudley's chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered." Ashmole has given a long account of the affair; but, wrote Scott, "my first acquaintance with the history was through the more pleasing medium of verse,"—"a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall." "The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent" [1831]. The opening and also the closing lines of the poem are these:—

"The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
'And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall."

So much did Scott fancy the musical lines of portions of this fine ballad, that he at first wished to give the novel the same title, "Cumnor Hall;" but in deference to the publisher, Constable, he substituted the title it bears,—"Kenilworth." Lockhart informs us that it appeared, like "Ivanhoe," "in 3 vols. post 8vo," and that it "was one of the most successful" of Scott's prose works "at the

time of publication; and it continues, and I doubt not will ever continue, to be placed in the very highest rank of prose fiction. The rich variety of character and scenery and incident in this novel has never, indeed, been surpassed; nor, with the one exception of the Bride of Lammermoor, has Scott bequeathed us a deeper and more affecting tragedy than that of Amy Robsart. "'Kenilworth,'" said Jeffrey, "rises almost, if not altogether, to the level of 'Ivanhoe,'—displaying, perhaps, as much power in assembling together, and distributing in striking groups, the copious historical materials of that romantic age, as the other does in eking out their scantiness by the riches of the author's imagination. . . . The great charm and glory of the piece, however, consists in the magnificence and vivacity of the descriptions with which it abounds; and which set before our eyes, with a freshness and force of coloring which can scarcely ever be gained except by actual observation, all the pomp and stateliness, the glitter and solemnity, of that heroic reign. . . . The most surprising piece of mere description, however, that we have ever seen, is that of Amy's magnificent apartments at Cumnor Place, and of the dress and beauty of the lovely creature for whom they were adorned."

The masterly composition, the dramatic effect, and much of the historic probability and correctness of this work are superior to unfavorable criticism. The strict examination and accurate narration necessary in the statement of accomplished facts, however, appear to show that real circumstances have, to some extent, been adapted to the impressive development of the story. Mr. George Adlard, in a very full examination of the real history of "Amye Robsart and the Earl of Leycester" (8vo, London, 1870), informs us that she never was his countess, as he was not created an earl until several years after her death; that "Sir John Robsart, her father, died several years *previous* to" that event, and that her marriage "with Sir Robert Dudley took place at Sheen (now Richmond) on the 4th of June, 1550, with great splendour, in the presence of Edward VI., who has recorded the fact in his journal." The same critic also informs us that "Amye was doubtless born at Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, in all probability in the year 1532," and that "it is perhaps not too much to say that the mystery" of her "death (at Cumnor Place) will probably never be cleared up." He farther states that, "in 1573, thirteen years after the death of Lady Amye Dudley, and two years previous to the Kenilworth revels

(the period of this story), Leycester had privately married Douglas Howard, Lady Sheffield, which marriage was kept a profound secret." The character of Varney in the novel does not appear to be founded on fact. Bartlett's account of Cumnor Place remarks that some representations of it in the novel show great variation from "sober history."

Any comparison of Scott's creations with actual events or persons is, however, apt to suggest an essay to prove that "Macbeth" or "Hamlet" are historically inaccurate, and that scenery used in representing them is neither a Scottish or Danish castle; or that Titian's Venus is not the goddess; or Michel Angelo's Moses, the great leader. We assent to facts, but turn with admiration and delight to the master-piece of art.

"It is the privilege of tale-tellers (wrote Scott) to open their story in an inn, the free rendezvous of all travellers, and where the humor of each displays itself without ceremony or restraint. This is especially suitable when the scene is laid during the old days of merry England;" during which, characteristics of the times and of the people rendered a place of this sort very appropriate for such an exhibition. Accordingly, the action of this novel begins "during the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth," at "an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or, rather, ruled by Giles Gosling" in "the village of Cumnor, within three or four miles of Oxford." Every one who travels in Britain is supposed sometime to visit that venerable city. This tour leads to it, not only for an excursion from it to Cumnor, but also for one to the scenery of "Woodstock" near it,—a sketch of which will be given in the next chapter.

Cumnor—to which the way from Oxford is across a pleasant, although open country—is a pretty village of thatched cottages scattered over a long and very gentle slope of land. Upon a slight eminence is the church, a low, strongly built, rough-cast building, in ancient Saxon and pointed styles, and surrounded by a green church-yard, according to the beautiful English custom. There is a wide view from it over portions of the counties of Oxford, Gloucester, and Berks; and close to it on a slope below, over the site of the Hall. This edifice was sometime ago shown by fragments, parts of which formed a farm-house, and part contained a room called the Dudley chamber, in which, according to tradition, the countess was murdered. The surrounding ground is grass-grown,

and shows by uneven surfaces that terraces and *parterres* may once have covered it. A few noble oaks yet grow "thereby," while humble but quaint buildings and farm-grounds environ the spot. The mansion, we are told, was "a large monastic building, with a quadrangular court in the centre," "called Cumnor Place," belonging to "the abbots of Abingdon, who formerly had a seat or place of retirement here." Little can be said of the excellent old inn. Its age and its quaint name suggest one of those curious, ancient public-houses, scattered through Old England, and only through its more primitive parts. The "Black Bear" at Cumnor may not be seen by bodily eyes, but its counterpart may perhaps be found in "The Swan" at Mansfield, or "The Mitre" at Oxford; or, on an humble scale possibly, in the neat "Nag's Head" below Hellvellyn, or "'The Golden Grove' by St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey." Certainly it ranks among the inns of England famous in literature, from "The Tabard" at Southwark to "The Great White Horse" at Ipswich, wherein Mr. Pickwick had his romantic nocturnal adventure with a middle-aged lady.

At the "Black Bear," Cumnor, accordingly, and at the beginning of the story, we are introduced to Giles Gosling, its corpulent, consequential landlord, and to one whom he recognized among his guests, — Michael Lambourne, who had gone to the wars in the low countries an unpromising youth, and had returned a bold soldier. The latter, during the evening, became acquainted with a mysterious, quiet traveller, who said that his name was Tressilian, — from which the landlord inferred that he was a Cornish man. Although Tressilian and Lambourne were, from the first, evidently of different character, they formed a plan to visit on the next day the "Place," about which and certain inexplicable persons occupying it there occurred some general talk among the company at the inn. The two adventurers succeeded in obtaining an entrance as they proposed, and an interview with the master of the house, Mr. Anthony Foster, represented by the novel to have been a repulsive, inscrutable man, who, from "one of Queen Mary's Papists," had become "one of Queen Elizabeth's Protestants," and from poverty had risen to unaccountable wealth, but never to a desirable reputation. His tombstone in Cumnor church, however, affirmed that he was a model country gentleman, — almost a Sir Roger de Coverley. The "Place" was gloomy and weird as any haunted castle that Mrs. Radcliffe herself could have imagined.

If the seats of living families could, allowably, be associated with it, several ancient houses in England might be named as its representatives, — among others, Compton-Winyates, that stands in a remote spot in the southern part of Warwickshire. Lambourne engaged Foster in the library, — the books of which were disappearing as those of other valuable collections disappeared after the suppression of monastic institutions left them in charge of new, purified, and enlightened holders, — they furnished kindling for the cook, and waste for the groom. Tressilian, meanwhile, waited in a lofty, oak-ceiled room, adjoining, that was lighted by a window with stone shafts and painted glass. It soon became apparent that his motives for entering the house were as different as well could be from those of Lambourne, whom he had used only as a means to an end. While he waited, he was surprised, according to his evident desire, by the entrance of a "beautiful and richly attired female . . . not above eighteen years old," who at first mistook him for another, but who, with no little agitation, recognized him and demanded the cause of his visit. He replied that he came from "her broken-hearted father, the aged Sir Hugh Robsart," who was lying near to death, at the family home, "Lidcote Hall, on the frontiers of Devonshire," and who had desired him to find his daughter Amy, and to induce her to return "from the villain who, under disguise of friendship, abused every duty of hospitality, and stole" her from that home. But the beautiful young lady — Amy Robsart herself — could not, or would not, hear such a mention of the brilliant and exalted man who had, in every sense, captivated her. Tressilian, too earnest in his well-intended endeavor to remove her from a virtual imprisonment into which she had been fascinated, only succeeded in alarming her, and her vigilant watchman, — Anthony Foster, — and thus procuring her abrupt withdrawal and his own expulsion from the "Place." He mistook his way out and reached a postern-gate instead of the main-gate, and encountered a certain Sir Richard Varney. Former acquaintance and a quarrel between the two produced a mutual recognition and a sword-fight that might have resulted fatally to Varney, and thus have rid this story of an accomplished rascal, had not Lambourne arrived opportunely and prevented such an issue. Varney soon met Foster; and they together, in virtuous council, showed themselves interested and relentless agents of the great Earl of Leicester. Into his service Lambourne was received.

Subsequently Tressilian departed for the west; and the countess received the earl in the gorgeous chambers he had furnished for her at the Hall, Scott's graphic description of which was so much praised by Jeffrey. There, dazzled by her position, but ignorant of its dangers, Amy Robsart briefly enjoyed the brilliant society of her exalted admirer.

Meanwhile Tressilian, with such tidings respecting her as he could carry, was conducted, by a strange dwarf guide, towards her father's residence. His agency in her affairs was partly explained by the fact that he had been betrothed to her, with her father's approbation; and that this journey was an effort of almost filial affection. While he was on the road, some necessary attention to his horse led him to the rather mythical "Wayland Smith's Forge," in the Vale of the White Horse, near Uffington Castle, Berkshire, — a region worth exploring for its celebrity in Saxon annals and traditions, a portion of which are delightfully told to us by Mr. Thomas Hughes in "The Scouring of the White Horse." The forge, a Druid relic, derived its name from a farrier, as mythical as itself, whose acquaintance Tressilian made, and whose services he engaged for some coming time. On the next morning he reached the home of Amy's father.

A few miles from the forge is a place that he perhaps passed, and that can now interest travellers, — Wantage, the birth-place of Alfred the Great. Near it is Uffington Castle, a supposed British stronghold once occupied by the Romans. About a mile from the castle is the White Horse Hill, that derives its name from a large, rude figure of a horse cut in turf over a chalk bed forming the hillside. It is the spot where, during the memorable battle of Ashdown, in the year 871, King Alfred set up the Saxon standard — a white horse — and gained a great victory over the marauding Danes.

> "Carv'd rudely on the pendant soil, is seen
> The snow-white courser streaching o'er the green:
> The antique figure scan with curious eye,
> The glorious monument of victory!
> There England rear'd her long-dejected head;
> There Alfred triumph'd, and invasion bled."

The "scouring" of this Horse is an annual custom of clearing it from weeds or rubbish that may accumulate upon it and obscure it.

"About noon of the third day after Tressilian's leaving Cumnor"

he "arrived at Sir Hugh Robsart's seat, called Lidcote Hall, on the frontiers of Devonshire," adjoining Exmoor forest. It was an ancient mansion, low, moated, turreted, and ivy-mantled, and had a courtyard entered by an archway beneath a clock-tower. Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, the probable early home of Amy Robsart, is, or was, an edifice of no great size, partly in the style common to the reigns of the last two Henrys. Travellers in the west of England can, however, find an admirable representative of Lidcote Hall, situated almost where Scott has described that seat to have been, and built almost in its style, — Cotehele, a curious and charming residence belonging to the Earls of Mount Edgecombe, and standing on the Cornish "frontiers of Devonshire," about ten miles north of Plymouth. Its present proprietors inherited it, we are told, about three hundred years ago, from a now extinct family. It commands a view over Dartmoor forest and the river Tamar. Around it is a park of elms, beeches, and other trees garlanded with ivy; and, amid the exquisite sylvan beauty they present, — secluded from modern time and the prosaic world, in the stillness and repose of a dreamland, — it seems a creation of the romance of the lives of many generations past. It is "an irregular stone building, enclosing a small quadrangle, the entrance to which is through a square gateway tower on the south." It has also an exterior court, and, at the north angle, a larger tower that contains the principal apartments. Its well-kept granite walls, dark gray, lichen-grown, ivy-draped, are chiefly of the style and date of Henry VII.'s time, and have battlements and square-headed, stone-shafted windows. The interior is even more picturesque, and renders the house a monument of many generations of domestic life and of old-world charms that is rivalled by few in any country. Days of the Tudors and of the Stuarts seem to shine again around us there. The rooms, with oak finishings; great, curious fireplaces; tapestries that cover walls and doors; quaint windows; carved cabinets bearing glass, brass, and delf-ware, — appliances of luxury long ago; and other fittings unchanged for centuries, — are more like realizations of fancy than of fact. Cotehele, indeed, may well represent Scott's creation; and the gentle, loving spirit of his Amy Robsart can only invest it with one more attractive charm.

Tressilian had an interview with Sir Hugh Robsart, at his seat, and informed him respecting the situation of his daughter, and

received from him authority to visit the royal court and there to endeavor to recover her. Attention is consequently led to the Earl of Suffolk's residence, Say's Court, "an ancient house then near Deptford," afterwards also occupied by Evelyn, that has, like many Elizabethan mansions, now disappeared. Its site is, or recently was, marked by a workhouse in the present large dockyard on the Thames below London. The earl's residence was within the region of the court and of its high life, to much of which the novel introduces us in a very interesting manner. The portion of the work relating to it presents vivid pictures of the reign of the great Queen, and of its romantic characteristics and brilliant personages, that have never been surpassed. Several scenes are laid near London, but in places that have changed very much; even Greenwich Palace, the most prominent, has been succeeded by the well-known and far more modern structures of the Hospital that already seems old. The difficulties of extricating a young and beautiful woman from the snares of a powerful nobleman, a royal favorite in that court, are fully illustrated. Sir Richard Varney, an incarnation of unscrupulous — some Americans would properly enough say, God-forsaken — ambition, appeared in all his rascality to serve the earl's interests, — and also, collaterally, his own. A crisis in the fate of Amy seemed reached, when it appeared that the earl must either become decidedly the Queen's favorite, or be totally wrecked in fortune and in honor.

Then the action of the story returned to ill-omened, gloomy Cumnor Hall, where the necessities of the earl's position, and the projects and humanity of Varney, were demonstrated during a few days' visit that the latter attempted there, — at which time he endeavored to poison the betrayed woman who obstructed the soaring aspirations of the ambitious man whom she had trusted. The full measure of brutality to which she was subjected there need not be expressed here. Able to endure that no longer, and aware of the practices upon her life, she determined to escape from what was virtually close imprisonment, and to appeal to her lord, in person, at his seat of pride and power and splendor, — Kenilworth, — whither he had gone to receive his sovereign in that stately visit that marked the culmination of its glories, and that has become so famous in history. She made her way by night from Cumnor, attended by Janet Foster, her maid, and by Wayland Smith (servant to Tressilian), and succeeded in eluding pursuit undertaken

by Varney, although she did thus by the ignoble means of joining a party of revellers bound to the castle. Indeed, so strangely do affairs in this world sometimes go, that only by the friendly aid of a juvenile juggler "did the unfortunate Countess of Leicester approach, for the first time, the magnificent abode of her almost princely husband." Introduced thus, also, into the then vast and lordly structure, she succeeded in obtaining lodgings in the upper part of what has been called Mervyn's, or the strong tower, that is still easily recognizable. There, continuing disguised, she wrote a note to Leicester, securing "it with a braid of her own beautiful tresses, fastened by what is called a true-love knot." This note she sent to its destination by Wayland Smith, who had carefully attended her. "Give it, I pray you," she said, "into Lord Leicester's own hand, and mark how he looks on receiving it." And well might be marked that effect, though Wayland Smith, who had served the unhappy lady faithfully thus far, prudently for her sake and his own, might not in person be a witness of the great lord's perusal of it at that time, when, aspiring even to sharing his sovereign's honors and rank, he was receiving her within those very walls, — her "lion" but woman's heart all unaware what proof of him they held. Kenilworth was then crowded with guests, from those of highest degree to humble maskers. Through all its wide bounds it was rich and imposing as few seats have been. Every thing imaginable had been arranged to yield adequate honor to the presence there of the greatest living queen, whose highest favor its lord was almost securing. But Dudley, Earl of Leicester, thought as little as common men are apt to think of what may be written upon the folded leaves of the future; and the grand reception, and the even grander schemes he proposed, were inaugurated by the words that his gigantic porter spoke when Elizabeth reached the entrance tower: —

"Come, come, most perfect Paragon,
Most worthy welcome Goddes guest,
Haue here, haue here, both club and keyes
Euen gates and all, yea Lord him selfe, —
passe on with ioy and blisse,
whose presence gladdeth all,
my selfe, my warde I yeelde."

At this portion of the story attention turns to Kenilworth itself. Its general position and history may, after the account already given, be described in the language of Robert Laneham, "clerk of the council chamber-door," whose "letter" describing this Royal reception is one of the curiosities of literature.

"The Castl (he wrote) hath name of Killingwoorth, but of truth grounded uppon feythfull storie Kenelwoorth. (One will observe that he is uncommonly careful about spelling.) It stonds in Warwykshyre, a lxxiiii myle northwest from London, and a it wear in the Nauell of Englande. foure myle sumwhat South from Couentree a proper Cittee, and a lyke distauns from Warwyk, a fayre Sheere Toun on the North: In ayr sweet and hollsum, raised on an eazy mounted hill, iz sett eeuenlie coasted with the froont straight intoo the East, hath the tenaunts and Toonn about it, that pleasantly shifts, from dale to Hyll sundry whear wyth sweet Springs bursting foorth: and iz so plentifullie well sorted on euery side intoo arabl, meado, pasture, wood, water, & good ayrz az it appeerz to have need of nothing that may perteyn too liuing or pleazure. Too auauntage hath it, hard on the West, still nourisht with many liuely Springs, a goodly Pool of rare beauty, bredth, length, deapth, and store of all kinde fresh water fish, delicat, great and fat, and also of wild fooul byside. . . . The Castl, . . . (az by the name & by storiez, well may be gathered) waz first reared by *Kenulph* and his young sun and successor *Kenelm:* born both indeed within the Ream heer, but yet of the race of Saxons: and reigned kings of Marchlond [Mercia] fro the yeer of oour Lord. 798. too 23. yeerz toogyther, aboue 770. yeer ago. Although the Castl hath one auncient strong and large Keep that iz called Ceazarz Tour, rather (as I have good cauz to think) for that it iz square and hye foormed after the maner of Cezarz Fortz than that euer he bylt it." And as Laneham continued addressing "hiz freend a Citizen and Merchaunt of London," to whom he sent this letter, the writer may add, "noow I am a littl in, Master Martin ile tell you all."

The approach to the castle, from almost any direction, is through picturesque and characteristic English rural scenery, abounding with green fields, stately shade-trees, trim hedge-rows, fine residences, curious old cottages, and romantic, wooded nooks. The "Toōun," adjoining the castle, is a busy little country town. With all its industrial resources, however, the people living in it, as Elihu Burritt writes, "would probably confess that the principal source of their income is derived from their vested interest in Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' not in the real castle walls. Take away that famous novel, and, with all the authenticated history that remains attached to them, not one in five of the visitors they now attract would walk around them with admiration. In fact they are

more a monument to the genius of the great novelist than to the memory of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester." "The visitor's day-book at the hotel," Burritt adds, "will show how many come from both hemispheres and all their continents to see the scene of Sir Walter Scott's romance." Dr. Beattie gives similar evidence. "The romance of 'Kenilworth,'" he remarks, "it is probable, has brought . . . more pilgrims to this town and neighborhood — pilgrims of the highest rank — than ever resorted to its ancient shrine of the Virgin, more knights and dames than ever figured in its tilts and tournaments." The entrance to the area of the castle itself is from a now long, straggling, rather picturesque than cheerful street of the village, near the ancient church of St. Nicholas, and beside the Gate-House, built by the Earl of Leicester. The latter is a lofty, oblong structure, with an octagonal turret at each angle, and an enriched Elizabethan archway through its longer side. It is built of firmly textured red sandstone, now grown brownish-gray, and is yet tolerably entire and inhabitable, and, as Scott remarks, "equal in extent and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief." Passing this tower, one enters the extensive "Base Court," and, by degrees, realizes "the greatness and state" of Leicester's seat, and the truth of the survey made of it, under royal commission, sometime after the period of the tale, yet when it was complete. This survey, perhaps as graphic a description of it when entire as can be quoted, is entitled "The Castle of Killingworth Situate Upon a Rock," and gives the following details of it: —

"Circuit . . . . 1. The Circuite whereof within the walls conteyneth 7 acres, upon which the walls are so spacious & faire that two or three persons may walke together upon most places thereof.

"Building . . . 2. The Castle with the 4 Gatehouses all built of freestone hewen and cutt, the walls in many places of 15 and 10 foot thicke, some more, some lesse, the least fower foot in thicknes square.

"Roomes . . . . 4. The Roomes of great State within the same & such as are able to receave his Mat^y the Queen & Prince at one tyme, built with as much uniformity and conveniency as any houses of later tyme, and with such stately sellars all caried

upon pillars and architecture of free stone carved and wrought as the like are not within this Kingdome, and also all other houses for offices aunswerable.

"Poole . . . . . 7. There runneth through the . . . grounds by the walls of the said Castle a faire Poole conteyning 111 acres well stored with fish and fowle which at pleasure is to be lett round about the Castle.

"Compasse . . 9. The Circuit of the Castle, Manors, Parks, and Chase lieing round together conteyne at least 19 or 20 miles in a pleasaunt countrey, the like both for strength, state, and pleasure not being within the Realme of England."

This vast and magnificent structure continued entire until during the Civil War, when Cromwell allowed it to fall into possession of some of the members of his army, who appear to have demolished much of it for paltry speculation in the materials. The Base Court is now a grass-grown area of more than two acres' extent. Walls, once fortified but now broken, sweep from the left (eastward) around to the south. Along the left side are the stables (yet in a poor way occupied), very large and long, with red brick basement, and with superstructure of timber and plaster-work in the style often seen through Cheshire, so picturesque, and, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, so popular. Almost in front of the stables is Mortimer's Tower and the former access to the Tilt Yard, and to the bridge built by the Earl of Leicester for a new approach, "that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward" already described. Through this new approach during the waning "twilight of a summer night (9th July, 1575)," the Queen, in extremest contrast to the disowned wife, entered the precincts of Kenilworth on her memorable visit. She thus gained her first impression of the castle from the most imposing view presented by the main edifice. This stands towards the west upon slightly rising ground. At the extreme right (north) are the remains of the gardens. About the very centre of the area within the walls, and midway from side to side, rises Cæsar's Tower, the oldest, and perhaps the best preserved, portion of the whole structure, a huge, lofty, square mass, with large square turrets projecting at each angle. "Its

walls are in several places no less than sixteen feet thick, and all its parts are on the same scale of durability." The north side has been demolished, and the interior is a hollow wreck. It probably resembled in form and size the well-known White Tower of London. Built of squared red sandstone blocks, it has grown grayish, while some of its surface is bared and worn and broken, and other parts are veiled by mould-tinted lichens and some ivy. Beside this mighty Keep was the entrance gateway to the inner court; but this latter, with a narrow range of buildings, in Tudor style, extending to the left, has entirely disappeared. Around the area of the inner court may still be seen, on the right, first, Cæsar's Tower, and, adjoining it, the slight remains of an extensive suite of kitchens and offices, over which, in the corner, rises the now shattered, but once strongly built and triply vaulted "Mervyn's Tower," where Amy Robsart found shelter. Next, on the side of the court opposite this approach extended the great Hall, with an existing very richly decorated gothic entrance at its foot, — northward and to the right of the visitor. This Hall was a stately apartment, 86 feet long and 45 feet wide, and proportionally high. Its floor was stone, and rested upon the arches of a crypt-like room beneath. Its walls were smooth, dark-red sandstone, pierced by very lofty, deeply recessed, stone-traceried Tudor windows, and by a great oriel at the dais, and by large fireplaces, — one about mid-length on each side. The roof was one of those open timber works for which English builders have been distinguished, and rested upon corbels in the piers between the windows. Both the spandrels over the windows and in this roof were traceried. Along the left side of the inner court — the southern side — extended an irregular suite of state apartments communicating with the dais of the Hall at one end, and at the other with an oblong square building called Leicester's, because built by him. It faces the Base Court, and adjoined the Tudor building that has disappeared, and thus formed a somewhat harmonious correspondence with Cæsar's Tower.

The writer found this quadrangle of once stately structures perhaps the saddest and most suggestive example in England of departed domestic greatness, and of the devastation of fanaticism and avarice. The buildings northward (erected by Old John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," as has been noted) were much broken; and so also was Amy Robsart's tower, — for that it should

be called. Visitors can even yet ascend its dilapidated turnpike stair, and gain a wide view over the ruins and the country around. The Hall was a mere shell, and open to the sky almost from its foundations. Amy Robsart there seemed indeed avenged. The state apartments were almost chaotic; merely enough remaining of them to give an idea of what they once were. Leicester's buildings were yet almost sixty feet high, with some of the walls square and plumb as when erected, although a western wall leaned inward. They contained a great staircase and three large rooms on each of several floors, all of which latter were of wood and have disappeared, leaving the interior open from base to top. Some of the plastering adhered as laid upon the wall itself. The "caps" over the internal openings are oak beams, placed as wood is often placed in modern buildings. The lofty oriel windows, once stone-mullioned and transomed, were shattered. The lower parts of the exterior had assumed a faded ash-red color: the upper parts were grayish, and tinted with dull russet lichens, — the left turret was, however, to its very base mottled with mouldy colored lichens. The stone is of a more friable quality than that in some of the older erections. A vast deal of luxuriant ivy, such as only Old England can show, veils and entwines the ruin, and, indeed, as elsewhere in it, seems to bind the crumbling walls together. But the writer, in his sketch of Scott's story and of this ancient castle, must, sooner or later, declare in the words of Master Laneham, "I take the case so cleer that I say not az mooch az I moought. Thus proface ye with the Preface. And noow to the matter." And so, again tempted into use of words of a contemporary narrator, George Gascoigne, he recurs to "the Princelye Pleasures at the Courte at Kenelwoorth . . . as were there deuised, and presented by sundry Gentlemen, before the Qvenes Maiestie."

In the thirtieth chapter of this novel, Scott has magnificently described the brilliant entry of Queen Elizabeth into the castle; and, in the next chapter, he has presented another effectively pictured scene of her first evening in the great Hall, when, it appears, she had become aware of some story about Amy Robsart, and made inquiry for her. This elicited from the ready Varney a certificate, "from a most learned physician," that demonstrated the lady's inability to reach the castle. Tressilian, who was in presence, declared this statement was untrue. His impeachment was little liked by her Majesty; and Tressilian, under certain agree-

ments with Amy, could not prove it as did future circumstances Consequently, like other forward devotees to the right, he experienced trouble, and was dismissed the presence. Late in the evening, the earl was attended by his Mephistopheles, Varney, who cunningly hinted at the possibilities of royal favor and of his patron's elevation even to the highest rank in the realm; an elevation practicable only after a certain event, not impossible to those who dare, — a release from existing matrimonial encumbrance. Meanwhile, Wayland Smith had lost the letter for the earl committed to him by the countess, and had been expelled the castle by Lambourne, who was then a personage of rising importance, and who had charge of the portion of the castle where the unhappy lady was placed. He even took such advantage of his office as to obtain entrance to the room she occupied, and during the next morning to insult her so grievously that she fled, she hardly knew whither, and took refuge in a grotto in an ornamented garden, called the Pleasance, situated below the western front of the castle. One can now from the shattered top of her tower see both the ruined room where she so sadly was (for we will treat this as her true story), and the rude area that was covered by the elaborately cultivated and adorned grounds to which she fled, and can also survey the now meadowy site of the lake that then spread widely around them.

And one can there recall a scene that has not many equals in literature. The womanly, but royal, hearted Queen was walking in the garden, attended only by her favorite the earl, and was approaching a degree of confiding and even tenderness towards him, that she hardly had showed to man; when she felt forced to direct that their interview should not be prolonged. Dudley left her, and she murmured to herself, "Were it possible, were it *but* possible! but, no, no; Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone!" And while, in this unwonted feeling, she walked alone, she discovered the grotto and in it a distracted woman, — her "hapless rival." Eliciting Amy Robsart's story, the Queen drew her forth, carried her to another portion of the gardens, and abruptly presented her before the court and the favored earl. "If in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveller, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so

unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself." And then ensued such a scene as only Scott could design and picture, — one of the most vivid that he has created, in which the splendid but guilty earl was rescued from threatening ruin, but rescued only by the interposition of the evil genius of Varney. He protested that Amy was his own insane wife escaped necessary confinement, and thus obtained an order from the Queen by which the unhappy woman was put in charge of Lord Hunsdon, of the royal Court. And then, within the castle, succeeded other wonderfully effective scenes, — one between Amy and her husband, in which she refused ever to be even represented to be the wife of Varney; and a second, during which that watchful demon of evil and of ambition instilled base counsel into the earl's mind, insinuating false charges of his wife's infidelity to him, and of her wrong devotion to her former lover, Tressilian; — rehearsing the dangers of the earl's position, — then, the rank and honors within his grasp, if only that one unfaithful woman was crushed. The whole of these scenes must be read, — they cannot be sketched. Leicester yielded to the tempter, and gave his signet ring as authority for that which should free him from one whom he was wrought to feel was a base, ungrateful favorite, encumbering his path, but, — alas, for him! — a true-hearted woman, loving him better than her own life. The learned physician of the Queen gave, or was influenced to give, opinion that she was insane, and her removal from the castle was permitted. The catastrophe of the story was then rapidly developed.

Circumstances soon transpired to convince the earl of his worse than rash assumption of his wife's guilt. Speedy messengers were despatched to countermand the fatal authority he had conferred. But a speedier agent was executing it in the lonely recesses of Cumnor Hall, whither Amy Robsart had been taken by Varney. Lambourne, the first messenger, was shot by him, and then — but let the words of the story reconcile us to the ruin and desolation of Cumnor Hall, and to the earl's disgrace at Court that ensued his too tardy avowal of his marriage: those words only should tell how Varney met deserved death; how horribly old Anthony Foster expiated his demonstrated guilt, and how ended "The Princeley Pleasures of Kenilworth." And the shattered ruins of that once splendid castle, "the like" of which was "not within the Realme of Eng-

land," while they show the pomp and romance of chivalrous and feudal life, and the greatness of the olden time, and of the heroic age of the great Queen's reign; while they rise nobly in their "proud decay"—will to the hearts of generations, if not in historic annals, be eloquent with the pathetic story of the love of too-confiding Amy Robsart.

XLII.

"WOODSTOCK."

Twenty-second Novel of the Series; Written 1825–26; *Published June*, 1826; *Author's age*, 55; *Time of action*, 1652–60.

THE traveller, continuing upon the tour imagined, by departing from Kenilworth and the vicinity of Leamington, and by going towards London, will find easy and pleasant opportunity to visit the remarkable, ancient, collegiate city of Oxford, and, near it, Cumnor Hall, already described, and Woodstock, with its park,—scene of most of the action of the novel now introduced. Few of the "Waverley" stories were enacted in places that have changed so completely in aspect as have the places of this; but an excursion to them will take one to as old a park and to as grand a private country seat as exist in Europe,—both abounding in great suggestions; and the former, particularly, associated with much of the high life of earlier periods, and with the curious incidents of this work of Scott.

While little distinct topographical association, connected with this work, remains, there is in it more than usual revelation of the author's character and circumstances. During the time while it was written and published occurred some of the most important episodes of his eventful career. The ruinous crash of January, 1826, came upon him; "the bride" of his "youth" was "laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which" they had "so often visited in gayety and pastime;" his children were being scattered; the great levee of guests that he formerly entertained was no longer assembled around him; his town residence, "a house befitting a

rich baronet," was forsaken and marked "To Sell;" the "Great Unknown" became transformed, as he said, into the "Too-well-known;" bodily pains tried him; and, at a late period of life, there was opened to him a future that would have appalled and dispirited even strong men. But while the neighborly "community of Edinburgh," and the whole reading world also, were electrified by the simultaneous announcement of his pecuniary disaster, of his domestic trouble, and of his great title to the undivided authorship of those immortal creations that had been so thickly coming from a source not known to the world, — while all this surprise and change was fresh, his great popularity was not only unabated, but rather increased. "The universal feeling was (wrote Lockhart) much what the late amiable and accomplished Earl of Dudley expressed to Mr. Morritt when these news reached them at Brighton: 'Scott ruined!' said he: 'the author of "Waverley" ruined! Good God! let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!'"

Although this novel was sometime contracted for before 1826, it was rapidly written at last. In his diary, Scott entered under date of April 3d of that year: "I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that 'Woodstock' is sold for £8,228, — all ready money, — a matchless sale for less than three months' work. . . . Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with such success, amply replace my losses." "It is no wonder (again wrote Lockhart) that the book, which it was known he had been writing during this crisis of distress, should have been expected with solicitude. Shall we find him, asked thousands, to have been master truly of his genius in the moment of this ordeal? Shall we trace any thing of his own experiences in the construction of his imaginary personages and events?" In that book, thus written, expected, and received, are "not a few passages that carried deep meaning for such of Scott's own friends as were acquainted with" those domestic affairs nearest his heart. In the person and character of Alice Lee, ever attentive to her aged father, was perceived illustration of "the consolation afforded him by the dutiful devotion of his daughter Anne" during his own trials and pains. "In several mottoes, and other scraps of verse, the curious reader will find similar traces of the facts and feelings recorded in the author's diary." There is a portraiture also in this work, humble but yet indicative of the

author's likings,—"the elaborate and affectionate portraiture of old Maida," his favorite dog (whose statue is in the courtyard at Abbotsford), here represented "under the name of Bevis."

The Introduction to Woodstock, written in 1832, states that "the busy period of the great Civil War was one in which the character and genius of different parties were most brilliantly displayed; and, accordingly, the incidents which took place on either side were of a striking and extraordinary character, and afforded ample foundation for fictitious composition." While "Peveril of the Peak" refers to the closing of that period, this story refers to the central and most animated portion. It was suggested by "some wonderful adventures which happened at Woodstock in the year 1649," and which are described in the "British Magazine" for April, 1747, and in Wm. Hone's "Every-Day Book" (Vol. II. c. 582), in an article entitled—

"The Genuine History
of the
Good Devil of Woodstock

"Famous in the world in the year 1649 and never accounted for, or at all understood to this time."

Since the time referred to, however, the doings of this "Good Devil" have been both "understood" and fully explained. This once mysterious being was no other than a zealous loyalist who obtained service with three "honorable commissioners" for surveying the king's confiscated demesnes, appointed by Parliament to value them for sale. His name was "Joseph Collins, commonly called Funny Joe," and also the "Just Devil,"—a man who, like many persons in the neighborhood, regarded with great disfavor a proposed destruction of the ancient royal hunting-seat, and who constituted himself a sort of Nemesis, practising in such a manner as to sorely terrify and finally to put to flight the commissioners. By means of secret passages within the manor-house, and the assistance of confederate servants, he made those not unsuperstitious worthies fancy themselves really beset by the great Adversary. Candles were strangely extinguished at certain hours. Tremendous explosions occurred where no man was. Billets of wood, trenchers, broken glass, and buckets of water were dashed about the chambers by night. The beds arose and dropped mysteriously with sore discomfort to sleepers; and, finally, one fell catastrophe seemed to

justify their dread at this Just Spirit. The trio bore a desire for spoils similar to that characterizing their employers, and had determined upon peculation and spoliation for their own private accounts. Apparently having correct opinions about each other's honesty, they had, in order to prevent loss among themselves, made a signed compact for due distribution of any accruing gains. This document was hidden in a flower-pot. But the Just Devil, whose operations had caused them so much tribulation, at last induced them to assemble certain grave and virtuous men to consider the phenomena that had occurred. While these and other witnesses were present, the retributive agent, who had gotten them into a finely effective dramatic position, caused certain fireworks to explode the flower-pot, and thus throw the scandalous compact among those who would be variously and particularly distressed by it.

The story itself opens in the parish church at the old town of Woodstock, "on a morning in the end of September, or the beginning of October, in the year 1652, being a day appointed for a solemn thanksgiving for the decisive victory at Worcester." A curiously assorted audience of dissenters had assembled in the then half-dismantled edifice, where a Presbyterian, the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough, attempted to hold forth, but was served as his sect had served its liturgical predecessors in that place. He was rudely expelled by a representative of a newer schism, an Independent, who preached vehemently to his own heart's content. The edifice in which was this opening scene has been much altered; and although there are fragments of ancient workmanship apparent about it, its general appearance dates only from a "renovation effected during the latter part of the last century." From this church attention is led to the royal lodge, or manor-house, in the great park, perhaps half a mile distant. On the way, the story introduces, in a woodland, the stout-hearted, gray-bearded keeper, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, head ranger, and his daughter Alice. To them appeared a soldier-like person, Joseph Tomkins, Cromwell's secret agent, who presented to the knight a warrant of parliament for surrender to it of the lodge. This presentation elicited a fight, in which the fiery old cavalier, however, did not have the better, but that resulted in his agreement to the surrender.

The lodge, now destroyed from its very foundations, stood in Woodstock Park, — now called Blenheim Park, — on the western side of a lake or river near where that is crossed by a grand stone

bridge, over which passes the avenue from Woodstock town to Blenheim Palace. It occupied the brow of a low hill, — a "site . . . now covered with verdant sward, and browsed by deer," and was "a magnificent and extensive structure, . . . the residence of several . . . monarchs, from the time of Henry I. to Charles I. It was not entirely destroyed until 1723, . . . when two sycamore-trees were planted to mark its site." Connected thus with much that is historic and romantic, it is readily remembered for its associations with King Henry II. and Rosamond de Clifford, for whom he constructed the celebrated "Bower," either among the recesses of the pleasure grounds, or among the intricacies of the manor-house. The gardens then probably "consisted chiefly of the Topiary work, so usual with the fanciful gardeners of that era;" and among these, some writers think, was that "Labyrinth, so artfully contrived that no stranger could possibly unthread its mazes," in which the royal favorite "was hidden from the jealous queen," and in which she was finally discovered and killed by "that dreaded personage." We are told, "that some of the entrenchments thrown up during the civil war in the time of Charles are still visible on the brow of the hill [already mentioned] above Queen Pool; and the parterres and knots of the ancient gardens are distinctly to be traced on the lawn in front of Churchill's Pillar." Scott places the labyrinth within the walls of the house itself. This, Scott wrote, was, at the time of his story, a "gothic building, irregularly constructed, and at different times," "comprehending a nest of little courts, surrounded by buildings which corresponded with each other, sometimes within doors, sometimes by crossing the courts, and frequently in both ways. . . . The varied and multiplied fronts of this irregular building . . . contained specimens of every style which existed, from the pure Norman of Henry of Anjou, down to the composite, half gothic, half classical architecture of Elizabeth and her successor." The secret passages that are so important in the mysterious machinery of this novel, and of the "Just Devil's" operations, must all now be imagined. Entrance was had to them, it has been said, through the usual movable panels, and through a framed portrait, moving like a turnstile, above one of the chimney-pieces. They also were, according to Scott, traditionally reported to have been connected with "the oldest part of the structure, . . . named . . . Fair Rosamond's Tower," solid below, and having a room at its lofty top, "accessible only by a sort of small drawbridge" from a

corresponding but a little lower tower, "containing only a winding staircase, called in Woodstock Love's Ladder; because, it is said, that by ascending this staircase to the top of the tower, and then making use of the drawbridge, Henry obtained access to the chamber of his paramour." But as precision in these important details is now difficult, one may be permitted to read Sir Walter's story without becoming perplexed among any such mazes. We can thus experience, in the interest of that story, and the picturesque tribulations of Cavaliers and Loyalists during the times it represents, how "rich the treasure" of our entertainment, and how "sweet the pleasure" to us, after their pain. As before noted, the ancient and curious house that has so entirely disappeared, and that has just been sketched, is the chief scene of the story. A brief visit, by one of the minor characters, to Cromwell, at Windsor Castle, is described; but the incident does not associate that vast pile sufficiently with this work to render an account of it necessary here. The visit, however, introduced a short scene that is one of Scott's most dramatic and effective, when, in an apartment of the Castle, in which were many pictures turned towards the walls, Cromwell, while wishing to describe another, exposed to full view, accidentally, the portrait of the sovereign he had done so much towards destroying.

The general story shows the three commissioners at Woodstock, and their trials and machinations. It shows the difficulties of love between young Parliamentarian and fair Cavalier youth and worth. It shows the plotting Royalist and the watchful Roundhead. It shows, also, at the ancient royal lodge, the vicissitudes and extreme risks of a fugitive King, in episodes that have, however, troubled perhaps several literal readers, one of whom observes that Charles II., during his wanderings after the battle of Worcester, "never once visited Woodstock." Notwithstanding any such fact, the story presents correct portraiture of the "merry monarch" and of his great opponent, "the Lord General," who appear prominent and life-like, as also does that more lovable person, alluded to near the beginning of this chapter, — Alice Lee. "Alice Lee, so sweet, so gentle, so condescending in thy loveliness; . . . no creature wert thou of an idle romancer's imagination; no being fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections; thy merits made me love thee well; and for thy faults, so well did they show amid thy good qualities, that I think they made me love thee better." And this

Alice Lee, ever attending her aged father, revealed in the romance Anne Scott in real life watching over her greater father during his greater trials. To him — to the eye and thought of love — she seemed to be, as he described, "a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so aërial."

And while we wander around the ancient site where this story was enacted, and while we recall its former glories and romance, the incidents of the novel, and the history of the very composition itself, we are pleasantly led among the venerable oaks, and over the green turf of the great Park, through scenery like that beheld by Alice Lee and those about her, to the very woodlands and lawns indeed, over which not only she, but also many a monarch, coursed; where Chaucer lived and wrote and enjoyed during his later life; where indeed no small history of ages of England's domestic character is suggested. And travellers will, of course, so far as able, examine the grand structure that now renders this vast domain famous — and that is unsurpassed by any private country-seat in Europe — in the world. Upon a lofty Doric pillar, so prominent that no visitor can fail to see it, may be read Lord Bolingbroke's terse inscription that tells the modern glory of Woodstock in these words: —

"The Castle of BLENHEIM was founded by Queen ANNE,
In the fourth year of her Reign,
In the Year of the Christian Æra
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five.
A Monument designed to perpetuate the Memory of the
Signal Victory
Obtained over the *French* and *Bavarians*,
Near the Village of BLENHEIM,
On the Banks of the *Danube*,
By JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH,
The Hero not only of his Nation, but of his Age," &c.

This former royal manor, after experiencing many vicissitudes, was granted as above expressed; "and half a million of money [sterling] was voted by the House of Commons for the completion of the" palatial "castle," "which took place in 1715, one year after the death of the Queen." As is well known, Sir John Vanbrugh, architect, here raised a massively picturesque and monumental House, that "consists of an oblong grand centre edifice, connected by colonnades to two projecting quadrangular wings, which, on the

principal front, form the three sides of a great court, enclosed by iron palisades, the whole building being in extreme length 850 feet, and covering seven acres of ground,—about as much as Kenilworth Castle. In the centre is the great Hall, 67 feet high, and beyond it, to the right and left, an imposing suite of State Apartments, nearly 350 feet in length, filled with fine paintings, constituting one of the noblest galleries in Britain. At right angles, extending 183 feet, is the Library, "said to be one of the grandest rooms in Europe," containing the Sunderland collection of books, now numbering nearly 20,000, and among the most valuable of private libraries. Many of these books are of extreme rarity. Curiously, perhaps the two finest private libraries, certainly, in Britain,—this and the Earl of Spencer's at Althorp,—were both founded and developed by members of the same family, that of Spencer. A book is needed for description of Blenheim, however; and as these sketches can only give outlines, it may but be added that around this vast and sumptuous residence are correspondingly extensive and beautiful gardens. "The princely district enclosed by walls, as a demesne-appendage to the castle, comprises about two thousand seven hundred acres. The circumference is said to be upwards of twelve miles." This tract abounds in artificial decorations and in exquisite sylvan scenery. The whole domain is, as inscribed, an "Illustrious Monument of Marlborough's Glory and of Britain's Gratitude."

XLIII.

"THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL," AND "SCOTT'S LONDON."

Fifteenth Novel of the Series; Written 1821–22; *Published May* 30, 1822; *Author's age*, 51; *Time of action*, 1620.

TRAVELLERS, after exploring the wonders of Blenheim, and the venerable, half-monastic, gothic quadrangles, the fair and quiet gardens, and the stately streets of Oxford, will naturally be attracted to the great metropolis. "Scott's London" is rather more visible than "Shakspeare's London," yet both are old-world places rapidly passing away in the busy life and change of the largest and

most powerful of all cities. The scenes of the novel now introduced are almost entirely laid in that old London of James I.'s time, that has nearly disappeared. The work itself was begun during the autumn of 1821, and grew from a series of "Private Letters," written by Scott to amuse leisure hours, and "supposed to have been discovered in the repositories of a Noble English Family." They give "a picture of manners in town and country during the early part of the reign of James I." Seventy-two pages of these had been printed, when some of his friends assured him "that, however clever his imitation of the epistolary style of the period in question, he was throwing away in these letters the materials of as good a romance as he had ever penned." The result was, that Scott discontinued the letters, and composed this novel. It was received with great favor, especially in London, where, wrote Constable the publisher, the first consignment of the new work was received from Edinburgh by the smack "Ocean," that "arrived at the wharf on Sunday. The bales [of books] were got out by *one* on Monday morning, and before half-past ten o'clock 7000 copies had been dispersed from 90 Cheapside." "So keenly were the people devouring" it, he added, "that I actually saw them reading it in the streets as they passed along." "Nigel was," wrote Lockhart, "considered as ranking in the first class of Scott's romances. Indeed, as a historical portraiture, his of James I. stands forth pre-eminent, and almost alone; nor, perhaps, in reperusing these novels deliberately as a series, does any one of them leave so complete an impression as the picture of an age. It is, in fact, the best commentary on the old English drama, — hardly a single picturesque point of manners touched by Ben Jonson and his contemporaries but has been dovetailed into this story, and all . . . easily and naturally." "The story is of a very simple structure, and may soon be told," wrote Jeffrey; and his sketch may be, permissively, borrowed or quoted.

"Lord Glenvarloch, a young Scottish nobleman, whose fortunes had been ruined by his father's profusion, and chiefly by large loans to the Crown, comes to London about the middle of James's reign, to try what part of this debt may be recovered from the justice of his now opulent sovereign. From want of patronage and experience, he is unsuccessful in his first application; and is about to withdraw in despair, when his serving-man, Richard Moniplies, falling accidentally in the way of George Heriot, the favorite jeweller and occasional banker of the King, that benevolent person . . . to

whom . . . Edinburgh is indebted for the most flourishing and best conducted of her founded schools or charities, is pleased to take an interest in his affairs, and not only represents his case in a favorable way to the Sovereign, but is the means of introducing him to another nobleman, with whose son, Lord Dalgarno, he speedily forms a rather inauspicious intimacy. By this youth he is initiated into all the gayeties of the town; of which, as well as of the manners and bearing of the men of fashion of the time, a very lively picture is drawn. Among other things, he is encouraged to try his fortune at play; but, being poor and prudent, he plays but for small sums, and, rather unhandsomely we must own, makes it a practice to come away after a moderate winning. On this account he is slighted by Lord Dalgarno and his more adventurous associates; and having learned that they talked contemptuously of him, and that Lord D. had prejudiced the King and the Prince against him, he challenges him for his perfidy in the Park, and actually draws on him, in the precincts of the royal abode. This was, in those days, a very serious offence; and, to avoid its immediate consequences, he is advised to take refuge in Whitefriars, then known by the cant name of Alsatia, and understood to possess the privileges of a sanctuary against ordinary arrests. Apropos of this retirement, we have a very striking and animated picture of the bullies and bankrupts, and swindlers and petty felons, by whom this city of refuge was chiefly inhabited, — and among whom the young Lord has the good luck to witness a murder, committed on the person of his miserly host. He then bethinks himself of repairing to Greenwich, where the court was, throwing himself upon the clemency of the King, and insisting on being confronted with his accusers; but happening unfortunately to meet with his Majesty in a retired part of the Park, to which he had pursued the stag, ahead of all his attendants, his sudden appearance so startles and alarms that pacific monarch, that he accuses him of a treasonable design on his life, and has him committed to the Tower, under that weighty accusation. In the mean time, however, a certain Margaret Ramsey, a daughter of the celebrated watchmaker of that name, who had privately fallen in love with him at the table of George Heriot, her god-father, and had, ever since, kept watch over his proceedings, and aided him in his difficulties by various stratagems and suggestions, had repaired to Greenwich in male attire, with the romantic design of interesting and undeceiving the King with regard to him. By a lucky accident,

she does obtain an opportunity of making her statement to James; who, in order to put her veracity to the test, sends her, disguised as she was, to Glenvarloch's prison in the Tower, and also looses upon him in the same place first his faithful Heriot, and afterwards a sarcastic courtier, while he himself plays the eavesdropper to their conversation, from an adjoining apartment constructed for that purpose. The result of this Dionysian experiment is, to satisfy the sagacious monarch both of the innocence of his young countryman, and the malignity of his accusers; who are speedily brought to shame by his acquittal and admittance to favor.

"There is an underplot of a more extravagant and less happy structure, about a sad and mysterious lady who inhabits an inaccessible apartment in Heriot's house, and turns out to be the deserted wife of Lord Dalgarno, and a near relation of Lord Glenvarloch. The former is compelled by the King to acknowledge her, very much against his will; though he is considerably comforted when he finds that, by this alliance, he acquires right to an ancient mortgage over the lands of the latter, which nothing but immediate payment of a large sum can prevent him from foreclosing. This is accomplished by the new-raised credit and consequential agency of Richie Moniplies, though not without a scene of pettifogging difficulties. The conclusion is something tragical and sudden. Lord Dalgarno, travelling to Scotland with the redemption-money in a portmanteau, challenges Glenvarloch to meet and fight him, one stage from town; and, while he is waiting on the Common, is himself shot dead by one of the Alsatian bullies, who had heard of the precious cargo with which he was making the journey. His antagonist comes up soon enough to revenge him; and, soon after, is married to Miss Ramsey, for whom the King finds a suitable pedigree, and at whose marriage-dinner he condescends to preside; while Richard Moniplies marries the heroic daughter of the Alsatian miser, and is knighted in a very characteristic manner by the good-natured monarch."

The localities described in this story, like those of London represented in "Peveril of the Peak" (page 376), have assumed appearances so different from those they had in the seventeenth century, that they do not readily suggest the incidents of either story. Almost every visitor to London will, however, see, and with interest, the place in which the opening, and indeed more than one, scene in the "Fortunes of Nigel" is said to have been enacted, — the vicinity

of Temple Bar. Although this well-known gateway was built nearly fifty years after the date of the represented action in the novel, there are, near it, shops that are very much older, of which a curious edifice, No. 17 Fleet Street, is an example. An inscription on the front stated, recently, that this was "formerly the Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," — probably, however, of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. In this old avenue of the city itself, Fleet Street, now resounding with "streaming London's central roar," and in a region abounding with associations memorial of great men, is shown the first scene of the novel, in which appear the apprentices walking before the shops of their respective masters, and calling to travellers "what d'ye lack? what d'ye lack? accompanied with the appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt." A serving-man to Lord Nigel Olifaunt of Glenvarloch, Richard Moniplies, who had been hurt, was brought here, and relieved by the king's goldsmith. He then went to lodgings near Paul's Wharf, where his lord was living in disguise. This place is on the north bank of the Thames, at a short distance below old Blackfriars' Bridge, and is not, at present, a very attractive retreat. The action of the story afterwards shifts to other parts of the city, and among them to "Alsatia," or Whitefriars, whither Lord Nigel fled after his quarrel with the dissolute Lord Dalgarno. That once notorious district, conspicuous in the story, can be explored during a visit to Temple Bar, and to its vicinity, — one uncommonly crowded with reminiscences of celebrated men and events. "Alsatia" is, or rather was, between Fleet Street and the river, and was formerly occupied by a Carmelite Convent of White Friars, the origin of its name. It "long possessed," says Mr. Timbs, "the privileges of sanctuary, which were confirmed by charter of James I. in 1608; hence it became [as narrated in the story] the asylum of characterless debtors, cheats, and gamblers, here protected from arrest." After it had been a resort of many generations of outcasts, William III. changed the immunities granted in 1608, and since 1697 "sanctuaries" of its class have been scarce and insecure to criminals in the metropolis. Shadwell's play, "The Squire of Alsatia," gives one of the earlier representations of the district, that now presents very little of the aspect it bore during the reigns of the Stuarts.

The vicinity of Temple Bar abounds in associations with social and personal history, to a degree rivalled by few districts, even in

London, and might suggest a long and varied chapter relating to English life and literature. While it is a remarkably appropriate locality for a shop in a romance, — like that of David Ramsey in this novel, — it is a haunt of past realities as interesting as fiction; and another example of the attractive places, not connected with Scott or his works, to which this tour almost necessarily leads. North and west of the Bar we may sometime see the projected extensive Law Courts. In front of it, during the reign of Charles II., the Pope was burned in effigy on the seventeenth of November. With the Bar itself is connected far too much history to be sketched here. At the beginning of Fleet Street on the right, the south side, is Child's Banking House, one of the oldest in London, the back files and books of which are said to be kept in a second story of the gateway. This bank occupies the site of the Devil Tavern, demolished in 1787, the sign of which was "St. Dunstan pulling the Devil's nose." There Ben Jonson met a club, and drew up his "Leges conviviales:" there Addison and Swift and Dr. Johnson visited, and there, indeed, was "the resort of literary people till the year 1750." Opposite this tavern was the Cock, "famous for stout." Old, oddly-named public houses, — like "Dick's," "The Horn," "The Rainbow," — were numerous in this street, and noted for the company that met in them. The shops of famous book-makers and dealers were even more numerous. The successor of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, printed (probably from 1501 to 1534) "in the flete strete in the sygne of the sonne." Pynson, Rastall, Jaggard, and other celebrated printers, labored in the same "strete," and Bernard Lintot there sold books. Explorers who go through Fleet Street, eastward from the Bar, may find on the north side Shire Lane, dingy and narrow, where Sir Charles Sedley the poet was born; where lived Ashmole, the antiquary (quoted page 387), and "Mr. Bickerstaff," "The Tatler;" where the Tatler met his club at "The Rainbow;" and where was the house of Christopher Katt, in which originated the Kit-Kat Club, composed of thirty-nine zealous Protestant noblemen and gentlemen, — "the patriots," said Walpole, "that saved Britain" during the political changes after the dethronement of the Stuarts. Parallel to Shire is Chancery Lane, "the greatest legal thoroughfare in London," where lived Lord William Russell, where Cowley the poet was born, and where Izaak Walton kept a shop. On the same side of Fleet Street, at a little distance beyond, is St. Dunstan's Church, a gothic edifice, "three

houses eastward" of which "the Great Fire of 1666 stopped." Opposite the lanes and the church just mentioned are the entrances to the Temple, — one beneath No. 17 (mentioned on page 414), "by a gateway built 5th James I.," to the Inner Temple; and another of brick and stone, built by Wren, to the Middle Temple. In the former is the house where Pope and Warburton first met, and "at No. 1 lived Dr. Johnson from 1760 to 1765; the door-case is inscribed 'Dr. Johnson's staircase.'" At the foot of a lane within this entrance is the magnificent doorway of the Temple Church (mentioned in "Ivanhoe," page 360). It is difficult to help thinking, more than is possible while making this sketch, about the beauty or the quaintness of this church, or of the Libraries and Halls of The Temple, and of their interesting personal associations with Knights of the Temple and of St. John, with statesmen, and with poets, dramatists, and other authors, whose numerous memories invest the place. Every one who reads can find here the haunt of a friend.

On the same side of Fleet Street, farther east, is Mitre Court, with the Mitre Tavern, a favorite resort of Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and Boswell, where the Tour to the Hebrides was planned, and where the Royal Society Club dined. This society, from 1710 to 1782, held its more scientific meetings in Crane Court, on the opposite side of Fleet Street, during many of these years, under the presidency of Sir Isaac Newton. Just beyond the latter court is Bolt Court, where at No. 8 Dr. Johnson "lived from 1776 till his death in 1784." In the same court Cobbett produced some of his political works. Farther east, and also on the north side of the street, is Fetter Lane, noted as the place of residence of the revolutionary leather-seller, "Praise-God-Barebones," and his brother, whose long compound name — a specimen of the impious slang of his party — was popularly and, it is probable, truthfully contracted to "Damned Barebones." Near the house of these worthies was, more recently, that of Mrs. Brownrigg, who brutally murdered her apprentice. Parallel to Fetter, is Shoe Lane, "a narrow and dirty avenue leading to Holborn Hill," that, at the time of Nigel, crossed a half rural district. Near it, Sir Richard Lovelace, the cavalier poet, described to have been "the most amiable and beautiful person that eyes ever beheld," died in poverty and misery during 1658. In 1749, another poet, Richard Boyce, died near here, wretchedly poor; and at the upper end, in the same sad condition, that marvel-

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lous boy of Bristol, Thomas Chatterton, died and was buried. On the south side of Fleet Street, between the two lanes, is Bouverie Street, leading to "Alsatia;" and, a little east of this, Salisbury Square, where Richardson wrote "Pamela," and received distinguished visitors. At No. 76 Fleet Street he printed his own novels.

And this district, crowded with memories of those who although dead yet live, is only a single small portion of this wonderful old London!

Scenes both of the "Fortunes of Nigel" and of "Peveril of the Peak" are laid in the Tower of London, but they do not render that famous place a very prominent object in the stories, or in the lands of Scott. Visitors to the Beauchamp Tower (a portion of the great fortress) can fancy it to have been the prison of the Peverils or of Lord Nigel. Localities in and near London associated with "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" are mentioned on page 273; and others, with "Kenilworth," on page 394.

SCOTT'S LONDON, or most of it, is west of Temple Bar. A walk in that direction, from the district already described, along the Strand, or the new Thames Embankment and Whitehall, may, in an hour or two, enable an explorer to see nearly all the metropolitan localities associated with his works, chiefly with "Peveril of the Peak" and "The Fortunes of Nigel." The places and objects (mentioned on page 376) once scenes of portions of the action of the former, could hardly be recognized now by the actors. The Savoy, visited by Julian Peveril, was a large embattled structure between the Strand and the river, west of Waterloo Bridge. At the time of the story it was ruinous; now, only its Perpendicular chapel, more than once restored, remains. Farther west, by the embankment, and formerly close to the river, is Inigo Jones's water-gate, the only vestige of York House, the residence of the Duke of Buckingham, whose character Dryden tersely and severely described, whose position was brilliant during the reign of Charles II., and whose portrait by Scott in "Peveril of the Peak" is a masterpiece. At Charing Cross is Northumberland House, mentioned in the same story, and an imposing example of the town mansions of the great noblemen during the seventeenth century. Whitehall and the Banqueting House, both now well known and stately, are entirely changed from the condition they presented to some of Scott's characters.

The same remark applies to Westminster, — except to its Abbey-church. This edifice, surpassed in interest by no other on earth, has, however, scarcely an association with Scott or with his creations, except that a few of the persons whom he has represented are supposed to have seen it as we see it. North-west of the Abbey is St. James Park, now a grand and beautiful garden, with a great avenue and imposing terraces. In the seventeenth century "it was little more than a nursery for deer," but in it appeared some of the persons highest in rank in "The Fortunes of Nigel." In it Lord Nigel drew his sword upon Lord Dalgarno, and thence fled to "Alsatia." (In Greenwich Park, it may be added, he encountered King James and the Duke of Buckingham, who bore the royal favor, and the title "Steenie" that it conferred.) In St. James Park Fenella led Julian Peveril to the presence of Charles the Second.

The places in London rendered interesting by personal associations with Scott are in the north-western quarter of the city. On this side of St. James Park stood Carlton House, where he dined, more than once, "merrily" with the Prince Regent. In the same direction, and adjoining this park, is the Green Park, broad and grassy, bounded on the north by Piccadilly, on the corner of which and the west side of Whitehorse Street, was a "bay-fronted house," commanding "a fine open prospect" over the latter. This was the home of M. Charles Dumergue, a superior man, "surgeon dentist to the royal family," and an intimate friend of Lady Scott's family. This continued to be Sir Walter's established headquarters during his visits in London from 1803 (when he was in town, accompanied by his wife) until one of his own children, — his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lockhart — was established in the city, at No. 24 Sussex Place, on the south-west side of Regent's Park, — an area of four hundred acres newly laid out in his time, and then, as now, a charming place. On the 17th October, 1826, an entry in his journal is recorded at "25 Pall-Mall." During his last visit to London, after his return for the last time from the Continent, he was established at the St. James Hotel, Jermyn Street, yet standing, the writer thinks, No. 76. Sir Walter reached it "about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th June," 1832. He had arrived so unexpectedly that it was apprehended that his daughter might not be prepared to receive his party at her house, and consequently apartments were taken at this. Here, in a second story back room,

he lay insensible most of the time until the "calm, clear afternoon of the 7th of July," when he was removed to the steamer that conveyed him towards the home he longed once more to see. And thus from the great metropolis he departed, while, "surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave."

Scott's visits to London began early in his life. The first was in his fourth year, while on the way from Scotland to Bath in search of health. He then "made a short stay, and saw some of the common shows exhibited to strangers," he wrote in his autobiography. "When, twenty-five years afterwards," he again wrote, "I visited the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, I was astonished to find how accurate my recollections of these celebrated places of visitation proved to be, and I have ever since trusted more implicitly to my juvenile reminiscences." The latter visit was in March, 1799, when he was accompanied by Mrs. Scott, and was introduced into "some literary and fashionable society, with which he was much amused." "His great anxiety was," however, "to examine the antiquities of the Tower and Westminster Abbey, and to make some researches among the MSS. of the British Museum." In 1803, as already mentioned, he was in town, and again in 1806, when "he was tasting for the first time the full cup of fashionable blandishment as a London Lion." In 1809 (Mr. Lockhart continued to narrate) "the homage paid him would have turned the head of any less gifted man of eminence. It neither altered his opinions, nor produced the affectation of despising it; on the contrary, he received it, cultivated it, and repaid it in its own coin." In March, 1815, he again visited London with Mrs. Scott. "Six years had elapsed since his last appearance there, and brilliant as his reception had then been, it was still more so on the present occasion." He was the poet of the ages of Chivalry and Romance, and the then supposed "author of Waverley." During the spring of 1820 he was once more at M. Dumergue's house. His portrait was then painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and sculptured by Francis Chantrey. In April of the same year his Baronetcy was gazetted, "and was conferred on him, not in consequence of any Ministerial suggestion, but by the king [George IV.] personally, and of his own unsolicited motion; and when the poet kissed his hand, he said to him, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been

the first creation of my reign." In January, 1821, Scott visited London, chiefly for business; and during the next July, for attendance at the coronation of George IV., one of the most magnificent pageants ever witnessed in Britain. Scott gave a brilliant description of it. In the autumn of 1826 and in the spring of 1828 he spent considerable time in and around the city, engaged with business, sight-seeing, and society. The last visit when he could attempt any of his usual activity was in the autumn of 1831. His diary bears the statement: "We arrived in London after a long journey; the weakness of my limbs palpably increasing." Yet during this journey, wrote Mr. Lockhart, "notwithstanding all his infirmities, he could not pass any object to which he had ever attached special interest, without getting out of the carriage to revisit it." Comparison between the humble life, or the abject misery, of literary men who lived near Fleet Street, and Scott's reception in the highest places, and brilliant and honored position in all descriptions of the best and most distinguished society, and his final departure from the metropolis attended by every service of affection, shows that merit may not be without earthly reward, and genial and noble character and fascinating genius and its works may, in life, receive the respect and admiration that true regard would confer, and attain some experience of the perennial existence of posthumous love and fame.

XLIV.

"QUENTIN DURWARD."

Seventeenth Novel of the Series; Written 1822–23; *Published June* 20, 1823; *Author's age*, 52; *Time of action*, 1470.

IT is said that "the sensation which this novel, on its first appearance, created in Paris, was extremely similar to that which attended the original 'Waverley' in Edinburgh, and 'Ivanhoe' afterwards in London. For the first time Scott had ventured on foreign ground; and the French public, long wearied of the pompous tragedians and feeble romancers, who had alone striven to bring out the ancient history and manners of their country in popular forms, were seized with a fever of delight when Louis XI. and Charles the Bold started into life again at the beck of the Northern Magician. . . . The infection of admiration ran far and wide on the continent."

"The scene of this romance (wrote Scott in 1831) is laid in the fifteenth century, when the feudal system, which had been the sinews and nerves of national defence, and the spirit of chivalry, by which, as by a vivifying soul, that system was animated, began to be innovated upon and abandoned by those grosser characters who centred their sum of happiness in procuring the personal objects on which they had fixed their own exclusive attachment. . . . Among those who were the first to ridicule and abandon the self-denying principles in which the young knight was instructed, and to which he was so carefully trained up, Louis the XIth of France was the chief. That sovereign was of a character so purely selfish, so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment, that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honor in its very source." Possessing caustic wit, and great power to ridicule; cruel, perjured, insensible to moral obligations, totally unscrupulous and cunning, he was, as Scott thought, a Mephistopheles of state. His active life, the changes of thought and of institutions going on during his reign, and the history, both public and private, of his times, rendered them an effective period for the action of a romance.

"England's civil wars [of the two roses] were ended rather in appearance than reality, by the short-lived ascendency of the House of York. Switzerland was asserting that freedom which was afterwards so bravely defended. In the Empire, and in France, the great vassals of the crown were endeavoring to emancipate themselves from its control; while Charles of Burgundy by main force, and Louis more artfully by indirect means, labored to subject them to subservience to their respective sovereignties. Louis, while with one hand he circumvented and subdued his own rebellious vassals, labored secretly with the other to aid and encourage the large trading towns of Flanders to rebel against the Duke of Burgundy, to which their wealth and irritability naturally disposed them. In the more woodland districts of Flanders, the Duke of Gueldres and William de la Marck — called from his ferocity the Wild Boar of Ardennes — were throwing off the habits of knights and gentlemen, to practise the violences and brutalities of common bandits.

"A hundred secret combinations existed in the different provinces of France and Flanders; numerous private emissaries of the restless Louis — Bohemians, pilgrims, beggars, or agents disguised as such — were everywhere spreading the discontent which it was his policy to maintain in the dominions of Burgundy." In this turbulent period, amid its changes of feudal institutions, the action of this story is laid. "The mainspring of the plot is . . . the right of a feudal superior . . . to interfere in the marriage of a female vassal," a right that Louis — whatever other observance he had of feudal customs — did not hesitate to use, in a supposed case, in order to form an "alliance which might prove inconvenient, if not dangerous, to his formidable kinsman and vassal," the Duke of Burgundy, by betraying a fugitive subject of the latter, who had sought his own protection.

"O beau pays de la Touraine!
Riants jardins, verte fontaine,
Ruisseau qui murmures à peine,
Que sur tes bords j'aime à rêver!
Belles forêts, sombre feuillage,
Cachez-moi bien sous votre ombrage."

Thus Meyerbeer and Eugène Scribe make Marguerite de Valois sing in that magnificent opera, "Les Huguenots;" and thus may sing the traveller through that fair province, not alone of France,

but also in the lands of Scott. This tour through the latter is supposed to have led from Britain, with its charmed haunts, to Paris, once the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful, and thence southward to the pleasant land of Touraine. The original introduction to "Quentin Durward" has a delightful sketch of a fine old-country residence in or near the province, — an air-castle called the Château de Hautlieu, represented to have stood upon terraces above the river Loire. But, imaginary though it is, it suggests several noble castles that yet adorn that valley, and that are yet among the choicest domestic relics and historical monuments of France; their very names forming a spell that brings around us visions of some of its most splendid times, — Blois, Chambord, Amboise, so pleasing, so suggestive, and so stately.

The story opens "upon a delicious summer morning," "near to the royal Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded, and which in turn was encompassed by the rich plain" that "has been termed the Garden of France." As this castle was a celebrated place in its time, and continued important in history, and as it is a chief scene of much of the earlier portion of this story, one may be allowed to quote red-covered "Murray," ubiquitous and useful, for direction to it and for some description ("France," in several editions).

"*Plessis les Tours*," says that sometimes abused but generally faithful friend to the traveller, "the castellated den of the tyrant and bigot Louis XI., with which all the world is acquainted through the admirable descriptions in 'Quentin Durward,' is situated in the commune of La Riche, adjoining a humble hamlet of scattered cottages, on a perfectly flat plain, about a mile distant from the Halle au Blè on the west of Tours, passing the Barrière des Oiseaux, and beyond the Hospice Générale. Visitors to Plessis must not expect any thing in the shape of a feudal castle, for it was built at a time when fortresses were giving place to fortified mansions. When complete, it must have been somewhat like the older parts of Hampton Court and Saint James Palaces, which were built not many years after Plessis, with this difference, that the avarice of Louis, and his apprehension of danger, caused it to be raised in so plain a style, and with so many defensive precautions, walls, drawbridges, battlements, and wet and dry ditches, that its outer appearance must have been more that of a prison

than of a palace." The small fragment now remaining looks like a mean, ordinary dwelling, and formed part of the inner construction, but was surrounded by three ramparts and fosses. It is of plain red brick, with quoins of stone and sash windows, surmounted by a high pitched roof; almost all traces of the scanty ornaments have been destroyed. "Originally a cloister ran along the front. All traces are gone of the pit-falls, fosses, &c., which originally surrounded the castle; but on the left, as you approach the house, are seen the foundations of walls of masonry; and a door, below ground, leads into a range of vaulted chambers barely lighted by small windows, which may once have served for prisons as they now do for cellars." "The whole has been recently restored in good taste by . . . M. Petit, an advocate of Tours." "Louis ended his miserable life here, 1483." "Plessis was converted into a Dépôt de Mendicité about 1778; and was sold and pulled down at the Revolution. Plessis lies on the tongue of land between the Loire and Cher, about one mile from the Cher, and nine miles above their junction." "Between Plessis and the Hospice is an old house called La Rabaterie, having a square turret at the back, which passes for the residence of Oliver le Dain, the barber and minister of Louis," and a well-known character in this novel. The house is quite irregular, steep-roofed, and picturesque. Tours is a neat and handsome city of moderate size. It contains the usual modern French component parts,—good shops and comfortable hotels,—and, besides these, a noble bridge over the wide Loire, several old towers, the remains of a castle dating from Roman times, and many churches. Among these is the fine cathedral dedicated to St. Gatien, an interesting Gothic edifice, recently "restored" internally, and having two curious western towers over two hundred and sixty feet high, and some excellent colored glass, and monumental sculpture. The richly glazed triforium, clerestory, and apse, present those lofty, airy, traceried walls of crystal in which French mediæval architects delighted. Externally, the edifice is less obstructed than is apt to be the case in the northern parts of the continent. Its color is dark iron-gray, its Pointed style is varied by picturesque Renaissance additions, particularly noticeable upon the towers, that rise imposingly and are to be seen from far over the wide plain of Touraine.

There is, or recently was, also, at No. 18 Rue des Trois Pucelles, the house of another character in this story,—or perhaps

what passes for the house of one, — "that of Tristan l'Hermite, the ill-omened executioner of Louis XI. It is a brick mansion, apparently of the fifteenth century; its front terminates in a gable" flanked by a stair-turret seventy feet high. Whoever lived in it, it is worth seeing as an example of domestic town-architecture of that period.

At the beginning of the action of the story introduced, Quentin Durward appeared on the summer morning already mentioned, — a young Scotchman, brave, hardy, well-descended, wandering in search of occupation as a bowman or man-at-arms. He encountered two persons by whom he was led to Plessis.

Scott described the grim palace as it was in its sternest and most complete condition. Three strong walls and three deep fosses encompassed an "enclosure," within which "arose the castle itself, containing buildings of different periods, crowded around, and united with the ancient and grim-looking donjon-keep, which was older than any of them, and which rose, like a black Ethiopian giant, high into the air; while the absence of any windows larger than shot-holes, irregularly disposed for defence, gave the spectator the same unpleasant feeling which we experience on looking at a blind man. The other buildings seemed scarcely better adapted for the purposes of comfort, for the windows opened to an inner and enclosed court-yard." It was built of dark-colored materials and soot-tinted cement, in order to increase this gloomy effect. The entrance-way, through the various circumvallating defences, was intricate, and easily rendered of the most difficult passage. In addition, the whole environs of the castle were thickly studded "with every species of hidden pitfall, snare, and gin to entrap" any unguarded comer. If few examples of such strongholds remain in France, there are yet to be found houses of contemporaneous existence that were seats of the higher classes, and that yet give one adequate idea of their style of life. The well-known and very interesting Hôtel de Cluny at Paris is a perfect treasury of mediæval domestic relics: its quaint apartments seem to receive one back into the fifteenth century, and self-denial is required to prevent more thought of them than can be contained in this brief allusion. At Bourges (one hundred and forty-six miles south of Paris) is the Hôtel de la Chausée, or de la Ville, formerly the house of Jacques Cœur, minister of finance to Charles VII. the predecessor of Louis XI. This man, the great merchant prince and

Rothschild of his time, built this house at about the time Plessis was shaped; and it remains one of the most curious in France, and will give the traveller a very fair conception of a grand residence at the period of this story. The eastern front of the Castle of Blois dates back nearly to the same time. The Castle of Amboise, although of almost indefinite antiquity and produced by many architectural changes, may yet illustrate the best parts of Plessis. At it Louis XI. resided; and on Aug. 1, 1469, instituted the order of the knights of St. Michael. Its apartments were "restored" about twenty-five years ago, but have in that time experienced vicissitudes.

It is probable, however, that we must seek for the most complete extant example of edifices indicative of domestic and personal characteristics of Louis XI. at another "palace" or seat of his, also described in the novel, though it is not so prominent a scene,—at Loches, about twenty miles south-east of Tours. Loches is "one of the most picturesque towns of Touraine," crowded around the base of a lofty rock bearing the imposing remains of a historic castle, once a royal palace, but during the reign of Louis XI. a prison "more dreaded than Plessis itself . . . described," says Scott, "as a place destined to the workings of those secret acts of cruelty with which even Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his own residence. There were in this place of terror dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves,—living graves, to which men were consigned, with little hope of farther employment during the rest of their life than to breathe impure air, and to feed on bread and water. At this formidable castle were also those dreadful places of confinement called cages, in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright nor stretch himself at length; an invention, it is said, of the Cardinal Balue" (who himself tenanted one of these dens for more than eleven years). The walls of the castle are even and perfect masonry, apparently of Norman workmanship. It has a keep, now empty, with walls eight feet thick and one hundred and twenty feet high, resembling the keeps of London and Rochester. "Beside it rises a picturesque group of less ancient towers, in one of which, circular in form, are the terrible *Cachots* of Louis XI., extending downwards in four stories below one another." Two of them contained iron cages, that existed in them until 1789. The author of "Feudal Castles of France" gives an interesting sketch

of the history of this formidable stronghold, and considerable detail of its present aspect. He describes his approach to it and its characteristics in a pleasant and graphic manner. "As we emerged," he says, "from the vast old forest, which, in the sombre grandeur of its noble timber, and the width of its grass-grown roads, reminded us much of that of Fontainebleau, we came upon a steep declivity, bringing us down to the Valley of the Indre, on the opposite side of which, clothed in all the majesty of its singular beauty, burst upon our sight the rocky eminence of Loches, — almost a Subiaco of the North. If we were to select among the châteaux of Touraine that which combined the highest pictorial perfection with the highest historical interest, we must point out that of Loches, as presenting to the artist, as well as the archæologist, all that is most captivating to the eye and to the intelligence. The approach to the old town — of which this celebrated ancient castle is the nucleus and the glory — is absolutely enchanting; we can remember nothing that will bear comparison with it in any part of France. . . . On the summit of a steep and lofty rock towers this commanding relic of an age whose history is darkly intimated by the stern, uncompromising outline, whether of its rugged pedestal, or of its towers, its dungeons, its earthworks, and its outposts. . . . Scott's record of Loches is a living description, and eloquently conveys the feeling, almost of awe, with which one surveys it."

Again recalling his story, we recall the incident that Quentin Durward was led, by the two persons whom he met, to Plessis, and that he breakfasted at the Fleur de lys inn with the elder, under whose auspices, he there also obtained quarters. But better fortune than this permitted him, when he went to his room, to hear from a neighboring turret a pretty maid singing, to the notes of a lute that she played, a charming love-song; and he had a delightful glimpse of her while she sang. He soon found that she was very mysterious and inaccessible; and yet that she must become the heroine of an important portion of his career. He was led towards this by the result of an interview with an uncle, Ludovic Lesly, an old archer in the royal Scotch Guard, in which Quentin took service and was stationed at the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours. There he found that one of his guides on the summer morning was the King, into whose further acquaintance and even confidence he before long was admitted, on account of his character and an act by which he saved the royal life at a boar hunt. His fortunes were again ad-

vanced by Louis, who, after a defiance brought by the ambassador of the Duke of Burgundy, sent him on a difficult and dangerous expedition to Liège in Flanders. He was intrusted with the escort thither of two ladies, under royal protection, one of whom was a ward of Louis' hostile and powerful vassal, the Duke. The value and nature of this protection, and the King's real object in the mission, were proved within a short time; and so also were Quentin's pluck and worth. His reward appeared in the fact that he was appointed to attend upon the fascinating singer whom he heard when he first arrived at Plessis. Her name was there said to be Jacqueline; but really she was Isabelle, disguised Countess of Croye. Many obstructions were opposed during the journey of the party; but these, and the various adventures of travelling in that turbulent age, were successfully encountered, and, on the tenth or twelfth day, quarters were found at the Franciscan convent at Namur. There Quentin learned from the prior the condition of Liège. He detected, also, a plot, in which his guide was engaged, for consummating one of the King's objects in the mission, — the betrayal of the ladies in his charge to the high-born but ferocious marauder, William de la Marck, surnamed expressively, from his character, "the Wild Boar of Ardennes." Quentin thwarted this purpose by changing the route to Liège, where he at length arrived safely with his party, and where he hoped to place the ladies awhile under protection of the Prince Bishop.

Liège, during centuries an important place, is now a well-known city on the great thoroughfare between central Belgium and the Rhine, and is busy with manufactures and picturesque in situation. Although devastations have often swept over it, it contains not a few relics of antiquity. The party in the story are said to have found the bishop established at his "beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liège." Travellers need spend no time in search for this residence, and indeed for other Belgian scenes of this story; they have disappeared; or if they have not disappeared, the reason is that they had not a real existence to leave. Scott never visited these localities of his story; so that, in various degree, they were imagined by him. And yet, as a writer remarks, "from the vividness of his description of the town, and the perfect consistency of all his topographical details, few readers would doubt that he was personally acquainted with it." His treatment of its history is generally correct, but some occurrences are

adapted to the effect of his composition. At the time of the story, the citizens of Liège, always enterprising and unquiet, numbered one hundred and twenty thousand. They had become elated by wealth and power, and insubordinate to the bishop and to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to whom they owed allegiance. In 1467, only three years before Quentin's supposed visit, the Duke severely punished this insubordination, that, notwithstanding, again during the next year broke into an open revolt, instigated, it is said, by Louis XI. They then seized the bishop, and brought him prisoner, from his castle at Tongres, to their own city. They were led by a man called Le Sauvage, under whom they committed many atrocities. In 1482, after the death of the Duke, Marck murdered the bishop. This revolt and murder are combined in the action of the story. The Duke actually subdued this fierce rebel and the Liègeois, and destroyed the city, except the ecclesiastical buildings.

At "Schonwaldt," Quentin was separated from the Countess Isabelle, and soon had an opportunity to become acquainted with Liège as it was both before and during the continuance of this revolt. He beheld and admired "the lofty houses; the stately, though narrow and gloomy streets; the splendid display of the richest goods and most gorgeous armor in the warehouses and shops around; the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle, — the hugh wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import . . . the canals" of communication, "traversing the city in various directions," and the ancient and then numerous churches. This mediæval Liège has nearly disappeared; and yet the city contains curious old edifices, that, although generally not as old as Quentin's time, yet perhaps sufficiently illustrate it. The Cathedral of St. Lambert — a building of the eighth century, in which Quentin is represented to have heard mass — was utterly destroyed during the excesses of the French revolutionary invasion. It stood opposite the Palais de Justice, or former Episcopal palace. The latter, somehow apt to be associated with this story, was built by Prince Bishop Erard de la Marck in 1533, and remains a very interesting structure. The most noticeable portion is the court surrounded by a large, quaint, cloister-like colonnade, having a pier at each of the four corners, and, between these, sixteen pillars on two sides, and twelve on the other two, besides engaged pillars at the piers. Each of

these pillars (numbering more than sixty) is curiously fashioned and covered with elaborate tracery and foliage, each differing from the others. All are executed in dark stone. They support a low-arched, brick vaulting, ribbed with stone; and a high second story, varying in design on the four sides; and above this a high, ugly, slated roof. The area is not scrupulously clean. The architecture suggests that pleasing, half-Moresque cloister that, until recently, existed in the old Bourse at Antwerp. There is a second court not in so good order. Perhaps, however, the edifice best worth seeing at Liège is the Church of St. Jacques. It cannot be associated with this story, having been built between 1513 and 1528; but it is a very rare and interesting example of the richest Pointed architecture, and contains some of the most perfect existing painted glass. The exterior is, as usual in many continental towns, obstructed by inferior buildings; but the interior is open and in tolerable order. It is built of pale stone, resembling that of Caen in texture and color. The roof is intricately ribbed and nearly covered with Arabesque polychromatic decoration. The apse is superb, with a range of low-arched chapels, an elaborately traceried triforium (that extends through the church), and a very lofty clerestory, with sumptuously carved corbels, canopies, and statuary. There are several very ancient churches — much older than the time of the story — that will repay examination. From the tower of St. Martin's, situated in the upper part of the city, — a worn, venerable gray tower, — may be had perhaps the best view of Liège and its environs, with the great quadrangle of the bishop's palace, the varied town around it, the rivers that meet there, and the great, green, yet thickly inhabited hills that enclose all.

While Quentin examined the old city, he had an opportunity to witness an uproar in it, characteristic of the times, and in which he innocently became an important actor. Escaping this, however, he soon was involved in a more desperate affair, — a night assault and capture of the bishop's castle by the insurgent citizens. Constantly watchful of the ladies of Croye, he sought to serve them during this trouble, and succeeded in rescuing one of them; but it must be confessed greatly to his agitation, when he found that he had saved the aunt of the Countess Isabelle, and not that lovely being herself, who was somehow then betrayed into the power of William de la Marck. This misfortune at once caused Quentin to explore the bishop's palace where the fierce rebel held a wild revel,

rendered tragic by the murder of the bishop, — an event startlingly described by Scott. Quentin bravely contrived to escape thence with the lady Isabelle, and to elude the black troopers of Marck who pursued them.

The place of action then changed from Liège to Peronne, at that time a great castle held for the Duke of Burgundy. Once a very strongly fortified place, and of considerable importance, it is now rather an out-of-the-way and infrequently visited town about thirty miles east of Amiens. It is "situated upon a deep river, in a flat country, and [was] surrounded by strong bulwarks and profound moats" at the time of the story. It has been thought "one of the strongest fortresses in France." "Indeed," adds a note to the novel, "though lying on an exposed and warlike frontier, it was never taken by an enemy, but preserved the proud name of Peronne la Pucelle, until the Duke of Wellington, a great destroyer of that sort of reputation, took the place in the memorable advance upon Paris in 1815." "Though still fortified by a brick rampart and a ditch, it is no longer of any importance as a fortress, from its being commanded by . . . neighboring heights." It "is much dilapidated," says Murray, ever present and ready. "A large part is probably not older than the sixteenth century. Yet there remain many dismal dungeons on the ground-floor. The chamber occupied by Louis is still pointed out in the Tour Herbert; and, beside it, the miserable cell, on a level with the moat, where Charles the Simple ended his days, a wretched captive." The town is not of unusual interest. There the splendid Duke received King Louis and a small retinue, and entertained them at a great supper, during which the Duke charged his royal guest with having instigated the murder of the Bishop of Liège. An exciting uproar ensued, — and a scene that is historical, described by Philip de Comines, — during which Louis narrowly escaped a fatal bar to his career, fortunate, indeed, in finding the scene end in nothing worse than his confinement by the Duke, who was violently incensed at news he then received from Liège, especially the account of the murder of his friend and ally the bishop. Several important incidents ensued. Examination was had into the subject of the king's complicity with the revolt of the Liègeois and its consequences, and a variety of diplomacy was exhibited. The Countess Isabelle, in the course of her fortunes, established there, refused an exalted alliance offered to her. Finally, the King and the Duke became in a degree recon-

ciled; and Louis escaped from captivity by submission to terms that his powerful vassal exacted from him, — terms specifying that he would in person accompany the Duke and employ the royal troops in subduing the rebellion that he had instigated. The King, performing these "bitter and degrading conditions" (to which he was further obliged to swear, upon a crucifix said to have belonged to Charlemagne), left Peronne with the Duke and their respective troops and attacked Liège. Desperate fighting ensued, account of which is fully and graphically given on the pages of the novel, — an account that will entertain an evening or two at a hotel there, and that need not be sketched here, since this military move brought again the action of the story to the place that was the last scene of it. Very properly, however, mention may here be added, that the Scotch archer conducted himself with all his characteristic pluck and endurance, and that his uncle did due vengeance upon the ferocious William de la Marck. But only the words of Scott himself should tell the fortunes of the Countess Isabelle, and how "sense, firmness, and gallantry" were put in possession of "wealth, rank, and beauty;" and this sketch may end with the lines that complete his elaborately and magnificently finished composition: —

> "Some better bard shall sing, in feudal state,
> How Braquemont's Castle op'd its Gothic gate,
> When, on the wand'ring Scot, its lovely heir
> Bestow'd her beauty and an earldom fair."

Travellers who have passed from France into Belgium may be supposed to journey through that pleasant land, and to see its abundant relics of the richest people of the Middle Ages, and some of the most sumptuous architecture of that period. Then they may traverse the famous and beautiful valley of the Rhine, with its profuse attractions of scenery and art, of history and romance, of brilliant and gay watering places, ancient cities, and modern comfort united to old-world wonders, until Switzerland — that fascinating country — is reached; and, in it, the scene of the opening of another of the Great Magician's mediæval romances, — the action of which is represented to have occurred only half a dozen years after the adventures of Quentin Durward, and that introduces several of the historical persons portrayed in the story bearing his name. This opening scene is near the picturesque and delightful city of Lucerne, charmingly situated on the Lake of the Four Cantons.

XLV.

"ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN."

Twenty-seventh Novel of the Series; Written 1828–29; *Published May,* 1829; *Author's age,* 58; *Time of action,* 1474–77.

WHILE the history and the sublime and beautiful scenery of *Switzerland* seem to have inspired few native writers, or indeed any whose works possess the world-wide celebrity of their country, and whose names have become as familiar as have those of the authors of some other countries, any such deficiency seems curiously supplied by associations that many of the most prominent writers of other lands have created in it with themselves and with their works. Indeed, during the last hundred years, few great European authors have omitted mention of Switzerland, and several have invested some of its noblest scenes with the charms of their genius, that are suggested almost everywhere throughout its extent. Near Geneva, at Ferney, in full view of the Alps and of the lake, Voltaire lived and wrote for nearly twenty years (1759–1777). Farther east, along the same lake, at Lausanne, lived and wrote Gibbon. There, he has informed us, "in a summer-house in my garden," on "the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve . . . I wrote the last line of the last page" of the "History of Rome, in her Decline and Fall." Yet farther east is Clarens, celebrated by Rousseau in his "Nouvelle Héloïse," and by that greater genius whose immortal verse lives like sweet music through many a glorious Swiss scene, — by Byron, whose more exquisite sentiment apostrophizes, —

> "Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!
> Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought:"
>
> "'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
> Peopling it with affections; but he found
> It was the scene which passion must allot
> To the mind's purified beings."

Not far beyond it is Chillon, where lingered Bonnivard, as told by Byron, where came the tragic end of Héloïse. On the other hand from Geneva, who, when near Chamouni, does not recall those familiar words of Coleridge? —

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!"

And how better has an American poet, in verse, associated with those noble lines and that sublime spot the idea expressed in prose at the opening of this chapter. Says Holmes (in "Urania"),—

"Unblest by any save the goat-herd's lines,
Mont Blanc rose soaring through 'his sea of pines';
In vain the Arve and Arveiron dash,
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
And lo, the glaciers found at length a tongue,
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!"

Again, beneath the mighty mountain walls of the Lake of the Four Cantons, where Tell and his brave Swiss lived and fought, how suggestively are read noble words in bright letters upon a crag rising from the deep waters:—

"Dem Sänger Tell's, Friedrich Schiller. Die Ur-Cantone, 1859."
"(To Frederick Schiller, the bard of Tell. The Swiss Cantons: 1859.)"

And how one longs to hear Rossini's stirring music resound through that adequately grand scene! And among the high Alps of the Oberland of Berne, how are its heights and the peerless crest of the Jungfrau haunted by that strange, awful spirit,—Byron as "Manfred"! But one need not add illustration of the eloquence of European or of American genius with which this land of the Swiss is all vocal. And one must repress the many thoughts that come of the exciting records of adventurous mountain-climbers and Alpine-Club men. Theirs is a new and lesser, but far from ignoble, literature, full of manliness if not of sentiment.

Among all the writers who have associated their doing and thinking with this wonderful land, so comprehensive a genius and author as Sir Walter Scott is not wanting, but introduces us among its central glories to one of his later works,—indeed, almost the last work of his imagination, that, if not of highest strain, is yet far above any similar rivals in that region.

He began this work during the autumn of 1828, when, as he said, he had become "a writing automaton," while he was making his gigantic efforts—time and he—against misfortune. He finished it "before breakfast on the 29th of April," 1829, and "immediately

after breakfast he began his Compendium of Scottish History for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia." Scott himself says, "it was chiefly the work of leisure hours in Edinburgh," where he had not at hand "the stores of a library tolerably rich in historical works, and especially the memoirs of the Middle Ages, amidst which" he "had been accustomed to pursue the composition of" his "fictitious narratives." He consequently relied much upon his wonderfully retentive and well-stored memory, and produced another vivid illustration of the men and of the life and scenes of the turbulent fifteenth century. The tale is one showing the cheerless fate of exiles from home and country, even when that country was civilly distracted England; showing the heroic age of the Swiss and their remarkable resistance to one of the most powerful men of that time in Europe; showing what travelling was when mediæval robber-barons flourished; and showing also the reach and the power of the awful *Vehme* of Westphalia, so dreadful a name "in men's ears during many centuries."

As already planned, travellers are supposed to have reached Central Switzerland, where the action of this story began, "in the autumn of 1474," by presenting two travellers, who passed a night at Lucerne. They were on their way from Venice towards Bâle, and appeared to be merchants, who had procured a supply of commodities at the great emporium of commerce on the Adriatic; but their bearing was hardly that of ordinary traders. They were strangely hurried, and did not care to show their wares to the Swiss; and they spoke a language supposed by the people of Lucerne, who met them, to be English, — a tongue with which they have become more acquainted in these days of cockney tourists. One of the two travellers was "considerably past the prime of life, the other two or three and twenty years old." They departed next morning from Lucerne. "For several hours after," their "journey . . . was successfully prosecuted." Their road, though steep and difficult, was rendered interesting by the grand and varied scenery of the country, but it was not an age when the landscape was regarded for much other than strategic reasons. "Their road lay along the side of the lake, at times level and close on its very margin, at times rising to a great height on the side of the mountain, and winding along the verge of precipices which sunk down to the water as sharp and sheer as the wall of a castle descending upon the ditch which defends it. At other times it traversed spots of a

milder character, — delightful green slopes, and lowly retired valleys, affording both pasturage and arable ground, sometimes watered by small streams, which winded by the hamlet of wooden huts, with their fantastic little church and steeple, meandered round the orchard and the mount of vines, and, murmuring gently as they flowed, found a quiet passage into the lake." A storm was, however, gathering around the gloomy height of "Mount Pilatre, . . . which, in that quarter, seems the leviathan of the huge congregation of mountains assembled about Lucerne." Their guide "crossed himself devoutly, as he recounted the popular legend, that the wicked Pontius Pilate, Proconsul of Judea, had here found the termination of his impious life; having, after spending years in the recesses of that mountain which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. . . . His vexed spirit continued to haunt the place where he committed suicide," and was often seen hovering about it, and causing storms to burst forth, especially when disturbed by the approach of strangers towards the mountain top. The storm that was then gathering rapidly over the travellers seemed to be one of these. Their guide, though urging speed, seemed confused, while they labored on for three or four miles, until they were beside other waters than those of the Lake of Lucerne, and their narrow path was abruptly terminated by a precipice. The scene around them was very wild; amid its perplexities, the only shelter apparent was a ruinous tower, seemingly uninhabited, and situated beyond the abyss yawning before them. This tower was Geierstein, "the Rock of the Vultures." But there was desperate danger in reaching it, proved by the attempt. To the troubled travellers, however, appeared a really guardian angel. "Upon the very summit of a pyramidical rock, that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist that only the outline could be traced." At first she seemed a supernatural being; but she soon became evident as a "maiden of those mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths." From the perils of that just described she in a short time adventurously rescued the two travellers.

The temptation to quote all of Scott's minute description of this admirable young lady is strong, especially as she became the heroine of this story, and as she displayed a costume and a person now rare in that part of the world. She "was something above the common size, and . . . the whole contour of her form, without being in the

slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step, — above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look," — rendered her not an unworthy impersonation "of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity." Her dress was that which we now, unfortunately, only see upon stage Swiss. "An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an incumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different color, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible." The foot was defended by an open-worked sandal. The vest was secured by a sash around the waist, and the tunic was somewhat open about the neck. "The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face, whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it." An exquisite little cap, decorated with a heron's feather, and a slight gold chain, gave completeness to her costume, and a crown to her fascinating person.

She guided the younger traveller by a path averted from a torrent, above which he had met her, and led him to the old castle, "within sight of one of the most splendid and awful scenes of that mountainous region. The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position," perched above a chasm through which roared a stream, and reached by the narrowest of arches thrown over this chasm. The edifice, surrounded by appropriate outworks, was ruinous and dismantled. Near it, however, was a log-house, in which the two travellers found shelter, with the fair guide and her friends who lived there. While one will find difficulty in identifying the precise places described thus by Scott, one will find that in his landscapes the general characteristics of the

country around the bases of the Pilatus can readily be perceived; and one can but admire the graphic and natural manner in which he has pictured them, without having ever seen them.

The two travellers in the story, instead of taking the more open and direct route towards Bâle, by Sursee or the Entlibuch road, north of the Pilatus, appear to have passed around its southern boundaries, and to have had the lake beside them as described. They apparently journeyed along the northern shore of the secluded and beautiful Lake or Bay of Alpnach, a western branch of the great Lake of the Four Cantons. Over this shore the Pilatus rises very boldly, as they beheld it. Afterwards, they found themselves beside another expanse of water, and, subsequently, when they seemed to be losing their way, in a narrow glen, in the Canton of Unterwalden. They intended to travel by circuitous and unfrequented routes, through the more peaceful or less exposed districts, and this purpose, together with the confusing effects of the storm that overtook them, explained, apparently, their divergence from the direct route to Bâle. This essay upon the "local habitations" of the great Magician's creations cannot (the remark may be repeated) identify with accuracy the place of shelter to which they were guided by the maid of the mist. The romantic Alpine valley Melchthal, opening from Saarnen, may be suggested. In the Rathhaus of that town are said to be portraits of the landammen of the canton from 1381 to 1824, one of whom the guardian of the maid is described to have been; the writer is not, however, aware that his portrait appears in that extended collection. At the entrance of Melchthal is the ancient tower of Saint Nicholas's Church, the first Christian house of worship in the country. Over Saarnen rises the Landenberg, on which once was the castle of a Hapsburg bailiff, whose cruelties led to its destruction in 1308,—one of the earliest episodes in the struggle of the Swiss for independence. In the valley lived Arnold of Melchthal, one of the three brave men who, at Grütli, inaugurated the freedom of their country. These incidents, that probably would have been at once observed by Scott, may, with the scenery associated with them, have suggested his composition of his really imaginary Swiss scenes. This sketch may need only the statement that the two travellers in the story reached welcome shelter. There, in brief time, the admiration and wonder of the younger for their guide attained an active development. Adventures succeeded, that showed contemporary life in the country;

the family around the maid of Geierstein; and, not least important, an ominous young man named Rudolph Donnerhugel, who interrupted the more susceptible traveller's meditations upon the mountain beauty, — in contemplation of whom he was growing to take no small delight. The sentiments of the two young men became conflicting, until at length they caused a duel. The combatants were parted by the landamman, and shook hands, but did not cordially agree. At about the same time, a deputation of the Swiss league assembled in the Castle of Geierstein to prepare a protest against encroachments and exactions then practised upon the Republic by the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who is portrayed in "Quentin Durward." The Duke, through an agent, Archibald von Hagenbach, a fierce German robber-knight, stationed near Bâle, was, according to Scott, seriously injuring the cantons. The protest was prepared, and sent with a delegation to that city. With the delegates went the two travellers. On the third day's travel they reached their destination.

Before attention is withdrawn from Central Switzerland, it may be given briefly to a scene that no traveller should omit to examine, one not associated intimately with Scott, but another of those remarkable combinations of interest to which a tour through his lands almost necessarily leads. It is a panoramic view over Switzerland, similar in comprehensive character to that from Arthur's Seat over Edinburgh and its environs (pages 256–259), or from Eildon Hill (pages 298–301), over the Midland Border, — the vast landscape visible from the summit of the Pilatus, a mountain already mentioned in this chapter, or from the summit of the Rigi, a few miles distant across the Lake of the Four Cantons. The views resemble each other; for they are varied chiefly by positions not far separated, and are not surpassed by any national view, — for that they may be called. From scarcely another point can so much of the natural character and entire historical topography of a country be simultaneously seen. Indeed, they can hardly occupy attention too often, and may properly, before the route of this tour leads far from them, be sketched here.

The panorama from the Rigi (or Righi, — *Regina montium*) — a mountain during a longer time readily accessible and most visited — may be selected. More comforts than can be reasonably expected at such an elevation render the condition of visitors favorable for enjoyment of it. The summit is an open point, five thousand nine

hundred and five feet above sea level. The view thence sweeps around a circuit of almost three hundred miles, extending nearly one hundred and twenty miles to the Dole near Geneva, and, in an opposite direction, nearly eighty miles to the highlands beyond Bregenz on the Lake of Constance. Through the northward portions of the panorama stretch the broad, undulatory, diversified lower regions of the country, rich in prospects of rural life and agricultural industries: southward crowd mountains in groups or ranges. Along the north-western horizon are the distant, low-looking ridges of the Jura, and, towards the eastern, the nearer and greater heights of St. Gall, that begin to rise conspicuously as they extend farther eastward into the loftier ranges of Schwyz. Both of the latter present extents (visible also elsewhere) of the Alp-pasture lands, showing the prevalent pastoral life of the more elevated and retired cantons. Beyond these vast, bare, grassy hill-sides, and along the horizon, stand high, rocky peaks, — chief among them the pale-brown, massive Sentis of Appenzell. Southward appear the snow and ice-crowned crests of the mountain glories of this wonderful land. There appear the sharp and crowded peaks of Glarus, over which dominates the great gabled ridge of Glärnisch. Towards the south-east stand loftier, and bolder, and nearer, the grand heights of Uri. Prominent in the territory of the two last-named cantons are the Tödi (11,886 feet high), the Scheerhorn (10,814), the Rüchen (10,296), the Grosse Windgelle (10,463), and the pyramidal Bristenstock (10,089). Beside the last, deep in an unseen valley, winds the pass of the St. Gothard, traversed by one of those roads, among the marvels of the Alps and of engineering art, that triumphantly surmount the wildest and most forbidding of these regions. Near the south tower the magnificent forms of the Blakenstock (9,685) and Uri Rothstock, close together and not many miles from the Rigi. Westward of south appear the mountains of Unterwalden, with the grand, snowy, acute Engelberger Rothstock (9,251), the Sattel-istock, and the Titlis (10,620). Beyond, and almost south-west, shine the majestic heads of the mighty range of the Bernese Oberland, — first and loftiest, the sharp, beautiful pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn (14,026), — that dark peak of the Aar valleys; next, the wild, cold, rocky spire of the Schreckhorn (13,394), — the peak of terror; then, the acute Wetterhorn (12,149), — the storm peak; and then, in prolonged succession, the white snow-cowled Mönch;

the huge Eigher, — the giant; the brilliant and beautiful Jungfrau, — the maiden; the glittering Silberhorn, the Breithorn, and the broad Blumlisalp (12,041). Farther westward, through wider extent, rise point after point till the view has swept around to the dark, shattered crags of the towering Pilatus, and again reaches the dim Jura. Between these latter objects and the Rigi Kulm, and far below, appears at intervals the expanse of the most sublime Swiss lake, — that of the Four Cantons, one presenting examples of the beauties and the grandeur of all in the land; and, on the other hand, at almost a mile of depth beneath, the smooth, slate-tinted surface of the Lake of Zug, — only air through the profound space between it and the grassy platform of the Kulm. In the foreground of the view, nearly east, is the site of the Bergfall in 1806, so well known for the devastation that it spread over Goldau.

And all these vast natural features of the country are animated by associations with almost the entire history of its people. A little west of north, where the river Reuss disappears among the hills, is the ancient Castle of Habsburg, — the Hawk's Castle, — "cradle of the house of Austria," built in 1020, whence Rudolph I. went to the imperial throne of Germany in 1273, and whence his son Albert sent oppressive bailiffs to the Forest Cantons, whose action aroused the war for freedom that ultimately caused the expulsion of his family from rule — continued a century and a half — over the cantons. Southward, nearly in sight, is Grütli, where the three brave Swiss swore to expel the tyrants; and the valley where Tell's exploits are said to have been done. North of east may be seen, over the Egeri See, Morgarten, where, Nov. 15, 1315, was fought the Marathon of Switzerland. North of west, plainly in sight, is the field beside the Lake of Sempach, where, on July 19, 1386, Leopold II. was defeated, and the Swiss gained "the second of those great and surprising victories by which" their "independence was established." Nearer northward, and directly beneath the Kulm, is the little chapel near Immensee that commemorates Tell, — whether or not to historic doubters a myth, the soul of Helvetic aspiration for liberty. Indeed this extended country is inscribed with the history of the republic from its birth, through all its vicissitudes until our times; through early struggles for life, until victory over the Sonderbund in 1847, achieved on ground towards Habsburg, and until the peace and prosperity and union that now, and we trust long may, bless it. And besides all this

interest from fact, the charms that genius creates invest the wide landscape. Southward, in "the Land of Tell," dwell memories of Schiller's verse and Rossini's harmonies; westward are haunts of Manfred, where the resplendent Jungfrau rises a great monument to Byron and his exquisite lines that tell the glory and the beauty of this Alpine land. Westward and nearer, around the base of the Pilatus and around the Saarnen See, are places that we associate with Scott and with Anne of Geierstein.

The action of this story, again recalled, brought the two travellers with the Swiss deputies to Bâle, or Basle, or Basel, as various persons may call it, — a place that every modern traveller in Switzerland is supposed to visit. The party described in the story were refused by the magistrates admission within the city, and consequently sought shelter in the vicinity at an old hunting-seat named Graffs-lust, not now easily recognized. During the night, according to the custom and necessity of the times, a guard was posted around the building. One of the guard was the younger traveller, who solaced his loneliness by fond reverie on the maid of the mountains, from which he was startled by seeing pass from the castle, "in the broad moonlight, the living and moving likeness of Anne of Geierstein" herself! At another time he, as mysteriously, saw her. His astonishment and curiosity even induced him to make a confidant of Rudolph Donnerhugel, his former antagonist, then one of the party. He was rewarded by a narration of the history of her family. He learned that her paternal ancestors had been robber-lords, and that her mother had been the last female descendant of the powerful Barons of Arnheim in Suabia. These Barons, in addition to the martial character of men in their position, had profound scholarship in the mystic sciences, even in those deemed dark and forbidden. They entertained strange foreigners, from whom they sought to gain deeper knowledge. Among these were a Persian and a beautiful girl, — his daughter. She arrived mysteriously; and was, after some delay, married by the Baron; presented him with a daughter, and died — as mysteriously as she came. This daughter became the heiress of Arnheim, the wife of Count Albert of Geierstein, and the mother of Anne, as she was called by the Swiss among whom she lived, — Countess Anne, as she was called by the Germans. After this interview, the patrol- [illegible] the castle informed the young men that he had seen this strangely [illegible]scended maid leave and again re-enter the edifice.

Exigencies of the affairs of the two travellers obliged them, at daybreak, to continue their journey, that led them towards the Castle of La Ferette, of which Sir Archibald von Hagenbach was governor. He, rapacious and strong-willed, in the story at least, proposed to rob them. Aid, in this emergency, was unexpectedly rendered them by a person, mysterious enough for any mediæval act or story, called the Black Priest of Saint Paul's, who emphatically warned the proud robber of awful retribution that would ensue the performance of this or certain other evil design. But the governor refused to heed the advice then, and the priest departed, saying, "with a menacing tone and frowning aspect," "And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice hast thou had warning: live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution." This ominous injunction did not prevent the governor from examining the travellers, from imprisoning them in separate dungeons, and from depriving the elder of a sealed package addressed to the Duke of Burgundy. The contents of this package — that the governor opened — influenced him to order the execution of the captives, — a doom from which the younger was rescued by two persons who continuously grew more mysterious, — Anne of Geierstein and the Black Priest. The former, as usual, disappeared: the latter conducted the escape, — an adventure of some difficulty. The rescued traveller found and joined the Swiss delegates who were going to La Ferette; for he intended to save, if he could, his companion. The party was, however, surrounded by some of the governor's troops, who, in turn, were overpowered by a multitude of young men of Bâle, united with other people, all of whom were disaffected towards Hagenbach. They, also, took the proud and presumptuous officer prisoner, and soon executed him. The younger traveller was enabled to find his companion and the package of despatches; and with these the two journeyed towards Strasbourg, after they had undertaken to procure for the Swiss an interview with the great Duke of Burgundy.

La Ferette, where these events are represented to have occurred, appears to have been a combination of two or three places, effected by romantic license, and will hardly be discovered now. Ferette — a town in the present French department of Haut Rhin, situated perhaps fifteen miles south-west from Bâle — "has the ruins of an old castle." Hagenbach, however, according to Menzel, [redacted] headed at Breisach, A.D. 1474." Alt Breisach, wh[redacted] he com-

manded, was a great fortress on the east bank of the Rhine, about forty miles north of Bâle. It was once called the "Key of Germany," and was strengthened by him. It belonged to Austria during most of four hundred years after 1331. A change in the course of the river impaired its strength and caused it to be dismantled. The chief object of interest now near its site is the minster of St. Stephen. But the portion of the story enacted at La Ferette can, according to the fancy of travellers, be imagined at more than one Rhenish ruin.

Scott appears to have adapted some passages of history to the picturesque development of this romance, but he has vividly illustrated the times that it describes without serious transmutations of facts, unless his treatment of Hagenbach be excepted by champions of the governor's character. Mr. Kirk, who has devoted many pages to this, states "that Hagenbach was a man of corrupt morals, we shall not deny or pretend to doubt. What there was in him of finer and gentler feeling lay hidden beneath the coarse manners and fiery passions of a Rhine knight of the fifteenth century, undiscernible by any but a friendly eye, until it glimmered forth, star-like, through the folding shadows of death." The same historian states that he was attacked at Alt Breisach, seized at the burgomaster's house, carried thence to Bâle, and put to the rack in a torture-chamber "prepared in a building called 'the White Tower.'" Little was extorted from him, and he was, after form of trial, soon beheaded. Zschokke says that the Swiss "had really no cause of complaint against the Duke, except that his bailiff, Peter of Hagenbach, had shown himself remiss in protecting Swiss merchants, when, on their journeys through Burgundy, they were maltreated by his people."

The action of the story, after this portion, is generally quite closely conformed to history. Louis XI. of France, after the exactions upon him at Peronne, mentioned on page 432, used his influence to persuade the Swiss to join him in attempts to humble Charles the Bold. They were induced to assist him, and events described hereafter in the story ensued. Scott's portraiture of the Duke, like that of his royal antagonist, is, in nearly all its features, very correct.

The two travellers, on their route to Strasbourg, again met the [illegible] ubiquitous lady of Geierstein. She appeared to be exclusively engaged in hawking, but awaited and used an oppor-

tunity to warn them of danger beyond, and to advise them to change their route by crossing the Rhine. Accordingly, the younger traveller parted from the elder, and went on towards Strasbourg; while the latter, pausing at a chapel, encountered the Black Priest, who disclosed treachery intended by his guide, and accompanied him to the next village, where the priest vanished, and the traveller obtained quarters at a strange, old inn, with the rudest of "accommodations" and the surliest of landlords. The merchant, after a dismal evening in a public supper-room, crowded by querulous and disagreeable people, — whose object of jest he became, — through influence of the Black Priest, who strangely as ever reappeared, at length obtained from the publican the unusual favor of exclusive use of a chamber. There he was enabled to continue, undisturbed, reflection upon affairs that occupied his thoughts; and, also, to wonder at the peculiar influence the priest exercised over all around. One of those inexplicable portents of coming danger, that sometimes, like cloud-shadows, drift upon us, seemed darkening and threatening the purposes of the traveller. While, yet awake, he lay thinking, he felt that his bed was descending. He at once realized that it was spread upon a platform that was noiselessly moving downward, and roused himself to encounter some peril that evidently attended his position. Instantly that the motion ceased he was seized by two ready men, who firmly secured him. Then, through the intense darkness, he beheld twinkling lights advance from distant recesses, "borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads so as to conceal their features." While they sang mystic songs, they performed even more mystic and awing rites. "The nature of the verses soon led" the traveller "to comprehend that he was in presence of the Initiated, or the Wise Men; names which were applied to the celebrated Judges of the Secret Tribunal, which continued at that period to subsist in Suabia, Franconia, and other districts of the east of Germany, which was called, perhaps from the frightful and frequent occurrence of executions by command of those invisible judges, the Red Land." He had now "some clew to the character and condition of the Black Priest of Saint Paul's," and to the remarkable influence that he wielded wherever he was, evidently on account of a reputation of his high authority in the dreadful power and secrets

of the *Vehm-gericht.* The traveller felt that he was in the power of that strong and seldom merciful tribunal, and that he was as "a pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Westphalia, we have been told, was the birthplace of this court of criminal justice, or vengeance, and the only country over which it exercised authority. During the Middle Ages, Westphalia was deemed to comprehend the territory between the Rhine, on the west, and the Weser on the east; and between Hesse on the south and Friesland on the north. Through this region the tribunal — instituted at about the middle of the thirteenth century — continued established for nearly three hundred years. Its character and modes of procedure have been variously represented. At first, it appears to have been organized chiefly to insure to its members some security and justice at a time when both were uncertain. Subsequently it became dangerous to honest men, and not improbably an agency for obtaining private revenge. While some writers suppose that its proceedings were attended with less secret and solemn forms than those impressively represented by Scott in this story, he had confidence in his correctness. The subject had long been familiar to him. Indeed, noticeably, it is prominent not only in this, almost his last, work; but also is portion of the ground-plot of his almost first publication — the drama of "The House of Aspen" — in 1799; and of his first considerable literary performance, — a translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen." The scene of the former work is laid in Bavaria. The *Vehm-gericht* held formal meetings in numerous places, in towns or in castles of powerful lords. Several mediæval structures in the Rhine-valley even now resemble the gloomy retreat in which Scott represented the traveller in this story.

One of the most impressive, accessible, and consequently popular of these is in the New Castle that directly overlooks Baden Baden. There, beneath elegant modern apartments commanding views of one of the most brilliant resorts of fashion and gayety, are some of the sternest and most dreadful of dungeons. The original approach to them is said to have been through a deep well; now it is less abrupt and difficult. Dark, narrow, winding passages lead to gloomy cells, and to a torture-chamber, closed by massive stone doors, where a victim, beyond hearing or knowledge or rescue of the outer world, could be confined with pitiless inquisitors. In these once fearful recesses still yawn the profound *oubliettes;* and,

for a long time, stood the iron maiden with knife-studded arms and bosom to enfold those condemned to her hardly less pitiless embrace. The terrors of mediæval character and times appear to be there preserved to demonstrate what no mere written record could express.

The traveller in the story was conducted before a secret court in the subterranean vault to which he had so startlingly descended. He was tried upon a charge of reviling the tribunal, and of entering the "Red Land" to conspire against the prerogatives of the Vehm. Of the latter, he was acquitted. Then he was imperatively admonished to maintain inviolable secrecy regarding all that he had seen or heard during his trial, and was returned to his bedchamber by the same machinery that had taken him from it. On the next day he naturally went speedily on his way to Strasbourg.

Meanwhile his young companion, travelling by another route to the same city, received and accepted an invitation to visit Anne of Geierstein at the Castle of Arnheim, a residence that may not be found designated on any map of Rhenish country. There the mysterious maid appeared in her real rank and character, — Baroness of Arnheim; and there the young traveller, impelled by his sentiments for her, revealed his own, — hitherto concealed for politic reasons, — and announced himself to her, Sir Arthur de Vere, son of John, Duke of Oxford, — his fellow-traveller. He declared his love for her, and was receiving in response her explanation of hitherto strange circumstances that had attended her, when the castle-steward warned them that an insurrection in a neighboring village compelled their departure from the castle.

Pursued again by the turbulence of the times, they with risk escaped to Strasbourg, where they were obliged to part. There, however, Sir Arthur met his father, safe, and rested with him at the "Flying Stag" inn, a public-house not mentioned by Murray, and which Scott's description does not render enticing. The first visit that they made was the one that travellers would now make, to the wonderful cathedral, as almost everybody knows, rivalled by few, and famous for its elaborate, lace-like screens and spire, — four hundred and seventy-four feet high, — the highest in the world, commanding a wide view over the great plains of the valley of the Upper Rhine. The edifice, less than half a century before the time of the story, had attained its recent form. Masterpiece of

Erwin von Steinbach and of mediæval German art, it is one of the chief glories of the Pointed style.

As the writer saw it, upon all the lofty front, around the doorways, and on the pillars, were lavishly spread traceries and sculptures, with outlines clear and sharp, in dark-brown stone. Through the interior was dim and solemn light, richly toned by the deeply colored glass of gorgeous windows. Yet all this majesty of sacred art, with centuries of consecration, towering high towards heaven, — and, like one of its great patron saints, looking down upon the wide land, a mighty annunciation of peace and good-will on earth, — has, in our day, borne the scath of shell and shot in civilized man's most gigantic and most causeless duel! The two travellers found the great church with its wealth of architecture new and unharmed, and, four hundred years ago, gazed on nearly every feature that we so recently might have seen. They found also, as we may now find, many beggars around its base. Among these they encountered a tall, remarkable woman, who solicited alms, and received them from the elder traveller. Her thanks were expressed in a voice that startled him; and, during an interview that she sought, she astonished both the Englishmen by the story of her fortunes and extreme reverses, and the revelation of her name and rank, — Margaret of Anjou, "the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth," distinguished victim of the Civil War of the Roses in England, unhappy wanderer from the land where she had worn a crown, and sad example of the fallen red rose of Lancaster. Few romances present more surprising scenes than the life of this brilliant woman. When she appeared at Strasbourg she was upon her forlorn journey through France, to seek, in her father's little court at Aix, near the southern border of that kingdom, a refuge denied her elsewhere, — "Anjou's lone matron in her father's hall," "like Naomi . . . returned empty and desolate to her native land." This incident of her alms-taking may be as apocryphal as the words attributed to blind Belisarius, "Da obolum Belisario;" but it has vivid dramatic effect. The fugitive Queen gave the Duke intelligence of new political movements, that rewarded his kindness. They felt mutual sympathy for trials they had suffered in the vicissitudes of a common party that had rendered both wanderers among strangers. The Queen departed for Aix; the Duke and Sir [redacted] remained at Strasbourg, where a pursuivant of Charles of Burgundy announced to them that he was prepared, by his lord's

order, to conduct them to an audience at the Burgundian Camp in Dijon. That place they reached on the second day of travel, and there had an important interview with the bold Duke, — whose career from that time is described vividly by Scott. A result of the interview was, that Charles promised assistance for Margaret of Anjou; and, consequently, Sir Arthur, to aid her interests, — that he cordially served, — became more widely separated from one whom he loved on the Rhine, by being despatched to Aix.

Dijon, now a large, flourishing town, a centre of wine trade, is passed by large numbers of travellers on the main railway line from Paris to Lyons, one hundred and ninety-six miles nearly south-east from the former, and almost as far south-west from Strasbourg. For centuries it was a residence and chief town of the lords of Burgundy, and even yet contains relics of their presence. Fortifications, parts at least of a huge old castle, several remarkably rich churches, — particularly St. Bénigne, the present cathedral, with a spire three hundred feet high, — and, in the principal public place, the Place d'Armes, or Royale, the ancient palace of the Dukes and States of Burgundy, render it very interesting. In the old Rue de Forges, also, are, or recently were, the beautiful remains of the Hotel Chambellan, a town mansion built at about the time of the story, and such a building as some of the persons represented in it might have seen or occupied. While the Burgundian army was stationed around the city, the Duke commanding went in great pomp to the palace to meet his Estates, or Parliament, for the chief purpose of obtaining certain supplies. These, to his intense disgust, were refused him. While he was consequently excited, the Swiss deputies, who had been for some time out of the action of the story, presented themselves before him. Several of the wiser advocated peace; but one — Donnerhugel — grew indiscreetly defiant. The reception and the session of the council became agitated, and the deputies were dismissed with threats by the enraged Duke. The tempest that finally burst upon him was gathering. His enemy, Louis XI., he heard was in league with England against him. He suspected that the Swiss would be induced to join the allies; and accordingly, to attack them singly, he opened the campaigns disastrous and fatal to him.

Sir Arthur de Vere reached Aix, capital of the domains of Queen Margaret's father, "good King René." This ancient city, formerly capital of Provence, is eighteen miles nearly north of

Marseilles. It now contains antiquities dating from Roman to late mediæval periods; feudal walls; narrow, quaint streets; and mineral waters. In the Cours, the principal street, is a fountain that bears a statue, by David, "of *le Bon Roi René*, holding a bunch of Muscat grapes, the cultivation of which he introduced into France. During his reign Aix was a scene of gayety and luxury, and the seat of art and literature;" "the resort of the troubadour; the home of poetry, gallantry, and politeness; the theatre of the courts of love and of the gay fêtes and tournaments" of chivalry. There may yet be seen the remains of the old royal town, and prominent in it the ancient cathedral of St. Sauveur, with its "restored" Baptistry. The spirit of the genial king and the brilliancy of the past seem, however, to have departed, and dirt and commerce in sweet oil to have occupied the place. Of its former life and aspect the novel gives admirable account. While Queen Margaret was there, endeavoring to persuade her father to resign his sovereignty, that he feebly held, into the hands of Charles the Bold, intelligence arrived of the Duke's defeat at Grandson (March 3, 1476) by the Swiss, whom he had attacked. She then desired Sir Arthur to rejoin his father, and the two again met. Her own career terminated suddenly, and affected plans of the Lancastrians in a manner that need not be told here, by her death in the ball-room at Aix, — a very effective scene in the novel, but one, we may believe, imagined by Scott. Subsequently Charles suffered a second and more severe defeat at Morat (June 22, 1476), after intelligence of which the two travellers went to La Rivière, a small castle "in upper Burgundy . . . about twenty miles to the south of the town of Salins," states the novel. Thither Charles had retreated; and there the two found him early in July, at first gloomy and disappointed, afterward preparing for another attack upon the Swiss. This was made at Nancy during the following winter, and was terribly decisive to him. Sir Arthur experienced also his part in the conflict, although his antagonist was only a single one of the same people, — Rudolph Donnerhugel, his rival, who encountered him and revived the repressed quarrel begun at Geierstein Castle, by charging him with dishonorable aspiration to the favors of the then acknowledged Baroness of Arnheim. The vindictive and jealous Swiss promptly challenged Sir Arthur. [illegible] fought, and Rudolph was killed. One obstacle between the survivor and the object of his affection was thus removed; but

another presented itself peculiarly, in a consent by Count Albert of Geierstein — the ever mysterious Black Priest himself — to a marriage of the lady who was influencing Sir Arthur's life, and who, through her innocent charms, had incited the fatal duel. The portentous count and priest was, however, leading in a greater affair, that, by a dark tragedy it caused, determined the fortunes of lady and of lover. Charles of Burgundy was startlingly, at night, summoned to appear before the bolder, stronger *Vehm*. The Duke, justly, attributed the citation to the Priest, against whom he attempted his fullest vengeance. He refused to notice the order in any other manner than to endeavor the arrest of those who made it. But he had to learn, as lesser men had learned, and as others beheld, the terrible power he had defied. Upon the field of his final and utter defeat near Nancy, his plundered body was found lying dead, closely beside the lifeless form of the Black Priest, "as if they had fallen in the act of mutual fight, — the priest habited as a Ducal guardsman," "a disguise probably assumed to execute the fatal commission of the Secret Tribunal."

Contrasted with this gloom and destructive storm of war, brightened the fortunes of Sir Arthur and of the Rhenish Baroness, like sunlight across a heavy cloud, such as in all ages can beam from human hearts upon social darkness and turbulence, even although sombre and wild as those of the Middle Age. Out of adventures and dangers and intrigues, hopes and fears, merely mentioned in this chapter, grew reward and peace for a brave and faithful lover, and for the kind heart of the mountain maid, — the lady of Arnheim. Remnants of former wealth enabled Sir Arthur's father to obtain "a commodious residence near to Geierstein." There, undisturbed by mediæval disorder and peril, "the high blood, and the moderate fortunes of" the heroine of the story, and of him who gained her favor, "joined to their mutual inclination, made their marriage in every respect rational" and happy. Time glided on. Once more the star of Lancaster was in the ascendant. The exiles returned to England, — become to them a land of security, — "and the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English Court as formerly in the Swiss Châlet."

XLVI.

"THE TALISMAN."

Twenty-first Novel of the Series; Written, 1824-25; *Published June*, 1825; *Author's age*, 54; *Time of action*, 1193.

FROM Aix, — the last place associated with "Anne of Geierstein" that travellers may visit during this tour, — a very probable course will be to Marseilles. Thence many persons depart for the East, and among them may be those who search carefully for the most distant portions of the Lands of Scott. Steamers of the "Messageries," or other company, can land explorers at Jaffa, port of the Holy Land, from which localities associated with "The Talisman" are most accessible.

This romantic and heroic composition, second of the "Tales of the Crusaders," appeared in company with the first, "The Betrothed," and has generally been considered superior to it. Few of Scott's prose fictions had a more enthusiastic greeting, we are told; and his future literary plans were, indeed, "considerably modified in consequence of the new burst of applause which attended the brilliant procession of his Saladin and Cœur de Lion," whose two characters and opposed causes are portrayed in this work. Its stirring action is not only laid during one of the most animated periods of the Crusades, — the Third, — but its scenes also are in the Holy Land itself, amid the places and the conflicts distinguished in those wars. One will, however, be able to identify few of the localities described in the romance. Most of them are imaginary, and yet are illustrative of those that witnessed the most extraordinary military and zealous manifestations of the religious enthusiasm of the Middle Ages. The same patriotic and national temperament, that caused Sir Walter to render so many of his works intensely Scottish, caused him to introduce prominently some fellow-countryman in nearly all those compositions of which the subject and localization were far removed from Scotland, — as in "Quentin Durward," and as in this work. Its opening presents to us a Scottish Crusader, calling himself Sir Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard; who, according to the rank established [illegible]els, is the hero of the work. He was, beneath "the burning sun of Syria," "pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which

lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea," — a district known to many latter-day visitors to Jerusalem, that has tried their endurance, though not to the degree it tried that of the iron-strong warriors of the Red Cross. His refuge for the night was the cell of a hermit of Engedi, a man who, like most of the mediæval characters that we know, had in his private life a mystery.

Engedi was once a town "in the wilderness of Judah," about the middle of the western shore of the Dead Sea. "Here is a rich plain, half a mile square, sloping very gently from the base of the mountains to the water, and shut in on the north by a lofty promontory. About a mile up the western acclivity, and at an elevation of some four hundred feet above the plain, is the fountain of Ain Jidy, from which the place gets its name," and perhaps identical with a fountain described in the novel. The history of this spot reaches back nearly four thousand years into early Jewish times, and continually suggests connection with sacred affairs. From the hermit's cell, Sir Kenneth was led to the chapel of a convent, — for monasticism had penetrated those remote regions. There among the devotees he recognized Lady Edith Plantagenet, a kinswoman of King Richard of England and the heroine of the Tale. He also witnessed several curious acts by peculiar persons. The convent may reasonably be thought to have been that of St. Saba, situated about four leagues to the south-east of Jerusalem, and known to travellers for its massive and impressive character, and for its commanding and picturesque position on lofty crags above the Kidron. It is said to have been founded twelve hundred years ago, and has long been one of the chief Greek monasteries in Palestine. Its size, intricacy, and strangeness render it a place in which almost any romantic incident might well be imagined. Thence the scene changed to the camp of the King, "then stationed betwixt Jean d'Acre and Ascalon; and containing that army with which he of the Lion Heart had promised himself a triumphant march to Jerusalem, and in which he would probably have succeeded, if not hindered by the jealousies of the Christian princes engaged in the same enterprise," "who, his equals in rank, were yet far his inferiors in courage, hardihood, and military talents." The machinations and quarrels of these personages form no small part of the story, in connection with the contrasted characters of the two great leaders, — Richard the Christian, and Saladin the Moslem, — and with the affairs of Sir Kenneth and the Lady Edith. At this camp

occurred most of the action of the Tale; and, as that is rather to be read simply as an illustration of actors in the Crusades, without associations with topography, these pages need not present a sketch of the composition or a betrayal of secrets of its characters.

The objects that now illustrate the Third Crusade (apart from the incidents of this story,—most of which, their author informs, are fictitious) will be found few. Acre—strong and famous to our times, especially for withstanding the two months' attack of Napoleon I.—surrendered to the Crusaders two years before the events of the story. This victory, and that at Azotus, and many feats of chivalrous prowess, did not, however, cause the surrender of the Holy Sepulchre by the Moslems to the Christians. The Crusade virtually ended at Jaffa, scene of Richard's last Crusading battle and port from which he left Palestine. Then, as now, it was the sea approach to Jerusalem; and, as such, it is now well known to travellers in the East. Its harbor is inferior. The town itself, not fascinating, is "built on a conical eminence overhanging the sea, and surrounded on the land side with a wall in which there are towers at unequal intervals."

The object, called the Lee-penny,—from which the romance derived its name,—has long been kept by the Lockharts of Lee, in Scotland. Until very recently it was deemed possessed of miraculously curative powers, and even now may not have lost all that reputation. It was obtained in the Holy Land by a Scottish Crusader, Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee, ancestor of its latter holders, and in the following manner, Scott informs us: Sir Simon "made prisoner in battle an Emir of considerable wealth and consequence. The aged mother of the captive came to the Christian camp, to redeem her son from his state of captivity. Lockhart is said to have fixed the price at which his prisoner should ransom himself; and the lady, pulling out a large embroidered purse, proceeded to tell down the ransom, like a mother who pays little respect to gold in comparison of her son's liberty. In this operation, a pebble inserted in a coin—some say of the Lower Empire—fell out of the purse; and the Saracen matron testified so much haste to recover it, as gave the Scottish knight a high idea of its value, when compared with gold or silver. 'I will not consent,' he said, 'to grant your son's liberty, unless that amulet be added to his ransom.' The lady not only consented to this, but explained to Sir Simon

Lockhart the mode in which the Talisman was to be used, and the uses to which it might be put. The water in which it was dipt operated as a styptic, as a febrifuge, and possessed several other properties as a medical talisman." "It is a stone of a dark-red color and triangular shape, and its size is about half an inch each side." It is set in what is supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. The story represents it to have been a nuptial present sent by Saladin, on an occasion described at the end of "The Talisman."

XLVII.

"COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS."

Twenty-eighth Novel of the Series; Written 1830–31; *Published November,* 1831; *Author's age,* 60; *Time of action,* 1096.

A FIRST, or an early suggestion or design of this work occurred to Sir Walter Scott, while, during the winter of 1826, he was reading old chivalrous chronicles,— particularly those of Jacques de Lalain. A romance, such as he then fancied, he deemed "would be light summer work." The composition of it was, however, delayed for nearly five years, until the period when his gigantic struggles against misfortune had impaired his wonderful powers; when the radiance of his genius was sometimes obscured; when his work elicited hitherto unused comment; when sometimes he "showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, 'his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men.'" "Then came the strong effort of aroused will; the cloud dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air; all was bright and serene as of old,—and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness." But, as Lockhart added, "who dares to say that, had he executed the work when he sketched the outline of its plan, he might not have achieved as signal a triumph over all critical prejudices as he had done when he rescued Scottish romance from the mawkish degradation in which 'Waverley' found it?" Farther insight into the original conception of this work is perceptible in his "Essay on

Romance." The epoch of action chosen was "one that brought . . . the childish forms and bigotries, the weak pomps and drivelling pretensions, the miserable plots and treacheries, the tame worn-out civilization of those European Chinese," — the Byzantines of the eleventh century, — "into contact with the vigorous barbarism both of western Christendom and the advancing Ottoman." After various interruptions, the work was completed in September, 1831, — on the twenty-third day of which he left Abbotsford on his last tour. It was published at the close of November, with "Castle Dangerous," as the Fourth Series of "Tales of My Landlord;" and, with the latter, formed the last issue of those immortal fictions named from the first of their number, and the last work, also, given to the world by the marvellously industrious, comprehensive, and fertile imagination of their author. It consequently must always possess interest apart from its intrinsic merits, that, although less than of his earlier works, rise above those of most other writers who have attempted to illustrate the affairs of the Capital and the people of the Eastern Empire.

This story, like "The Talisman," is to be read for its general portrayal of people and affairs, rather than of particular incidents and individuals associated with certain places. In both works, the two of Scott's chief prose fictions most remote in time and locality of scenes from his own days and home, the actual hero is represented to have been a fellow-countryman. The action of the story opens at Constantinople, to which Austrian and French steamers readily convey travellers from Jaffa, and at once introduces this person, Hereward, one of the Varangian Guard of the Emperor Alexius I., — a body of picked foreign mercenaries in his Majesty's more personal service. Hereward was strolling near the triumphal arch, decorated and gilded by Theodosius the Great, and hence called the Golden Gate. He there experienced the sentiment with which his corps was regarded by the people, and by men in other departments of the military service, who were jealous of its privileges and full of hatred for its personal prowess; for there, at an unguarded moment, he narrowly escaped assassination. Thence, he went with his officer, Achilles Tatius, to the Blacquernal Palace, and was conducted into an extensive black-marble hall, — apparently the vestibule of correspondingly extensive imperial dungeons. His doubt whether these were to be the end of his unwonted visit to the edifice, was dispelled, only to be replaced by wonder, when

he was at length introduced into a principal apartment dedicated to the special service of the Princess Anna Comnena, authoress of the "Alexiad" and historian of the reign of her father, the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. There he had the delightful honor and profit of hearing the learned and exalted lady read her account of military operations at Laodicea, where he had been in the thickest of the fight, of which he, as a faithful witness, had been summoned to give evidence. The passage read is described by the author of the romance as "a curious fragment, which, without his exertions, must probably have passed to the gulf of total oblivion." During the recital, Hereward listened to an account of the death of his brother Edward, who fell bravely fighting for the Emperor. In acknowledgment of Hereward's relation to one so faithful, and of the interest he expressed in the history, the Princess gave him a precious ring. Next day, at an Imperial Council assembled in the Blacquernal, the arrival of the Crusaders — of the First, and perhaps most triumphant, Crusade — was announced. The event, like many descriptions and episodes of the story, is historical, and fully described in records of fact. The more imaginary action of the story leads to a ruined temple of Cybele. There Hereward beheld some impressive remains of early Egyptian sacred architecture. He was then with Agelastes, a Cynic philosopher, who afterwards, at the same place, appeared with Achilles Tatius, engaged in a conspiracy that became ultimately of no small importance. This scene was succeeded by one of historical character and significance, enacted outside the city upon a terrace above the shore of the Propontis, in which the leaders of the vast armies of the First Crusade, thus far in their march to the Holy Land, paid homage to the Emperor, who, surrounded by his splendid court and brilliant guards, received, with Oriental stateliness, the representatives of the partially civilized and wholly impassioned hosts of Western Europe. Conspicuous among the latter appeared, for the first time, the bold, insolent, half-savage Frank, whose name forms the title of this work. Seizing an opportunity, when the Emperor had stepped forward from his throne to do distinguished honor to one of the Crusading chiefs, Count Robert of Paris rushed to the vacant seat and defiantly occupied it, until he was withdrawn, quickly as possible, by a fellow-soldier. Affairs were such that Alexius, with politic restraint, "resolved to let the insult pass, as one of the rough pleasantries of the Franks." The Count cared

little for any effect of his act, and at his own time left the place, and returned to quarters provided for him in the city. There he was accompanied by Brenhilda, his Countess, an Amazonian woman, fit to mate and hold her own with one of his ferocious character. The story gradually involves them in the plots against the Emperor that were then contrived. At length, the Count at an imperial banquet, drank from a drugged cup. He became stupefied, and was carried to a menagerie at the Blacquernal Palace and placed in the den of a tiger. His fierce courage and tremendous strength were not, however, subdued by the poison, or by the conflict that naturally ensued between him and the hardly more savage animal, which he at once encountered and speedily killed.

Description of unremitting turmoil, that forms the succeeding action of the story, may be omitted here. Several of the most prominent actors in it have been mentioned, but the heroine, Bertha or Agatha, betrothed to Hereward, has not yet been introduced. She did not appear until a rather advanced period, when he was thoroughly startled by suddenly discovering her in peril in the gardens of the philosopher Agelastes. Her portrait — that of the last heroine delineated by Scott — may be reproduced here. When her lover discovered her, "she was arrayed in a dress which consisted of several colors, that which predominated being a pale yellow; her tunic was of this color, and, like a modern gown, was closely fitted to the body, which, in the present case, was that of a tall but very well-formed person. The mantle, or upper garment, in which the whole figure was wrapped, was of fine cloth; and the kind of hood which was attached to it, having flown back with the rapidity of her motion, gave to view the hair beautifully adorned and twisted into a natural head-dress. Beneath this natural headgear appeared a face pale as death, from a sense of the supposed danger, but which preserved, even amidst its terrors, an exquisite degree of beauty." The story of course shows how strange vicissitudes of the times brought her and Hereward together, and also what befell them. This sketch need not illustrate more of their affairs, and may be rendered sufficiently complete by a few words, stating that all the scenes of the story are laid in or near the capital of the Eastern Empire.

Constantinople retains few aspects or works that existed at the time of the story. The great landmarks of nature are, indeed, nearly the same; but those of art have experienced great change.

The most celebrated, and perhaps the best preserved, among the latter, is the huge church of Sta. Sophia,—huge both in real size and in the effect of its simply-disposed parts, for it covers (says Mr. Fergusson) "nearly the average space occupied by a first-class French or English mediæval cathedral," being 237 feet by 284, an area of about 67,000 square feet. It was erected by the Emperor Justinian about the year 532, and was restored about the year 1850 by order of the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, under direction of the Chevalier Fossati. The interior is over a hundred feet wide and 182 feet high to the top of the central dome. The able critic just quoted says that "it may be safely asserted that, considered as an interior, no edifice erected before its time shows so much beauty or propriety of design as this, and it is very questionable whether any thing in the Middle Ages surpassed it . . . . It is certain that no domical building of modern times can at all approach Sta. Sophia's, either for appropriateness or beauty. If we regard it with a view to the purposes of Protestant worship, it affords an infinitely better model for imitation than any thing our own mediæval architects ever produced." The effect of this interior, in richness of detail and material,—in mosaics, gold, and precious marbles,—is similar to that of a more generally known but lesser edifice in nearly the same style,—the church of St. Mark at Venice. Magnificent lithographic engravings by Mr. L. Haghe (London, 1852) give some of the best book-illustrations of this architectural glory of the Greek Empire, and of its Turkish preservers. Many remarkable scenes and events have occurred in it. The adventures of the belligerent Count Robert of Paris have, however, few associations with it. They have, very properly, many with the ancient walls on the landward side of the city, that extend nearly four miles, from the Propontis or the Sea of Marmora to the "Golden Horn," across the promontory on which Constantinople stands, and that date from various early imperial times, and "are so lofty, that from the road which passes under them the eye can scarcely catch a glimpse of the mosques and minarets of the city. This melancholy aspect is heightened by several cemeteries, with dark cypresses and white marble tombs, that lie outside of the walls." Portions of the walls are in tolerable order, while other parts "present such magnificent and picturesque specimens of mural ruins as probably no other city can boast of." Modern purposes have doomed them, it is said, to the destruction that has effaced many other military restrictions to

civic change. The Golden Gate, at which the action of this story began, and "so celebrated by the Byzantine writers, has been sought for in vain; though a gate now wholly blocked up with two mean pillars supporting a low arch, is sometimes shown to travellers for it." In the northern corner of the city, between the walls and the waters of the Golden Horn, stood the now destroyed palaces of the Blacquernal and the Hebdomon, occupied by the imperial families during the decline of the Empire. Suggestions of the former, and of the tiger's den of the story, are to be found at two of the modern gates: "Balat Kapussi, *i.e.*, the palace gate, formerly *βασιλικη*, *i.e.*, the Royal or Imperial gate, probably so called from the neighboring palace of the Blachernes;" and "Haivan Serai Kapussi, *i.e.*, the gate of the Menagerie, so called from the neighboring amphitheatre, where the combats of the wild beasts used to take place."

Another distinguished relic of the Eastern Empire is an isolated mass of buildings at the south-west angle of the city, called the Seven Towers, once an imperial castle and state-prison. "Three of the towers have entirely disappeared, and the whole building is in a state of dilapidation." The towers remaining are two hundred feet high. A fourth great relic is "the cistern of Constantine, now called Binderik, or the thousand and one pillars; and Yerebatan Serai, the subterranean palace." It is "in a quarter of the town anciently called Lausus. It has now the appearance of a suite of gloomy dungeons." "The roof of this reservoir . . . was supported by a double tier, consisting altogether of 424 pillars," now partly buried. "It was originally one of the immense cisterns or reservoirs made by the Greek Emperors, and always kept full of water by them, in case of a siege, though they have long been destroyed, or suffered to go to ruin by the improvident Mussulmans." A large portion of the Greek buildings have been used as quarries by the same destructive people.

XLVIII.

THE SIX LESSER TALES.

AMONG the Waverley Novels are six stories, shorter, and of less interest and importance, than the other works with which they are associated. They are also less connected with historical events and characters, and with landscapes or objects now recognizable.

In November, 1827, were published the *Chronicles of the Canongate, 1st Series*, in 2 vols., containing three stories of this sort, numbering the 23d to the 25th of the general series, and entitled "The Highland Widow," "The Two Drovers," and "The Surgeon's Daughter." "*The Highland Widow*" originated in May, 1826; and is associated with the vicinity of the Bridge of Awe, that crosses the dashing river of the same name, in a deep, wild, and rocky mountain valley, beneath the frowning heights of Ben Cruachan, and on the road between the head of Loch Awe and Loch Etive, near Oban. This scenery may be visited during an excursion from the latter place, or on that portion of the tour described on pages 208–9. The story begins with "Mrs. Bethune Baliol's memorandum" of a short Highland tour, undertaken by her when the post-chaise was the vehicle of travellers. During this tour, she spent a morning "at the delightful village of Dalmally;" whence she visited Kilchurn Castle, and Loch Awe head; and then this scene around the bridge and glen of the river Awe. "While we were thus stealing along" (she is supposed to have recorded), "we gradually turned round the shoulder of Ben Cruachan, and, descending the course of the foaming and rapid Awe, left behind us the expanse of the majestic lake which gives birth to that impetuous river. The rocks and precipices, which stooped down perpendicularly on our path on the right hand, exhibited a few remains of the wood which once clothed them, but which had, in latter times, been felled to supply . . . the iron-founderies at the Bunawe. This made us fix our eyes with interest on one large oak, which grew on the left hand towards the river. It seemed a tree of extraordinary magnitude and picturesque beauty, and stood just where there appeared to be a few roods of open ground lying among huge stones, which had rolled down from the mountain. To add to the romance

of the situation, the spot of clear ground extended round the foot of a proud-browed rock, from the summit of which leaped a mountain stream in a fall of sixty feet, in which it was dissolved into foam and dew. At the bottom of the fall, the rivulet with difficulty collected, like a routed general, its dispersed forces, and, as if tamed by its descent, found a noiseless passage through the heath to join the Awe. I was much struck with the tree and waterfall, and wished myself nearer them;" and she was proposing close approach to them, when her guide dissuaded her by saying, "The place is not canny." Mrs. Baliol, whose attention was thus drawn to the spot, soon elicited its story,—that of "Elspat Mac Tavish; or, the Woman of the Tree," who occupied a very small, poor Highland hut, that once stood there. Her husband had been an outlaw, and she was the Widow of the story. Her son, Hamish Bean Mac Tavish, finding her temper violent, or, to say the least, disagreeable, left the hut one day when her excitability was specially displayed. It was some time before he returned, and then he was in the dress of a Highland soldier. Though filled with maternal joy at his return, she could not, after a while, repress her prejudices against the service he had taken. He was however able, without other trial than perhaps the apparition of a spirit, to rejoin his regiment; and then a second time to visit his mother. Her feelings were then irrepressible, and her desire to keep him at home—away from what she more than disliked—induced her to give him a sleeping potion to detain him when he was about to depart. Recovering from its effects, he discovered, when too late, that his leave of absence had expired by limitation, and that he was liable to seizure and punishment as a deserter,—a fate that speedily befell him. A party of soldiers came to arrest him. Excited by the conflicting feelings caused by his position, he indignantly shot the sergeant,—an act that only rendered surer his seizure, and that caused his removal to Dumbarton, where he was tried and shot. The disconsolate mother, after this tragic issue, resulting primarily from her conduct, wandered amid the scenery described in the story, hopelessly, insane; and finally mysteriously disappeared. Neither search nor time gave intimation of her fate, and her unhappy form has, by some, been thought yet to haunt the glen in which she lived.

The Two Drovers, Robin Oig McCombich, a Highlander, and his friend Hugh Morrison, a Lowlander, are represented travelling

southward from Doune, — a memorable place mentioned in "Waverley," page 144. Near Carlisle, Robin met Harry Wakefield, an English drover, and quarrelled with him about pasturage for their cattle; and ultimately stabbed him. For this crime Robin was tried at Carlisle, and found guilty. At the trial, the author represents himself to have been present, "as a young Scottish lawyer ... reputed a man of some quality." He heard the incidents that he describes, and especially, a very impressive charge by the venerable judge to the jury. The whole work appears like a personal recollection of Scott's professional life, — one of those stories that a legal man is apt to hear; and one peculiarly illustrative of the condition, characteristics, and trials of the Highlanders, during the process of transformation from Caterans and Clansmen to competitors with their neighbors in the occupations of ordinary modern life.

The Surgeon's Daughter is a longer story, and has scenes laid in Southern Scotland and in India. "The principal incident on which it turns" — the introduction states — was narrated to the author, "one morning at breakfast, by his worthy friend, Mr. Train, of Castle Douglas, in Galloway, whose kind assistance he has so often had occasion to acknowledge in the course of these prefaces;" and, added Scott, a "military friend, who is alluded to as having furnished him with some information as to Eastern matters, was Colonel James Ferguson, of Huntly Burn." Mr. Train, it will be remembered, furnished to the great novelist much valuable material used in several of his works, as described on page 160. The story begins with description of an infant, and of his strange domestication in the home of Dr. Gideon Gray, surgeon of Middlemas village, where he received the name of Richard Middlemas. This village was in the southern midland of Scotland, and may be represented by Selkirk, county town of the shire of which Sir Walter Scott was many years sheriff, and mentioned in the fifth chapter. There resided the prototype of the man this Richard became. In due time, he and another youth, Adam Hartley, were apprenticed to Dr. Gray. Before very long time, however, the two companions quarrelled on a frequent subject of younger and elder masculine disputation, — a pretty girl; in this case Menie Gray, daughter of their master. Richard left the village after this episode; enlisted in Indian service, and, after a variety of tribulation, reached the land for which that destined him. Thus his adventures associate the name of Scott with distant places of the Eastern world. There

Hartley also appeared, and, in course of time, saw the fair cause of former dispute at a public breakfast, after which he obtained an interview with her. He, Richard, and the lady then led an animated life in India; involving the Surgeon's daughter in some trying affairs, and Middlemas in a tragic catastrophe. The local scenes of the story there are so far from usual routes, and withal so little distinctively suggestive of the author, that investigation of them here is hardly required. It may be enough to add that the story has an end very different from that of most novels, but nevertheless one that is interesting, and some will think sensible.

The Introductions to these Chronicles and to the separate stories composing them are capital. Mrs. Bethune Baliol and Mr. Chrystal Croftangry — personages in them — are among Scott's most living characters. The original of the former is said to have been Mrs. Murray Keith, an "excellent old friend," who abounded with legends, and possessed many of the best qualities of old age. She died about nine years before the Chronicles appeared. Scott added to this portraiture various features drawn from those of his own mother. Mr. Croftangry has been recognized as scarcely any other than his own edifying self. The topography also of these preliminary passages is of no small interest; for it relates to several of his own haunts, and one of the picturesque districts of his "own romantic town."

During 1827, Sir Walter Scott began a second series of "Chronicles of the Canongate," — a continuation not approved by his publishers. The three stories composing this series appeared in an annual publication — showily engraved, but generally mildly written — called "The Keepsake," issued by Mr. Charles Heath. They formed almost the only contributions by Scott to such a work. The first story, issued in 1828, was entitled "*My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.*" It pertained as much to Edinburgh as perhaps to any place. The aunt, Mrs. Margaret Bothwell, is supposed to relate to her nephew the story of Sir Philip Forester, who, although a married man, was "the 'chartered libertine' of Scottish good company, about the end of the last century," — the seventeenth, — and was "renowned for the number of duels he had fought, and the successful intrigues which he had carried on." He left his wife, Lady Jemima Forester, in Edinburgh, and went to the Continent. During this absence, she, accompanied by her sister, Lady Bothwell, went to the house of a certain Paduan

doctor to see an Enchanted Mirror, capable of revealing strange and distant affairs. It showed its powers by revealing to the two ladies a clandestine marriage of Sir Philip,—an event afterwards proved to have occurred. The story is founded upon a tradition of Edinburgh respecting Lady Eleanor Campbell, who, at an early age, was married "to James, Viscount Primrose, a man of the worst temper and most dissolute manners." He even intensified his faithlessness by attempting to murder her. Their house, the original of Forester's, is "in a short alley leading between the Lawnmarket and the Earthen Mound, and called *Lady Stair's Close*. . . . It is a substantial old mansion, presenting, in a sculptured stone over the doorway, a small coat-armorial, with the initials W. G. and E. S., the date 1622, and the legend, '*Fear the Lord, and depart from Evill.*'" Sir Philip afterwards appeared in disguise at an Edinburgh assembly, and was detected by his injured wife. After a brief but striking scene he escaped. It was supposed that he desired to ascertain if he could again live with, or near, one whom he had so injured, but he found that he could not; accordingly he returned, it was supposed, to the Continent. And thus closed the tale of the *Mysterious Mirror*.

Another story of the proposed second series is entitled "*The Tapestried Chamber*," and is, except the next named, the briefest and slightest of all Scott's prose tales. It simply relates how General Browne visited Lord Woodville, and slept in a certain haunted room that had the name of the tale itself. In this apartment he experienced a visitation from a ghostly "Lady in the Sacque," and learned as much of her as the reader can now find in the account Sir Walter has left of her. It is enough to remark here, that she was not the most fascinating companion conceivable for the time when she chose to make her appearance, and that she had an ugly history, all her own, to exhibit.

The third and last of these tales is entitled "*The Laird's Jock*." It simply narrates, on a few pages, how John Armstrong, Laird of Mangerton, an old warrior, called "the Laird's Jock," witnessed in Liddesdale a sort of "champion match" between his son and an English contestant, in which the former was vanquished. The actual scene of this match is said to have been Kessop Mill.

Scott's last attempts to compose prose romance were at Naples early in 1832. There, although he was very ill, he persisted in spending several hours every morning, preparing "a new novel

'The Siege of Malta,' and during his stay he nearly finished both this and a shorter tale, entitled 'Bizarro.'" Neither of these have been published. Failing health and faculties were already depriving his glorious genius of its powers, and a friendly veil was drawn over these final efforts. Perhaps his last idea respecting a new composition, in which, however, he made no executive progress, was one respecting Roman life, drawn from very ample materials placed at his service by their owner,—the Duke of Corchiano, whom he met at the Duchess Torlonia's palace. These materials abounded in historical curiosities respecting many of the great Roman families during centuries past.

XLIX.

DRAMAS AND BALLADS.

THE Dramas written by Sir Walter Scott have been already mentioned in paragraphs scattered along these pages. Some additional notice of them, collectively, appears desirable, though it may be only brief.

Many of his friends believed him capable of producing dramatic works of high character. Robert Southey, when Poet Laureate, wrote him: "I am verily persuaded that in this course you might run as brilliant a career as you have already done in narrative, both in prose and rhyme." Jeffrey's remark respecting "Ivanhoe" has been already quoted, that it "contains matter enough for six good Tragedies." Whatever may be thought of Scott's ability to draw these six from that source, or another, he himself appears neither to have fancied dramatic composition nor to have felt himself fitted for it. In 1818, he wrote his friend Terry, the comedian: "Avowedly I will never write for the stage. . . . I feel severely the want of knowledge of theatrical business and effect." Two years after, he wrote Allan Cunningham some practical notions respecting dramatic art that indicate supply of the want mentioned. Between the two dates, however, he wrote strongly to Southey, in reply to the opinion of that eminent judge already quoted: "I shall not fine

and renew a lease of popularity upon the theatre. To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please, for your success is necessarily at their mercy, I cannot away with. . . . Besides, &c. I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them." Describing such an auditory more severely than he was accustomed, he added, "I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience." Almost his first original work was, however, a drama. The German studies in which he was engaged at the period of its composition explain its creation. It is, indeed, little more than a literary exercise. It was executed in 1799, during his twenty-eighth year, but was not published until sent "to one of the literary almanacks (the Keepsake of 1829)." It is entitled "THE HOUSE OF ASPEN." Its character is influenced by that of the drama, "Goetz von Berlichingen," that he translated during the same year from the original, by Goethe, and has been alluded to in the chapter on "Anne of Geierstein" for the subject of its chief interest, the operations of the Secret Tribunal of the Vehm Gericht. The scenes are "The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhaus, and the adjacent country." It must be confessed that greater associations than those of this drama are attached to the name "Ebersdorf," (a village on the Danube below Vienna), since it became a scene of the tremendous conflicts between Austria and the First Napoleon, in 1809. The word "Aspen" suggests a change of the name of a village celebrated in a similar manner, — that of Aspern. Griefenhaus may be considered Greifenstein (Griffinstone), a picturesque, ruined castle perched on a high sandstone rock, a few miles above Vienna, upon the same river. There is an imposing Donjon-keep, the view from which is striking, embracing as it does "the forest-clad banks of the Danube, and its feudal castles at intervals overlooking it." Thus, in pleasant places around the distant and brilliant capital of the Imperial and Royal dominions, are suggestions of the early growing power of the Wizard of the North.

Scott's next dramatic productions, chronologically, were entitled "Mac Duff's Cross" and "Halidon Hill;" the former appearing, in 1823, in Joanna Baillie's "Collection of Poetical Miscellanies," and the latter in June, 1822. Neither are extraordinary works. Lockhart informs us that "Scott threw off these things *currente calamo*; he never gave himself time to consider beforehand what could be made

of their materials, nor bestowed a moment on correcting them after he had covered the allotted quantity of paper with blank verse; and neither when they were new, nor even after, did he seem to attach the slightest importance to them." "MAC DUFF'S CROSS" is a very brief work, showing but four persons. Its scene is "the summit of a rocky pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife," — a height "which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire." The "Cross and Law of Clan Mac Duff" rendered the former a refuge to any person related to the clan "within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty." On this legend, the action of the drama was founded. The pedestal of the cross, it is said, yet remains, about a mile from the Tay, at the place described. It may be easily found by those who visit the scenery of the "Fair Maid of Perth."

"HALIDON HILL; a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History," is perhaps the best of these dramas, and is one of the longest. It contains fine passages. The story on which its action is founded, Scott said, "was to me a nursery tale, often told by Mrs. Margaret Swinton, sister of my maternal grandmother; a fine old lady of high blood, and of as high a mind, who was lineally descended from one of the actors." The drama was indeed written *currente calamo*, having been produced "in the course of two rainy mornings." It was found too long for a more private use for which it was originally undertaken, and was published in June, 1822, by Messrs. Constable, who purchased it, also "without seeing the MSS., . . . for £1.000 . . . the sum that had appeared almost irrationally munificent, when offered in 1807 for the embryo 'Marmion.'" And the firm was pleased "with this wild bargain." Thus much for the "market value" of an "established reputation!"

The scene of this drama is the "eminence of Halidon," mentioned (page 344) as easily accessible during the passage "from Scotland to England." It is approached by a gradual ascent from the river Whitadder or the Tweed, and is a considerable height that commands a view over much of the country around Berwick. The battle for which it is celebrated was fought, in 1333, between English forces and a Scottish army commanded by the Regent Douglas, and resulted in the severe defeat of the latter.

"THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL" had its origin in 1817, when, after a serious illness, Scott "beguiled the intervals of his suffering by planning a dramatic piece on a story supplied to him by one of Train's communications" (page 161), — a piece "which he desired to present to" his friend Terry, the actor, on behalf of a son christened Walter Scott Terry. During the next year the author made some progress in this piece; but it was not published until 1830, when it appeared in an octavo volume with his last drama, "Auchindrane." The scenes of "Devorgoil" are laid in Galloway, but are not definitely localized. The plot is founded on a family tradition of considerable age, and is amply and well illustrated in the drama.

"AUCHINDRANE, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," is a work apparently suggested to Scott by perusal of a case relating to one Mure, of Auchindrane, in 1611, reported in Pitcairn's "Ancient Criminal Trials," a portion of which he was reviewing in 1830. He "was so much interested with these documents, that he resolved to found a dramatic sketch on their terrible story; and the result," says Lockhart, "was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature. Indeed, there are several passages," in this work, "which may bear comparison with any thing but Shakspeare." The opening scene is "A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry," near which the entire action is represented. During an excursion from Glasgow to Ayr and "The Land of Burns" (pages 118 and 187), this locality may be easily reached, south of Ayr. It will, also, then be possible to ascertain why topographical works are remarkably reticent regarding Auchindrane Castle mentioned in the drama. The same region is also rendered interesting by associations with the landing of Bruce, told so spiritedly in the Fifth Canto of "The Lord of the Isles" (pages 117, 118). Turnberry Point bears the slight ruin of a castle of the same name, connected with the event. Near it are Culzean Castle, the stately seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, Crossraguel Abbey, yet beautiful in decay; Shanter farm, where lived famous Tam; and Maybole, containing an imposing Baronial relic partly ruined.

SCOTT'S BALLADS, and other short poems, seem like flowers scattered by his lavish genius through the pleasant places of Britain, where they grow with a perennial bloom, and the perfume of de-

lightful associations, — abundant, fresh, and graceful, as indigenous productions of nature. Arrangement of them by time or place is not easy, or, indeed, needed. They can be found everywhere, brightening the route of the imaginary tour traced in the past chapters.

To the English Lake District belong the lines beginning, —

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,"

that tell a story, versified also by Wordsworth, relating the fate of a young man who was lost on the mountain, and suggesting the risks of a walk (page 95) — worth taking — along a sharp, ascending ridge, "Striding Edge." Near Gilsland, and remains of the great mural fortification of Severus, we recall the poetic offering "To a Lady, with Flowers from the Roman Wall," quoted on page 172. Near Glasgow, at Bothwell Castle (page 197), are associations with a ballad written by Scott during a visit to the great ruin in 1799, and named from it. A few miles nearly south-east, not far from Hamilton (page 197), are the romantic remains of the ancient seat of the ducal family of that name, scene of one of his best ballads, called, like it, Cadyow Castle, and beginning, —

"When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours."

In the district of "The Lady of the Lake," near scenery of "The Chase," is the long, lone valley of Glenfinlas (pages 54 and 203), that gives title to a well-known ballad, first published, in 1801, in "The Tales of Wonder." It is sometimes called "Lord Ronald's Coronach," and begins, —

"O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"

Far among the Highlands, in perhaps the grandest valley of Scotland, is suggested the poem "On the Massacre of Glencoe," written in 1814, and relating to one of the most wanton and brutal acts of modern British history, — the murder under government auspices, in 1692, of the Macdonalds: —

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain;
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!

The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency."

Through the recesses of Craig Royston and Glenfalloch, the fitful winds seem to sound the stirring measure, and bear the weird spirit of "Macgregor's Gathering" (page 186), —

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!"

Farther north, around Ben Nevis, echoes the "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," —

"Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky."

This was the great field of victory of the famous Marquis of Montrose, an important scene in the "Legend" bearing his name, and the field to which the Pibroch is represented to have summoned the Macdonalds, more than two centuries before his time, when they triumphed over the Earls of Mar and Caithness. Near scenery of "The Highland Widow," and also of the "Legend," by Oban, comes to mind another short poem, "Nora's Vow," written (1816) for "Albyn's Anthology:" —

"Hear what Highland Nora said, —
'The Earlie's son I will not wed,' —
'The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.'"

"Ben Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;"
"But Nora's heart is lost and won,
— She's wedded to the Earlie's son!"

Among the distant northern isles of Zetland, in the Sound of Lerwick, Scott's "strong and easy heroics" tell the wonders of sea and shore in a poem (dated 8th August, 1814, during his voyage in the Lighthouse yacht, mentioned on page 102) addressed to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, and beginning, —

> "Health to the chieftain from his clansman true!
> From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!"

Claud Halcro's song in "The Pirate" is of the same region: —

> "Farewell to Northmaven;
> Gray Hillswicke, farewell!"

and his address to Norna: —

> "Mother darksome, Mother dread:
> Dweller on the Fitful-head;"

and, also, the "Song of the Zetland Fisherman:" —

> "Farewell, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
> For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf;
> And we must have labor and hunger and pain,
> Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again."

Scott has spread through his novels poetic garlands that give charms to many scenes not celebrated by the incidents of the stories. Among the clouded, weird, heath-grown wildernesses of the Highlands, we think of Flora MacIvor's song in "Waverley," part of which is given on page 186: —

> "There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale;"

and the

> "Farewell to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
> The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;"

or the verses (in the Anthology, 1818): —

> "Donald Caird's come again!"

In the southern Lowlands, among scenes familiar and delightful to Scott through his life, are more frequent suggestions of his ballads and minor poems. A house "upon the barony of Gilmerton," said now to be called Gilmerton Grange (originally Burndale), was the scene of a tragic adventure (before 1550), told in his contribution to the "Minstrelsy," entitled "The Gray Brother," produced during his twenty-eighth year (1799). It contains passages that disclose the growing power by which he rendered mere topography bewitching, as the following verses will show: —

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the Muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

Near scenery of "The Black Dwarf" and "St. Ronan's Well" is Neidpath Castle, where lived "The Maid of Neidpath," of whose love and of whose sad death at Peebles he wrote. Smailholme Tower, haunt of his childhood and scene of "The Eve of Saint John," is described on pages 313–15; and on page 310 Cauldshiels Loch, associated with his plaintive lines, —

"The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet."

In the same region is the Rhymer's Glen (page 310), where, on "Huntlie Bank," prophetic "Thomas lay, like one awakened from a dream;" and "Tweed River," along which linger the unearthly songs of the mystic White Lady of Avenel. Far on the southern border, his lines, composed in 1799, tell us to "Go sit old Cheviot's crest below;" and at Harden, a scene in the "Lay," is recalled the story of the "Reiver's Wedding," written in 1802. In the great hill-country westward is still the animating influence of the old war-call: —

"March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, —
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border."

And in the same wild region is many a lonely spot that might be imagined the scene of "The Shepherd's Tale" of Covenanter's Trials, —

"In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God;"

or of a very different story, — the elopement of a "ladie" "wi' Jock of Hazeldean;" or the week's shooting and fishing, after which Scott wrote the lines, —

"On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun."

At the confluence of the Ettrick and the Yarrow is a spot celebrated in a song written in 1815, published in 1826 "with Music in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection," and entitled "On the Lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch, at a Great Foot-ball Match on Carterhaugh." The chorus is very spirited: —

"Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before."

The "English novels" in the Waverley series contain much excellent poetry, but not many passages that have definite local associations. Chepstow Castle in South Wales was the scene of a ballad, — "The Norman Horse-shoe." An old cathedral city in North Wales was, also, scene of another short poem on an event too characteristic of early Christian times in Britain, pathetically yet powerfully told in "The Monks of Bangor's March," beginning, —

"When the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye;"

and closing with recital of "the long procession's" tragic end: —

"Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale." —
"Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!"

Wide as the lands of Scott, indeed, are spread attaching memories of his verses. St. Cloud suggests those written at Paris, Sept. 5, 1815: —

"Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue:
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud."

"The Dance of Death" over Belgian grain-fields brings to mind how —

> "Night and morning were at meeting
> Over Waterloo."

A spirited and "literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386," and the crowning victory of the Swiss war for independence, reanimates the shores of the lake that gave name to the action.

It is hardly possible, however, to mention in this chapter even the names of all the flowers of verse with which Scott's imagination has rendered many a spot more lovable; or to refer, except collectively, to those charming passages of his "anonymous" verses of "old plays," or "old ballads," mottoes to chapters of his prose fictions, that disclose so much of his inner feeling and life. His numerous miscellaneous poems, also, do not require here detail of description, although worthy of it in any form of essay upon his works. The quantity and the quality of these is surprising. One of them may be named for a peculiarity: it is "The Search after Happiness; or, the Quest of Sultaun Solimaun," a long composition that is one of the very few by Scott containing an Irish character, — a species that appears to have been no greater favorite with him than with Shakspeare. Another poem, that appeared in 1822, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, shows many features of Scott's nature. It is headed "Carle, now the King's come, — being new words to an auld spring," and tells with great spirit how

> "The news has floun frae mouth to mouth,
> The North for ance has bang'd the South;
> The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth;
> Carle, now the King's come!"

It may, indeed, be considered an adequate representative of Scott's minor poems, as well as of his tastes, disposition, and principles; abounding as it does in legend, history, topography, pomp and stir, intense Scotticism and his political belief, — toryism, quite likely; but, nevertheless, sturdy loyalty that any man may honestly feel for the embodied authority of his country, — a loyalty that, through life, animated Scott.

L.

SCOTT'S LIFE, 1816–1832; HIS CHARACTER. THE END.

THE history of the last sixteen years of Scott's life has already been partly told or illustrated as the course of the imaginary tour has been traced in this book. His chief home during this period, Abbotsford, has been described between the 301st and 312th pages. Places with which he was most intimately associated in his "own romantic town," Edinburgh, are mentioned in the twenty-ninth chapter, and similar localities in London on pages 417 to 420. The region to which he made his last long excursion in Scotland (July, 1831) is, with his journey, sketched on pages 200 and 201.

The story of his last earthly resting-place, Dryburgh Abbey, is told on pages 316 to 321; of his great memorial cross at Edinburgh on pages 261 to 263; of the monument to his memory at Selkirk on page 294; of that at Glasgow on page 187, and of that at Perth on page 235.

While the chapters that precede this final one have contained accounts of the scenery and objects chiefly associated with his life, and with his compositions, some comprehensive and yet brief review is wanted of the culminating period of his career. And this retrospect may be made here, before some parting thought of both his genius and his character.

The year 1816, Mr. Lockhart informs us, has, in Scott's life, "left almost its only traces in the successive appearance of nine volumes, which attest the prodigal genius, and hardly less astonishing industry, of the man." Early in January were published in an octavo, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," shaped mostly from those written by Scott to his family, during his tour on the Continent in 1815, and relating to contemporary European affairs. In the spring, Mr. Terry, the actor, produced a dramatic rendering of "Guy Mannering," that "met with great success on the London boards."

"The Antiquary" (Chapter xxvi.) was published in three volumes during May. At this time he was occasionally composing passages of "Harold the Dauntless" (Chapter xv.), which he seems to have kept before him for two years as a congenial play-

thing, to be taken up whenever the coach brought no proof-sheets to jog him as to serious matters." He had also "undertaken to write the historical department of the 'Edinburgh Register' for 1814." This "sketch," occupying three hundred and sixty-four pages, large octavo, appeared in October, 1816. During the spring, "he felt no hesitation," Mr. Lockhart continues to inform us, "about pledging himself to complete . . . four new volumes of prose romances, and his 'Harold the Dauntless' also, . . . between the April and the Christmas of 1816." The former works appeared on the first of December, under the general title of the "Tales of my Landlord, First Series," consisting of "The Black Dwarf" (Chapter xxxii.) and "Old Mortality" (Chapter xxii.). Mr. John Murray (the publisher at London) has recorded the effect that the latter produced on him and on metropolitan literary authorities. "I believe," he wrote to Scott, "I might, under any oath that could be proposed, swear that I never experienced such unmixed pleasure as the reading of this exquisite work has afforded me. . . . Lord Holland said, when I asked his opinion: 'Opinion! we did not one of us go to bed last night, — nothing slept but my gout.' Frere, Hallam, Boswell [Jr.], Lord Glenbervie, William Lamb, all agree that it surpasses all the other novels. Gifford's estimate is increased at every perusal. Heber says there are only two men in the world, — Walter Scott and Lord Byron."

But sufficient account has already been given in these chapters of the wonderful industry and creative power of Scott. His position as an author and as a man at this time may be enough to describe here; and then, more briefly, the story of the closing of his career may be told.

Scott had attained rank among the most distinguished poets of Britain, and in popular estimate was the second of those living. His greater poems had become well known by the world. He was the supposed, perhaps the almost universally supposed, "Great Unknown" and "Author of 'Waverley.'" That remarkable work of fiction had created a new era in romantic literature. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," and two "Tales of my Landlord" were perpetuating the interest aroused by the event. His historical compositions had recognized value. His zeal, labor, knowledge, and productions in departments of antiquarian research, had great and appreciated merit. In law, offices, and the various business of life, he was active, honest, respected. In society, from royalty to

peasantry, from highest culture to humblest quality, he had scarcely a rival. He was indeed a man among men. In domestic life he was happy. His town home (page 260) was pleasant; his country home, Abbotsford, was growing slowly in size and interest and architectural character; "looking pretty at last," as he wrote (to Mr. Terry, November, 1816), "and the planting is making some show." "All our family are very well," he wrote in the same letter, — "Walter [then fifteen] as tall nearly as I am, fishing salmon and shooting moor-fowl and black-cock, in good style; the girls are growing up, and, as yet, not losing their simplicity of character; little Charles [then eleven], excellent at play, and not deficient in learning." His children were four in number. Sophia (afterwards Mrs. Lockhart) was then aged seventeen; Anne (whose tender care for her father during his long final illness is mentioned on pages 404 and 408) was then aged thirteen.

Sketches, slight although they may be, of his life, and especially of his literary life, appear in the chapters of this book that relate to the works of imagination that he produced during the last sixteen years of his labors, his busiest and perhaps his best. The names, and something of the forms, of the long and marvellous procession of his creations through that period have thus been presented, and many places that they still seem to animate have been shown. From one success to yet another, social, financial, literary, he went on. Esquire and sheriff became Baronet. Fortune for good estate and comforts of a domestic, a not too elevated public, life of lawyer and of author, grew to fortune of the lord who owned broad acres, and an ample Hall filled with the hospitalities of wealth, refinement, and a generous heart, — to fortune of his fancy and his aspirations: that of a titled, landed, established family, — to fortune, unknown before him, of the millionnaire grown rich from gatherings on that Parnassus once esteemed so barren, though so glorious. The "romance in lime and stone" that seemed, and yet seems, to embody all this, grew from the "least of all possible dwellings," as he called it in 1816, to a great baronial house, to like of which no other head and pen together than his have ever given material existence. But beneath all the rising, spreading fabrics of his brilliant fame and of his castle in the air made real, spread an insidious, ceaseless, and unchecked corrosion. The rapid building, whether by pen or workman's tool, continued. The brilliant romances crowded through the press, — four, in ten volumes, within

nine months from June, 1819, to March, 1820; ballads, reviews, memoirs, historical work, dramas, essays, "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," "Lives of the Novelists," made as by hands Briarean and by brain superhuman, came from him; guineas by scores of thousands constantly to him, and guests and honors and praise: but with all, expenditure, inflation, and perilous adventure of business associates. Little more than two years in the finished home of his heart, his hope, and his long labors, when the corrosion had penetrated and ruined the foundation, and the crash ensued, and all that was not of sound kept substance fell in January, 1826. Bankruptcy, seldom more disastrous seemingly; death of her who was nearest and dearest; breaking of a life's strong hopes, objects of ambition overthrown, crushing debt, bodily pain, — made ruin that might prostrate one being of mortal frame. But out of all the ruin, and above it, arose and stood the genius and the character of the hard-tried manly man. His acquired fame, that was as a light above him and had not a mere material support, could not fall, neither grow dim; for his true self stood firm under it, brightening it with the brightness of unobscured integrity. And the grand home he had built with the work of his fancy, his heart, and his gains, — honest even more by his future than by his past labor, — remained to express in a visible monument whatever of him all earthly vicissitudes could not lay low.

"'My mind to me a kingdom is,'" he wrote in his diary. "I am rightful monarch; and God to aid, I will not be dethroned . . . says Burns: —

> 'Come firm Resolve, take thou the van,
> Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man.'"

To his endeavoring will, the strong purpose came. He left the large and pleasant houses that had sheltered him in his prosperity, and at humble lodgings (page 261) maintained the fight he had begun with adversity. Through five years he struggled bravely, — some mention how has more than once appeared upon these pages; on the 403d and 404th, how he produced "Woodstock," his first great work within this period, to "Castle Dangerous," his last, briefly described in chapter the twenty-third. With slightest possible resting, his labor — ten, twelve, fourteen hours, day after day — continued from 1826 to 1831, and his intent grew towards its consummation. "Had he chosen," wrote Mr. Lockhart, "to act in

the manner commonly adopted by commercial insolvents, the matter would have been settled in a very short time;" but "he regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm, on the whole, with the feelings, not of a merchant, but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors, he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them. . . . Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honor and his self-respect." His gigantic exertions gained what he sought, both of principle and of financial result. The means by which he achieved the end are amazing from the rapidity of their formation and from their quality,—eight "Waverley" novels (in fifteen volumes), "Life of Napoleon" (in nine volumes), "History of Scotland" (in two volumes), "Tales of a Grandfather," historical (in four series, twelve volumes); "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" (one volume); two dramas; long "Essays on Ballad Poetry," and five lesser, on various subjects; a Memoir (of George Ballantyne); two "Religious Discourses;" nine review articles; an edition of his miscellaneous prose works, and of all his novels. These, and the many engagements of active life, within six years of prematurely growing age and infirmity, borne by a heart whose strength was "firm Resolve" of duty "to God and to my children," that, he had written (May 23, 1826), "must teach" him "patience." Then, finally, the forces of nature and of will—impaired, weakened, exhausted—yielded, until the once strong man was prostrated. But, even in the slow passing away, he struggled. He tried to regain the vigor leaving him for ever, to stay the failing powers. "Early on the 23d of September, 1831," he departed from "Abbotsford, attended by his daughter Anne," and Mr. Lockhart (as the last has recorded), and "reached London by easy stages on the 28th, having spent one day at Rokeby." He spent nearly a month at and around the metropolis and saw much society (page 420). On October 29th, he sailed from Portsmouth in the "Barham," a Royal frigate in which his passage to the Mediterranean was provided by government. On the 17th of December he reached Naples. There he was again in society,—the best; there he saw many objects that interested him, and there he made some of his latest attempts in composition. There he wrote (March 6, 1832, to Mrs. Scott of Harden), "I think I shall never ride or walk again. But I must not complain; for my plan of paying my debts, which you know gave me so much

trouble some years since, has been, thank God, completely successful; and, what I think worth telling, I have paid very near £120,000, without owing any one a half penny, — at least I am sure this will be the case by midsummer." During the latter part of April he reached Rome, where he again saw society, and "received every mark of attention and respect from the Italians," and once more tried to compose some work. But he was growing weaker. On the 11th of May he left Rome. Illness rapidly increased. He hurried through Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, the Tyrol, Munich, Ulm, and Frankfort, and descended the Rhine, by steamer, to Rotterdam, where, on the 11th of June, he was lifted into an English steamboat that carried him to London. His visit and his condition there are described on pages 418 and 419. Thence he went home, to die, — paralysis hopelessly wearing out his existence.

The end came in the dining-room at Abbotsford, wrote his biographer, "at about half-past one, P.M., on the 21st of September, 1832." "It was a beautiful day, — so warm, that every window was wide open, — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible." Attended by all his children, he died "at the precise age of sixty-one years, one month, and six days," while his family "knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." "No sculptor," continued Mr. Lockhart, "ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.

"Almost every newspaper that announced this event in Scotland, and many in England, had the signs of mourning usual on the demise of a king. With hardly an exception, the voice was that of universal, unmixed grief and veneration." "The intelligence," wrote another, "long expected as it was, passed like a dark cloud over the land. The public prints were dressed in mourning; many of the vessels in the harbors throughout England were hung at half-mast."

On the 26th, all of him that was mortal was laid away for ever. From the wide Border lands he had loved so well, and from many a place more distant, came great multitudes to attend on funeral services and fitting eulogy, and to bear him on his last earthly journey. "The court-yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Darnick and Melrose, and

the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors, — almost all in black. The train of carriages extended . . . over more than a mile; the Yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback; and it was late in the day ere" they "reached Dryburgh. Some accident . . . caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside, — exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high." That wide and beautiful landscape has already been sketched on page 316. There is scarcely another fairer in the Lands of Scott, or where his spirit yet seems to linger more fondly, where nature is more seemingly a living monument inscribed by him with words ever eloquent in his praise. It appeared to express the aspect of the shores of Loch Achray, — described in lines of one of his most characteristic passages: —

"There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake;
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,"
Great Eildon's "distant hill."

"On the day of Scott's burial" (said Mr. Goodrich), "at the very hour he was borne along to the tomb, this lake [Achray], the Trosachs, Ben Ain, Benvenue, — the scenery which has become enchanted ground through the magic power of his minstrelsy, — were dressed in clouds, weeping, as if in sympathy with mankind, and mourning the departure of that mighty spirit which had wreathed their brows with imperishable fame." In his own half-prophetic lines, the material world seemed with his spirit to be saying: —

"Call it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;

"Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

"Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn,
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death."

From Bemerside, the long procession moved onward to the venerable aisle where his remains were to be laid. "The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and . . . laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the Burial Service of the Church of England; and thus, about half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th September, 1832, the remains of SIR WALTER SCOTT were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors."

And where this last earthly journey left him, well may end these records of long travel through the regions that we now with truth and with affection name "The Lands of Scott." And while we linger in farewell to them, to him, and feel the new and lasting consecration of the ground with which the dust of his pure, manly heart is mingled, we repeat at least one passage of the service at his burial, and render hearty thanks for the good examples of all those . . . who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors;" and with hope and trust we add words of that ritual sung by many generations round the shrine at Dryburgh: —

"Domine," "ad te omnis caro veniet:"
"Beati mortui, qui in Domino moriuntur. Amodo, . . . ut requiescant a laboribus suis opera enim illorum sequuntur illos."

The character of Sir Walter Scott, and of his works, already in some degree illustrated along these pages, may be comprehensively told here by a few of his own words, by a few opinions of other authors, and by one or two of the writer's closing paragraphs.

There are moments when mortal life is serenely blending with the immortal; and the mind, penetrating the significance of both,

concentrates every experience of the past, and, in the balance of just conscience, weighs all with foresight of a future. The last utterances then truly sound the key-note of a human existence, and express full estimate of its relations to things realized and prospective. In the last tone of Scott's voice, this note was clear. As the inevitable change grew on him, his mind was filled with thoughts of solemn beauty, expressed in scriptural passages or verses of old Latin hymns, half-audible; or, often, distinctly heard, the cadence of the "*Dies Iræ*," or of the "*Stabat Mater*," — compositions "in which he had always delighted." His parting words to "his son-in-law, biographer, and friend," — while his eye was clear and calm, — were, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Mr. Lockhart asked, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. — God bless you all." "With this, he sank into a very tranquil sleep; and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness." His convictions and his cordial kindness were without mistake expressed in those last words.

His moral motives in authorship, the great business of his life, were modestly told by himself during his last year. He is said to have, in a conversation, spoken with regret of Goethe. "Much of his popularity," Scott observed, "was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled. He spoke with much feeling." A friend answered, "that *he* (Scott) must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground; when he raised them, . . . the light blue eye sparkled with unusual moisture. He added, 'I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted.'" His moral, and also his religious, motives are concisely described by Mr. Lockhart, who wrote that Scott showed "humble reliance on the wisdom and mercy of God; and his firm belief that we are placed in this state of existence, not to speculate about another, but to prepare

ourselves for it by actual exertion of our intellectual faculties, and the constant cultivation of kindness and benevolence towards our fellow-men. . . . His works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form, — unobtrusively and unaffectedly." Through his life and works we may trace "the happy effects of his having written throughout with a view to something beyond the acquisition of personal fame. Perhaps no great poet ever made his literature so completely ancillary to the objects and purposes of practical life. However his imagination might expatiate, it was sure to rest over his home. The sanctities of domestic love and social duty were never forgotten; and the same circumstance that most ennobles all his triumphs affords also the best apology for his errors."

And "we may picture," continued Mr. Lockhart, — more of whose just and affectionate words the writer cannot forbear quoting, — "we may picture to ourselves, in some measure, the magnitude of the debt we owe to a perpetual succession, through thirty years, of publications unapproached in charm, and all instilling a high and healthy code; a bracing, invigorating spirit; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous; humane charity, as distinct from moral laxity as from unsympathizing austerity; a sagacity too deep for cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality; animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure, energetic principle, — a pith and savour of manhood; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish."

Other qualities of Scott's character may, also, be concisely described here by quotations from the ample consideration of them by his biographer. In political affairs, "he was, on practical points, a steady, conscientious Tory of the school of William Pitt; who, though an anti-revolutionist, was certainly any thing but an anti-reformer." "In the social relations of life, where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son; a generous, compassionate, tender husband; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father." "If ever the principle of kindliness was incarnated in a mere man, it was in him."

A character that has compass, that is like or that resembles his, is generally animated by some one pervading motive; and this in Scott, actuated by integrity through all the marvellous

means he used to attain its object, is; as of course it would be, clearly and completely shown by his biographer. "His first and last worldly ambition," said Mr. Lockhart, "was to be himself the founder of 'an honorable family,' and dreamed not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of 'Scott of Abbotsford.' By this idea, all his reveries, all his aspirations, all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled." "His worldly ambition was thus grafted on that ardent feeling for blood and kindred, which was the great redeeming element in the social life of what we call the Middle Ages." "He wished to revive the interior life of the castles he had emulated, — their wide, open, joyous reception of all comers, but especially of kinsmen, allies, and neighbors." "To this ambition we owe the gigantic monuments of Scott's genius." But "the indulgence cost him very dear. It ruined his fortunes;" and, more, it burdened his heart with troubles that he could not express. "During the most energetic years of manhood he labored with one prize in view; and he had just grasped it, as he fancied securely, when all at once the vision was dissipated." It must seem to nearly every one, as it did to Mr. Lockhart, "that strength of character was never put to a severer test than when, for labors of love, such as his had hitherto almost always been, — the pleasant exertion of genius for the attainment of ends that owed all their dignity and beauty to a poetical fancy, — there came to be substituted the iron pertinacity of daily and nightly toil, in the discharge of a duty which there was nothing but the sense of chivalrous honour to make stringent."

Estimates of the character of his compositions have been recorded by many other authors, two or three of which may give adequate expression of their, and also of his, quality. Wrote Mr. Goodrich: Scott "has contributed to enlighten and elevate the human race more than any other modern writer. Millions of individuals have been kept from pursuing coarse gratifications by reading his books, and led to find enjoyment in intellectual pursuits. Millions have had their minds invigorated, their hearts purified and softened, by the productions of his genius. . . . He has elevated the standard of human intellect, and improved the civilization of the world. He has been one of the great benefactors of his race. . . . His life was a wholesome rebuke to those who fancy that it is witty to scoff at sacred things; that genius can excuse immorality; that vice implies talent; that virtue is synony-

mous with dulness." Wrote Washington Irving, with true sentiment of friendship and generosity, and appreciative ability peculiarly his own: Scott's "works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life?"

The peculiar fascination of Scott's genius is, in some degree, described by Wordsworth in the poem "Yarrow Revisited" (page 292), addressed to Scott, and expressing charms of a scene to which he has imparted a fairer and a perennial beauty: —

> "For THOU upon a hundred streams,
> By tales of love and sorrow,
> Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
> Hast shed the power of Yarrow."

These lines indicate the one great characteristic of Scott's power and influence, enduring and beneficent, that he has diffused over extended scenes of nature and art, of history and romance, and conditions of a score of generations of humanity, and through his compositions and his life. It is a spirit of manliness, developed in genius, noble and kind as possible to typify, and not to exceed but to win the sympathies of, the best of this century to our times, — a spirit that loved and translated to us the sweet and fair, the wild and grand, unspoken eloquence of Nature; or stories of the Past that lived in her, or that his creative power gave her when he felt his love was unrequited where she did not yield what his affection sought, — a spirit full of cordial fellow-feeling with trials and true aspirations of the various conditions of mankind, — a spirit of chivalrous attachment to truth and duty, as well as to those qualities apt to appear more brilliant. Scott's relation to the world, especially as a "representative man," during the last hundred years, has been described by John Ruskin in a long, profoundly critical, and appreciative analysis, in one of the admirable chapters of "Modern Painters." Scott, he estimates the great "represen-

tative of the mind of" this "age" in literature, "encumbered," although he thinks, "by innumerable faults and weaknesses." "But," says Mr. Ruskin, "it is pre-eminently in these faults and weaknesses that Scott is representative of the mind of his age: and because he is the greatest man born among us, and intended for the enduring type of us, all our principal faults must be laid on his shoulders, and he must bear down the dark marks to the latest ages." An abridgment cannot well show how Mr. Ruskin proves or illustrates this statement: the entire sixteen paragraphs in which he treats of it should be read. Whatever degree of concurrence there may be with his opinion, there can hardly be other than accord with his terse, true estimation that Scott was one of "those great men whose hearts were kindest, and whose spirits most perceptive of the work of God."

The preface of this book ended with an expression of the writer's hope that he may be of some service to those who derive pleasure or satisfaction from the romance told by the life of a true-hearted man. But he can hardly finish this final chapter without expression of something better, — of a trust that he may in some degree have helped to appreciation of the truth in the character of an honest, earnest, genial man, who loved the sunshine and the beauty God has spread over earth; the inner life of Nature, as we may call it; the purer, and many of the more heroic traits of human character; and the integrity of what he bore "without reproach," — "the grand old name of gentleman."

Now that a full century has passed since he was born into the world, and we have reached one of those periodic points of view from which we, by sound and pleasant practice, look back upon some favorite object standing in the Past, but extending influence on our times, and on those yet to come, we see the full proportions of his character and fame. It is well for us to pause in the hurry of existence, and from such positions to regard the acts that give rise or development to great ideas, or the advent on earth of a great — especially of a great and good — man. And particularly is it well now for us, with the respect of gratitude and of affection, to contemplate him whose character and works have been the subjects of these sketches. For not alone is he one who has given us, by his creations, hours and days of pleasure, — not, indeed, alone a man who has typified and benefited an eventful age in civil-

ization: he is peculiarly and nobly a lesson and a help in the daily lives of generations now or hereafter active with engrossing business cares. To every commercial man his fatal ensnarement, by temptation of unsound and speculative prosperity, is one of the most serious warnings that modern civil life can furnish; and his heroic "discharge of duty" after disaster, "a duty which there was nothing but the sense of chivalrous honour to make stringent," is one of the noblest models. His mind, if its dearest affections were attached to the varied picturesqueness of past ages, and the airy creations of poetic fancy, had solid strength of an integrity and of a true commercial pride, and an adhesion to their requirements, that more than one financial centre, and house, and man, shows too sadly lacking. And while he demonstrated that brilliant genius is compatible with sober morality, domestic peace, and patient common sense in those affairs that, in different extents, are parts of every life, he also proved how pleasantly and how appropriately the graces of fancy, as well as of the heart and of principle, can not only adorn, but render complete, any character, however "practical" it may be.

In the profession that he chose and followed, if his office was not to enunciate or to record the gravest thoughts of Themis, it was his to wreathe afresh her brow with myrtle empurpled with his native heather; and to show the world that even her severer virtues are not inseparable from the Muse's charms, and that her followers, whatever be the guile attributed to portions of them, can not only well maintain a worthy representative upon Parnassus, but also in the lists of Chivalry, — whether set like those of older or of recent times.

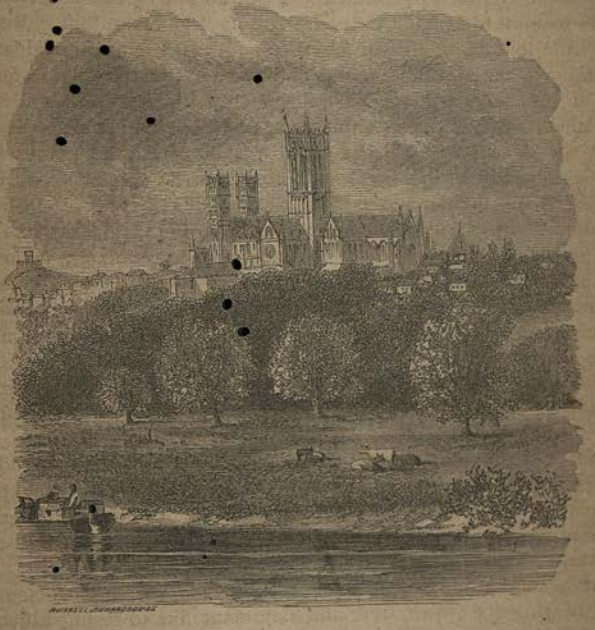
In literary pursuits he is eminently a model, — of principles and practice not less important than those of style and of conception that here do not require analysis. He recommends the sanctities of home; the purity of civil and domestic life; the freshness and the truthfulness of nature, material or human; and respect for sacred things.

And now, while we withdraw attention from him, we yet, in our farewell, seem gazing on an ideal form that he presents to us. As when retiring from some great spire or dome, we see it still rising high, although each lesser thing around it has sunk low or disappeared, so we, with Time, moving from his age, regard the just pro-

portions that his fame and character assume. That character, wrote Mr. Lockhart, "seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours;" and, he continued, I "cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages which" Scott "most delighted in," with all their marvellous variety of rich and beautiful, grand and picturesque design. If the writer should attempt to make an application of this excellent comparison to one of these fabrics, he would make it to Lincoln Cathedral, on its "sovereign hill." Rising lofty from foundations deep and sure, enriched by the imagination and the art, the wealth of mind and treasure, and the better qualities of many generations past, invested with associations dearly cherished, noble and pre-eminent, it stands watching over the ancient castle, the gothic palace, the cloister, the quiet homes that cluster beneath it, and the broad lands spread around, — all with stories of the human hearts that through the centuries gone were active in them. A spirit that once animated the Cathedral, like the spirit once in him, long ago departed, but to reappear in holier development. And the lofty fabric towering with the intricacies of its mediæval beauty, though now sending out no tones of mortal voice, has yet an eloquence, and day by day diffuses harmonies, more widely spreading, over earth.

The faith of Rome celebrates four Archangels, four Virgin Patron Saints, four Evangelists, four Latin Fathers of the Church. And these illustrious groups may allowably suggest to us the radiant and immortal four in English Literature, whose now ideal forms rise through the centuries of its long history, — each pre-eminent in a broad domain: John Milton in religious poetry; William Shakespeare in the drama; Geoffrey Chaucer in the poetry of nature; and Walter Scott in all romance.

Established in his worthy place in this great company, we see his form bearing its crown, lofty and dominant like towering Lincoln, bright and eloquent and noble in the clear sunlight, that, like our parting gaze while we now leave his Lands, lingers longest on the pinnacled diadem.



Lincoln Cathedral.

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